Collier's
TEN CENTS
MARCH 16, 1946
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CRADLE OF FREE ENTERPRISE

LITTLE BUSINESS MUST BE HELPED

BY FRANK GERVASI PAGE 19

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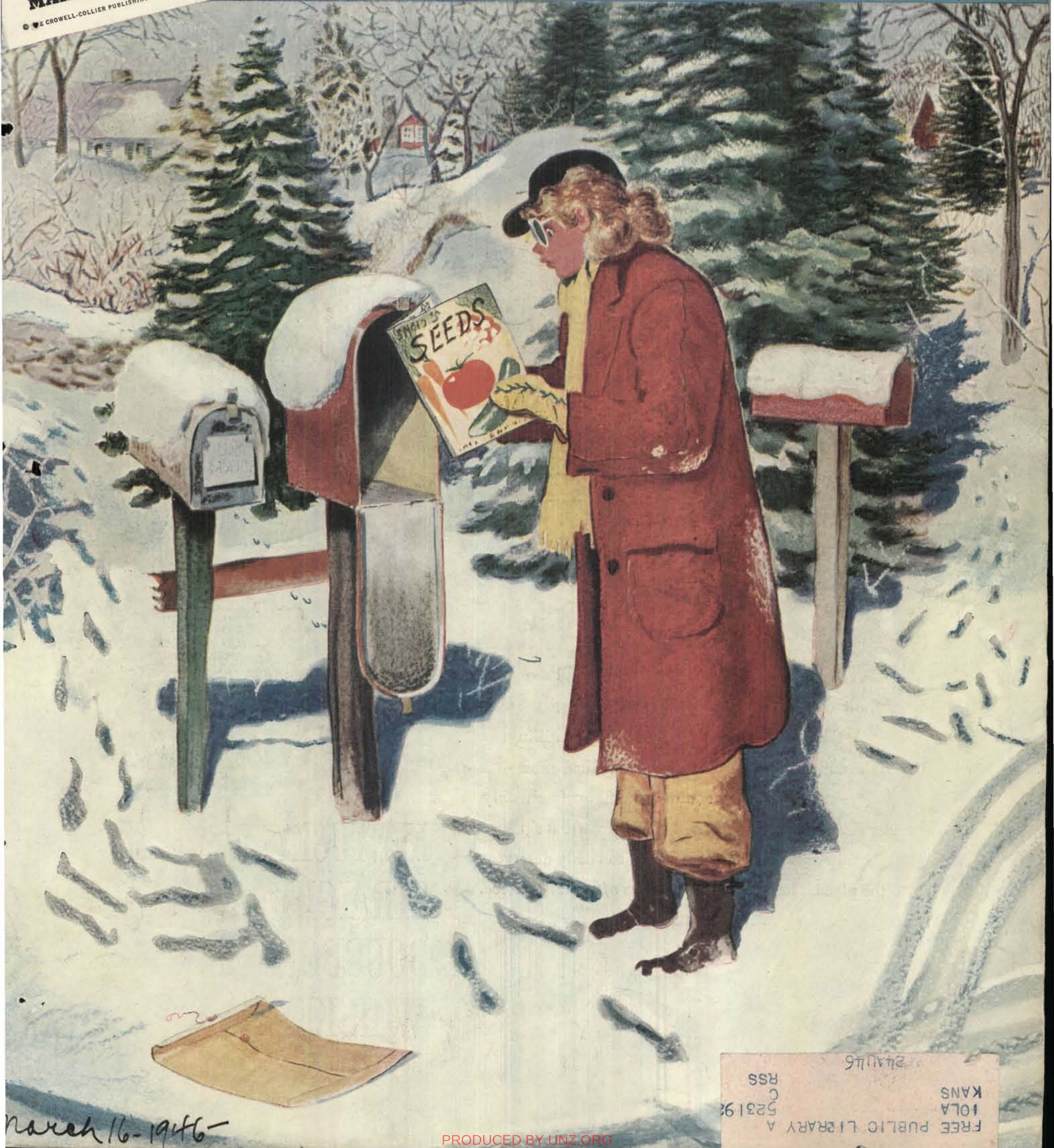

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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
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BOTTLED BY
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FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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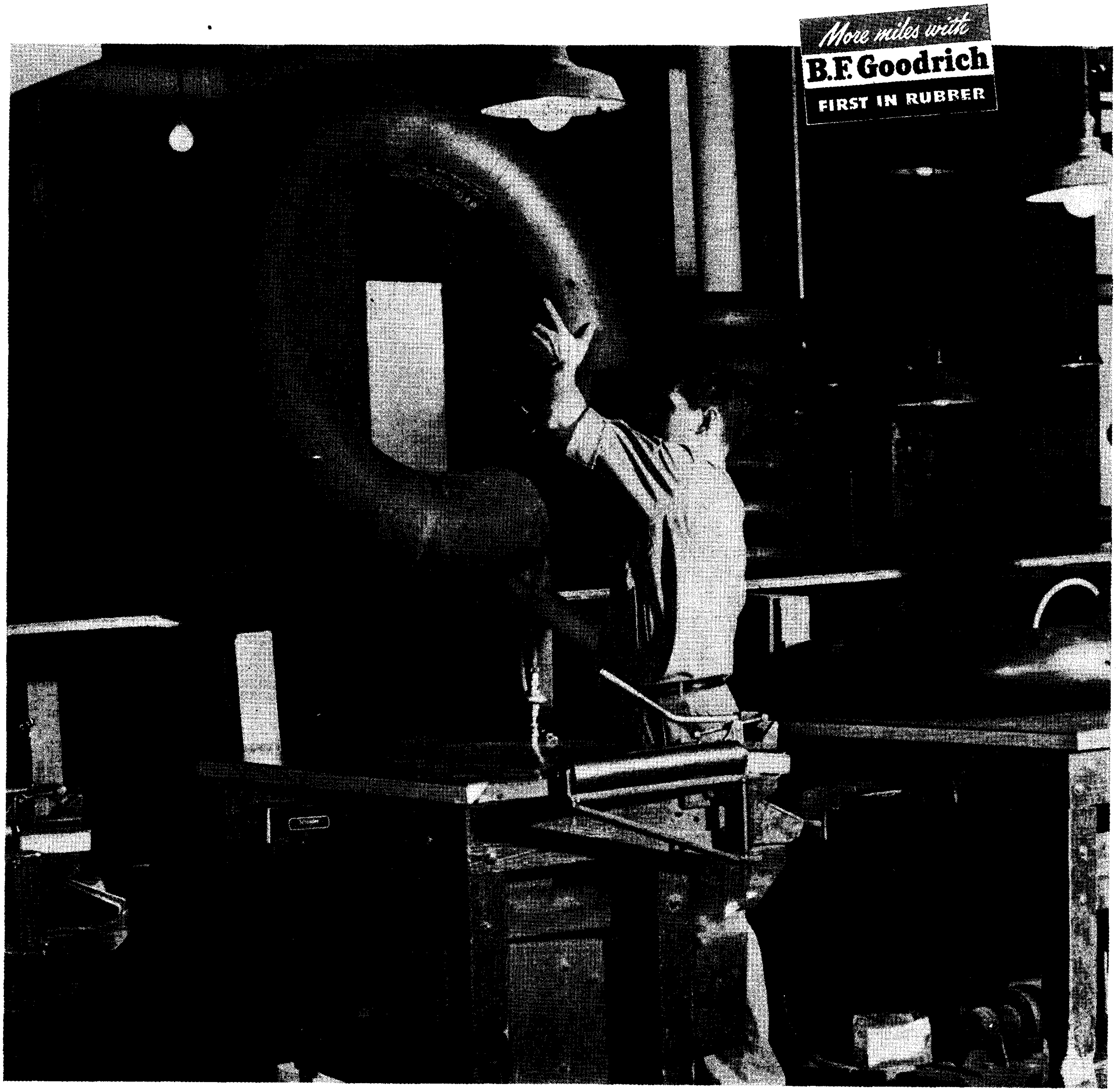


New tube holds air many times longer

THE best prewar inner tubes always lost air. Even with a perfect valve, pressure dropped. Air somehow escaped whether the vehicle was used or stayed parked in the garage. Scientists explain this loss of air pressure by saying that the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen in the air actually pass slowly through rubber. (In fact, the oxygen escapes through ordinary rubber 3 times as fast as nitrogen.) That's one reason why we are told to check the air pressure every week.

Now B. F. Goodrich is making a new kind of tube—for trucks, cars, and farm equipment. This tube is made of a synthetic rubber that holds air many times better than natural rubber! It is less likely to split, if punctured, than prewar tubes. Less likely to be seriously damaged if punctured. It has greater resistance to chafing than tubes made of other synthetics. And repairing is simple.

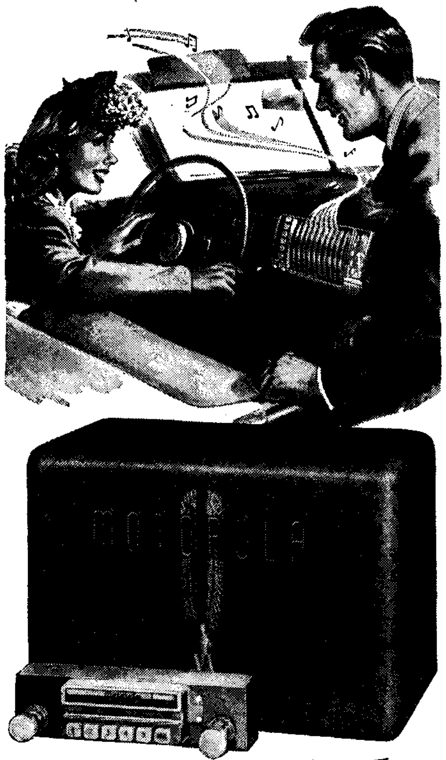
Checking air pressure in this tube will be mainly insurance against a leaking valve. You won't have to add air as often as you do now.

With the correct air pressure maintained uniformly in your tubes, you get far greater mileage from your tires, lessen the chances of bruises and breaks.

Research work goes on constantly at B. F. Goodrich. Research has improved tires and tubes for trucks, cars, airplanes, farm tractors and implements, and all types of industrial equipment.

The new tube is now on sale at B. F. Goodrich dealers everywhere. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Tires and Tubes
BY
B.F. Goodrich



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Motorola AUTO Radio

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Collier's
FOR MARCH 16, 1946

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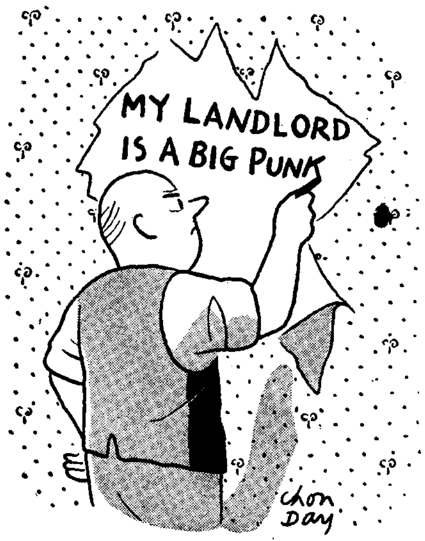
COVER By *GARRETT PRICE*

any week

AS YOU may have expected (and we did) we had a large mail response to that article, The Great Landlord Racket. The piece was intended to set forth the skulduggery of a certain type of houseowner. This was stated quite definitely in the article. However, we gladly admit that there are tenants who are less than martyrs. Quite a number of letters reminded us of that. For example, here's one from an apartment-house owner, who tells us that before they left his premises a family tore most of the paper off the walls and wrote on the plaster many most uncomplimentary things about him. His last line holds our attention: "I read everything they wrote on my walls. Very little of it was true."


MY LANDLORD IS A BIG PUNK
Chon Day

AND now a ray of sunshine. If you're looking for a house to live in try Brunswick, Georgia. Mr. Hubert Lee of Stone Mountain, Georgia, reports that "they don't look for houses in Brunswick; they shop for them. In Brunswick there are miles and miles of houses, attractive bungalows, two- and three-bedroom stucco jobs and cute brick cottages with palms, and they're just as vacant today as they were the day they were born as war-emergency homes." There is only one reason why we'd like to see all this for ourself. Mr. Lee signs himself "The Nation's Greatest Press Agent."

POSITIVELY our last word on the subject. Mr. Sam Dilley of Seattle, Washington, is sore at both landlords and women. Women most. "If you give it to a landlord you get something back anyway. But give dough to a woman and all you get is an argument which you don't win. I give my wife fifty bucks to give a fellow to get in his house. She wouldn't give it to him saying it was against the law. So

(Continued on page 78)

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Home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard J. Raymond, Winchester, Massachusetts

"This is my first testimonial..."

LEONARD J. RAYMOND, Boston businessman, tells what he discovered about a new insurance plan

"I used to feel there was too much mystery in home and car insurance. I never could tell what I really needed, what I had, or what it cost! Finally, I found the answer; and that's why I've written my first testimonial.

"I found that Liberty Mutual and United Mutual Fire Insurance Company have really done something to cut red tape and confusion. They've wrapped up all the protection I need in one simple, easy-to-understand package. Now, I know exactly where I stand, without having to pore over the 'fine print.' I know the risks I run — the coverage my policies give me — and what to do if trouble strikes.

"Liberty Mutual's attention to claims has always been prompt, skillful and friendly. I travel a lot and it means a lot to know that this service is available from coast to coast.

"Let's not forget costs, either. My premiums are about the same as those charged by other companies. But Liberty Mutual and United Mutual are able to keep losses and expenses down and they have regularly returned dividends which have reduced the cost of my insurance by at least one-fifth."

If you are a responsible home or car owner, you can enjoy the benefits of this new plan. Please note the offer made below.

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE: BOSTON
We work to keep you safe

New 112-page book— Here in clear, layman's language you can learn how to make insurance work to save you from crippling loss . . . 23 amusing cartoons . . . sent free to responsible home and car owners.

This is the package Mr. Raymond refers to. All the protection you need is brought together in one place. You will also receive an analysis of your home and car insurance and an estimate of your savings.

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MAYBE...HE CAN HYPNOTIZE HIM INTO GROWING BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON!
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
A PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end **PROLON**

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

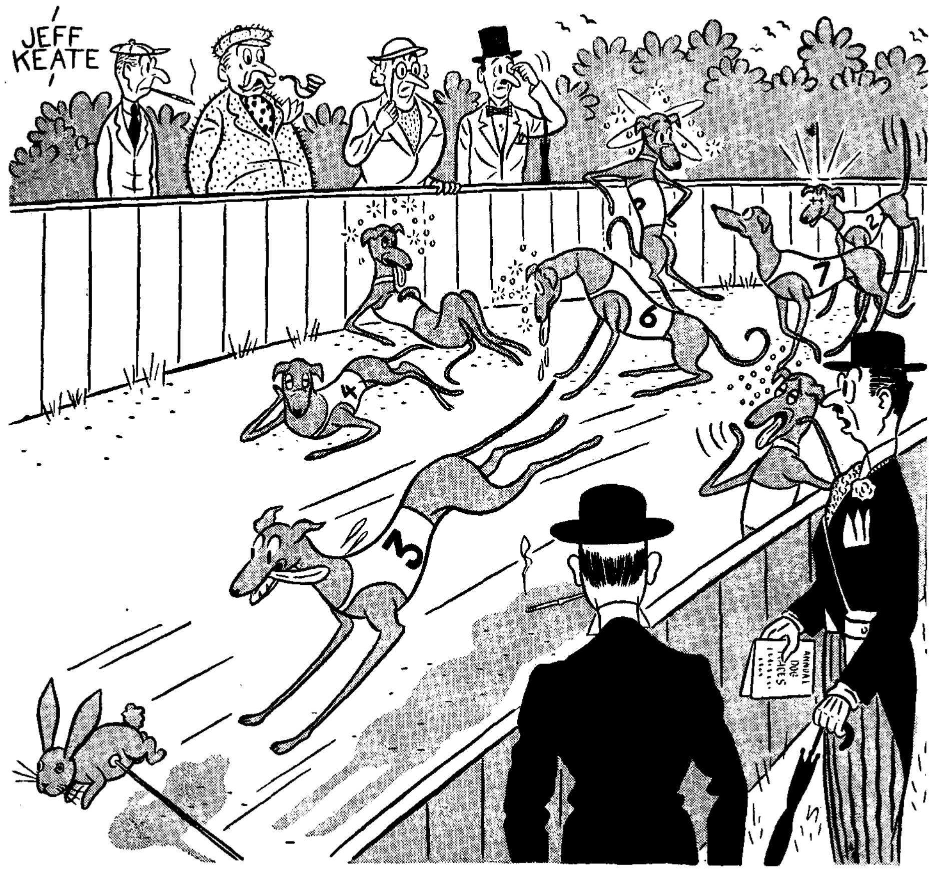
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL



JEFF KEATE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The cleverest case of doping in the annals of greyhound racing occurred at the White City Stadium in London in December, 1945. A few minutes before the last race of the day, a man fed doped fish to seven of the dogs entered which so slowed them up that the eighth dog, running at odds of 11–2, won by several lengths; and the man's confederates cleaned up about $200,000. The most ingenious aspect of the case was the precise measuring of the dope, Chloretone. While the amount was sufficient to affect the speed of the dogs, it was not enough to cause them to act strangely as doped dogs generally do when running. Consequently, the trick was not discovered for several hours.

To win in crap games, dice can be made crooked in nearly 30 ways, about 20 of which do not employ interior loads but are done on the exterior. Most of these methods change the shape of the cubes or the flatness of their surfaces so slightly that their owner allows the other players to use them. Another method is so bold that a crook using it must slip the dice in and out of the game without allowing anyone else to touch them. As no player can see more than three sides of a cube at a time without handling it, these dice bear only three numbers, such as 1-3-5 or 2-4-6, each duplicated on the opposite side. When thrown they produce only even combinations, thus enabling the shooter to make point after point without throwing a seven.

During the two decades Czechoslovakia existed as a republic before it was invaded by the Nazis in 1939, its people celebrated Constitution Day but four times, as the ratification of that document happened to take place on February 29, 1920.

The most magnificent stage curtain on record, a mosaic of glass, has hung in the National Theater in Mexico City since 1911. Depicting a popular Mexican legend, the curtain has an area of 280 square yards and contains nearly 1,000,000 pieces of colored glass; and its construction required the work of 20 men for 15 months in the Tiffany Studios in New York. Although weighing 27 tons, it is raised or lowered by hydraulic pressure in seven seconds.

The "poor relations" of the publishing business are the poetry magazines, of which 42 now exist in the United States. As their circulations are small, consisting chiefly of hopeful contributors, 12 of these magazines are unable to pay anything for poems accepted, 17 pay only in prizes, while the 13 having regular rates pay only from one to 25 cents a line.—*By Lillian Hill, New York City.*

The first symphony orchestras, which were formed about 1750, used 33 instruments—26 strings, five wood winds and two brasses. Today, these orchestras sometimes use as many as 137 instruments—74 strings, 22 wood winds, 25 brasses, 15 percussion instruments and an organ.

The only Negroes to serve as U.S. senators were Hiram Revels and Blanche Bruce who in the 1870s represented Mississippi, the same state that has been represented for the past eleven years by The Man Bilbo.

Among the drugs that affect human vision, although taken orally, are santonin, prescribed for worms, which causes objects to appear yellow, and tridione, prescribed for epilepsy, which causes objects to appear as though covered with a light fall of snow.—*By Bill Clark, Sea Isle City, New Jersey.*

Some 5,000 Shinto temples in Japan still keep a white horse—in a special building of its own—for the use of the god to whom the shrine is dedicated. The majority of these animals are extremely fat from lack of exercise as they are too sacred to be ridden by ordinary mortals.

Georgia's sixth state constitution, which was superseded by a new one last August, had been amended 245 times, or an average of once every 14 weeks during its 68 years. . . . In the United States during 1945, premature babies numbered 42 of every 1,000 live births and 323 of every 1,000 infants who died under one year of age.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Saying "Thank You" Sounds Mighty Inadequate

We've always built Seiberling Tires to give *more miles* than you would normally expect from a tire. And for years people have been buying as many as we could make.

But now, with folks more quality-conscious than ever, more motorists than ever are asking for Seiberling Tires. Saying "Thank You" for this whole-hearted acceptance sounds mighty inadequate. We think the best way to show our appreciation is to keep right on making the Seiberling Tire always a *better* tire.

And that's exactly what we are doing! Some pretty important new tire and tube developments are on the way . . . basic improvements as important, perhaps, as the famous Seiberling Heat-Vent and Affinite Tread. You'll hear more about these new developments *after they have proved themselves*. The purpose of an improvement in design or construction is to give *you* better service; not to give *us* something to talk about.

It has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling!

P. S. If you are sometimes unable to get a Seiberling Tire just when you need it—a Seiberling ThermoWeld Recap is the next best thing. Read about it below.

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

SEIBERLING

SEIBERLING
TIRES

Seiberling Introduces ThermoWeld— the BETTER recap with the "cured-in" signature!

Now you can be *sure* of getting the quality you pay for in a recap! Each tire renewed by the new and better Seiberling ThermoWeld method bears the signature "Seiberling ThermoWeld", *cured right into the rubber—visible* assurance of fine materials and factory-approved workmanship. Take your worn tires to your Independent Seiberling Dealer for a *ThermoWeld* Recap—the *better* recap certified by the signature of the maker.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada

SEIBERLING
ThermoWeld

I'm whisking along—

WITH AN ESSLEY WOMAN-WISE SPORTSHIRT!

Essley Sportshirts are known as *Woman-Wise* because they are tailored and styled to make a man look his best in a woman's eyes.

for sportsmen

ESSLEY

Woman-Wise

SPORTSWEAR

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY, EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

COURTESY OF FLYING

Engines awaiting overhaul at a small airport lie in the dirt of a junky hangar. This kind of operation slows progress in the private-plane field

THE John Paul Jones on whom we are about to report is a Des Moines, Iowa, aviation lawyer and zealous airplane pilot. He rents airplanes and flies them to his appointments about the country, but he thinks the business of private flying as conducted today by many airports and flying services, uh,—smells.

Forty-year-old Mr. Jones has a crowded background of service to civil and military aviation. He is an ardent worker for the National Aeronautic Association, the Aircraft Owners & Pilots Association, the Aircraft Industries Association (formerly the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce), the Civil Air Patrol and various groups and committees striving for standardization of flying through sensible aviation legislation. He was a member of the NAA's 1945 Collier Trophy Committee, which selected General Spaatz as the winner.

Mr. Jones wants to see private pilots and personal plane owners increase rapidly but he's afraid they won't if they meet up with what he calls Aviation's Tobacco Road. He's trying to clean up this condition and, while he is not alone at the task, he is the most articulate, phosphorous and colorful of the lot.

We'll now let Lawyer-Pilot Jones take over with some of his printable charges.

1. Dirt seems to characterize practically all private flying operations. By dirt I mean man-made dirt, ranging from a leaky line dripping hot oil down my pants leg to an airplane and engine mechanic leaving a streak of grease on the seat cushion that puts a stripe on my coat from shoulder to shoulder.

2. Unbusinesslike operation seems to be characteristic of the private flying business. On one occasion I had arranged four days in advance for an airplane at a specific time, with the stipulation that it was to be warmed up and ready to go at six A.M. I arrived at the airport at six and found the place deserted. I finally called the airport operator and at 7:30 he hove around the corner of the hangar unshaven, unkempt and literally unwashed, with eyes bloodshot and a breath like a brewery. I finally got away two hours later than I had planned.

3. Rarely do I rent an airplane in which I find all the instruments working. Frequently a ship is out of rig and occasionally so badly that I almost wear myself out fighting the controls.

4. I find an amazing lack of appreciation of ordinary business courtesy in the characteristic flight operation of today. Once I landed on a municipal airport on what appeared to be good sound stubble, only to have the ship sink to the wheel tops in the mud, just as it stopped rolling. The soft spot had been unmarked so that I had no warning and the airport personnel made absolutely no attempt to help me. It took me forty-five minutes of wallowing in the mud to walk the airplane, one wheel at a time, out to where it could be taxied away. And time after time I have had to prowl every building on an airport before I could find anyone to sell gasoline to me.

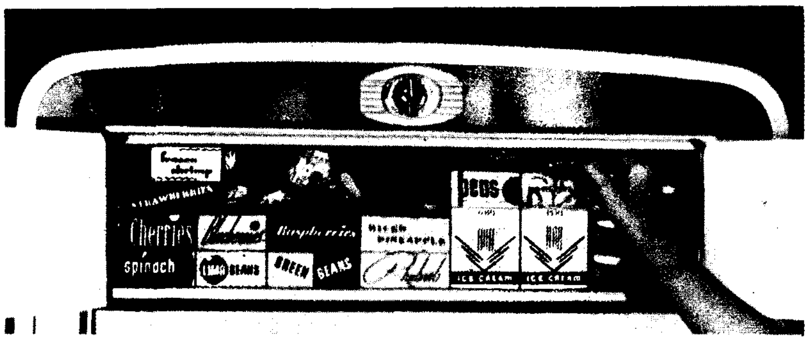
5. Airport offices just naturally seem to be devoid of anything to make them attractive, comfortable or usable for the itinerant air traveler. The customary place for spreading out charts is the office floor, which usually, incidentally, looks as though it had never been swept. This is true of many airports throughout the Middle West. All of these things I have mentioned are in addition to the universal complaints of inadequate facilities for transportation to and from the airports and of either no food or highly unsatisfactory restaurant facilities.

6. There is an inadequacy of airplane and engine facilities and services and in some cases downright incompetency that goes along with them. On one occasion in South Dakota I took off a Stinson Voyager that had just been line-checked and pronounced okay by a mechanic and when I was less than two hundred feet off the ground, the left side of the engine cowling came loose and plastered itself all over the windshield on my side.

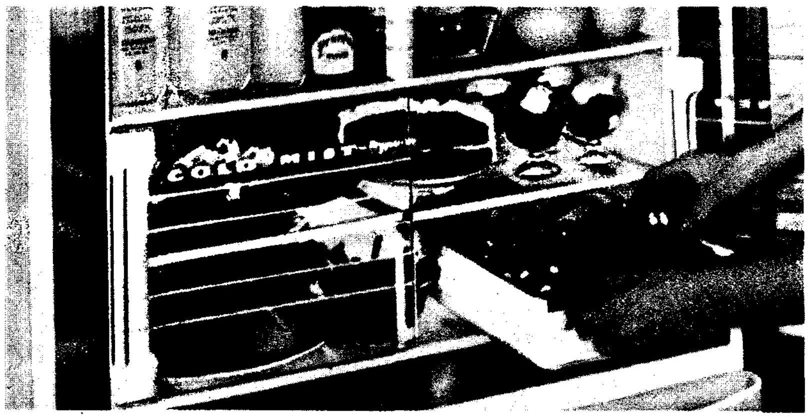
TO ALL of these should be added the most revolting phase of Aviation's Tobacco Road: the screaming lack of sanitary facilities or reasonably accurate facsimile. If we are to have general acceptance of private aviation, we must have facilities at these airports where my wife or yours can powder her nose without having to hold it at the same time.

Responsibility for all this, Mr. Jones declares, rests upon the city fathers and others who have planned airports and upon the fixed base operators who run them. But first and foremost, it rests "upon those of us, who, as private fliers, have tolerated such situations and continue to patronize operators who do nothing to rectify them. We must be crazy or we wouldn't stand for it."

However, a straw in the wind for better and cleaner airports is the case of the Hawthorne Flying Service, operators of the Fayetteville, N. C., municipal airport. The Fayetteville field was turned over to Hawthorne Flying Service in November, 1944, and Manager W. Sibley Law found the field, buildings and hangars "in a state of disrepair and dilapidation typical of most shoddily run airports." With little money but with lots of ambition, he transformed the field and its facilities into a neat, attractive, efficient air base for student instruction, charter flights, airplane sales and service. As an added reward for his efforts, his boss, President Beverly Howard of Hawthorne (which operates several airports in the Southeast) received the $5,000 first prize awarded annually by the National Aeronautic Association and provided by Andrew J. Haire, publisher of several aviation trade magazines. ★★★



A Frozen Food Chest!
and the Moist-Master Kelvinator!
Both combined in One!



Yes, this is the one! A Frozen Food Chest *combined* with the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master Refrigerator . . . both in the same beautiful cabinet, both powered by the same economical trouble-free unit! It's your next refrigerator . . . the new 1946 Kelvinator!

Just look how much frozen food you can store in that big, deep Frozen Food Chest. Steaks, roasts, chops, fish, a turkey! And all the frozen fruits, vegetables, ice cream, a family of four could possibly eat . . . it holds up to 36 lbs. Makes 9 lbs. of ice cubes, too, in Hi-Speed trays you can take out to make still more room. This is a *real* Frozen Food Chest!

And it's combined with the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master Refrigerator! Featuring the special Cold Mist Freshener compartment with its shining glass shelves it keeps green vegetables, thin-skinned fruits, uncovered leftovers, sandwiches, cakes, all moist, fresh and delicious for days. And plus all this, there's another zone of balanced cold, spacious and well-planned to store all the butter, milk, eggs, citrus fruits, and soft drinks your family can use. There's even a generous dry storage bin for root vegetables.

It's what you've been dreaming about... the refrigerator that combines in one cabinet a Frozen Food Chest and all the advantages of exclusive Kelvinator Moist-Master protection for perishables. And it's powered by the famous Kelvinator "Polarsphere" unit. Forever sealed in steel against dust, air and moisture and lubricated for life, it never needs care or attention and gives year after year of economical, trouble-free service.

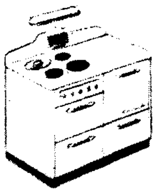
Better make a date with your Kelvinator dealer to see this new 1946 Kelvinator. It's a super-combination for your next refrigerator!

Three Other Beautiful Kelvinator Refrigerators Give you a choice of models priced to fit every budget. All packed with exclusive Kelvinator features and designed to give you the best in modern refrigeration, first!

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

TUNE IN

Wednesday nights 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, Kelvinator's new musical hit starring the Andrews Sisters. CBS all stations.



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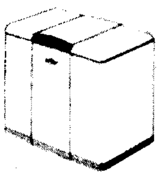

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WESTERN UNION

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 16, 1946

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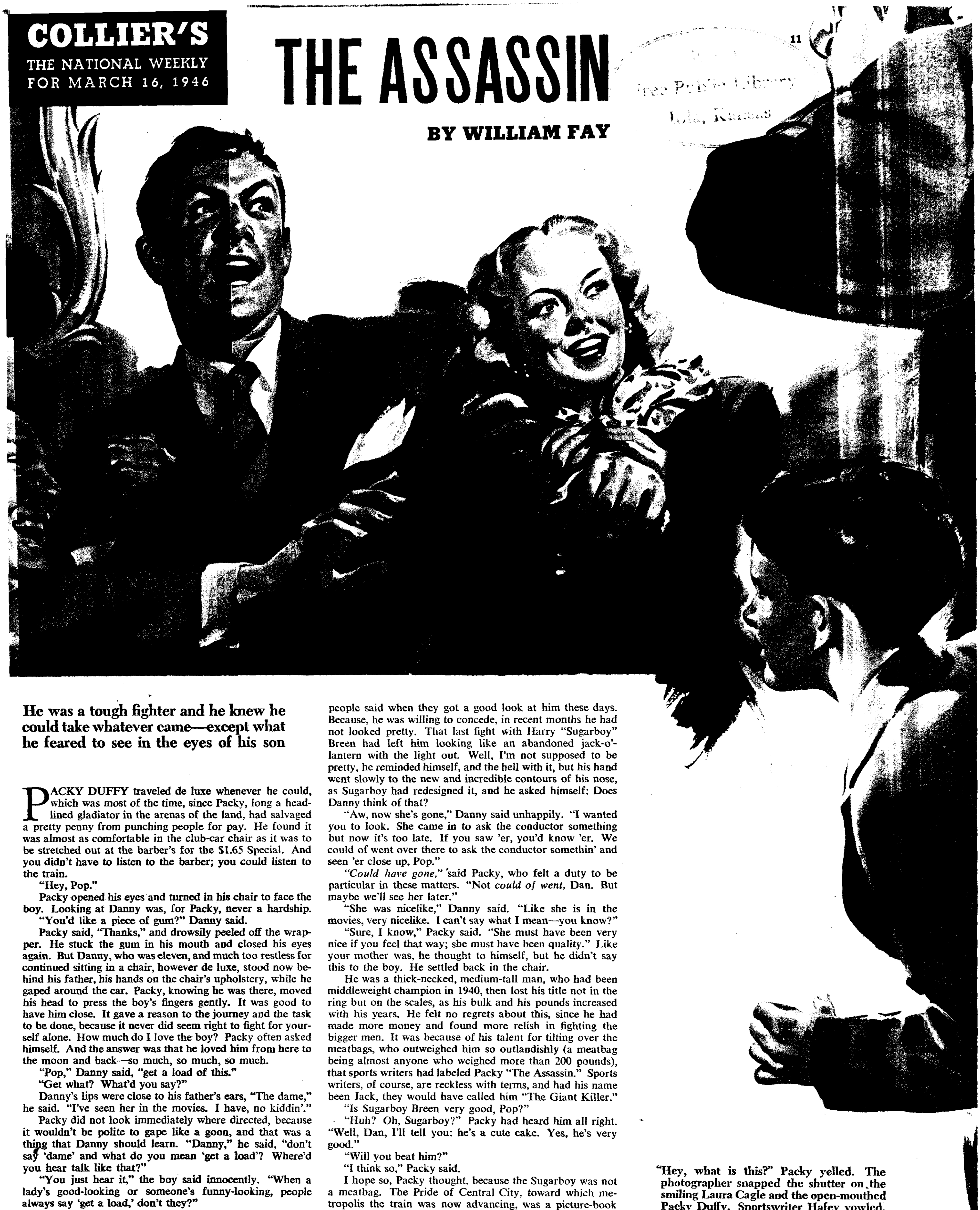
THE ASSASSIN

BY WILLIAM FAY



"Hey, what is this?" Packy yelled. The photographer snapped the shutter on the smiling Laura Cagle and the open-mouthed Packy Duffy. Sportswriter Hafey yowled. "That's perfect! The beauty and the beast!"

He was a tough fighter and he knew he could take whatever came—except what he feared to see in the eyes of his son

PACKY DUFFY traveled de luxe whenever he could, which was most of the time, since Packy, long a headlined gladiator in the arenas of the land, had salvaged a pretty penny from punching people for pay. He found it was almost as comfortable in the club-car chair as it was to be stretched out at the barber's for the $1.65 Special. And you didn't have to listen to the barber; you could listen to the train.

"Hey, Pop."

Packy opened his eyes and turned in his chair to face the boy. Looking at Danny was, for Packy, never a hardship.

"You'd like a piece of gum?" Danny said.

Packy said, "Thanks," and drowsily peeled off the wrapper. He stuck the gum in his mouth and closed his eyes again. But Danny, who was eleven, and much too restless for continued sitting in a chair, however de luxe, stood now behind his father, his hands on the chair's upholstery, while he gaped around the car. Packy, knowing he was there, moved his head to press the boy's fingers gently. It was good to have him close. It gave a reason to the journey and the task to be done, because it never did seem right to fight for yourself alone. How much do I love the boy? Packy often asked himself. And the answer was that he loved him from here to the moon and back—so much, so much, so much.

"Pop," Danny said, "get a load of this."

"Get what? What'd you say?"

Danny's lips were close to his father's ears, "The dame," he said. "I've seen her in the movies. I have, no kiddin'."

Packy did not look immediately where directed, because it wouldn't be polite to gape like a goon, and that was a thing that Danny should learn. "Danny," he said, "don't say 'dame' and what do you mean 'get a load'? Where'd you hear talk like that?"

"You just hear it," the boy said innocently. "When a lady's good-looking or someone's funny-looking, people always say 'get a load,' don't they?"

Yes, Packy supposed many did, and he wondered what people said when they got a good look at him these days. Because, he was willing to concede, in recent months he had not looked pretty. That last fight with Harry "Sugarboy" Breen had left him looking like an abandoned jack-o'-lantern with the light out. Well, I'm not supposed to be pretty, he reminded himself, and the hell with it, but his hand went slowly to the new and incredible contours of his nose, as Sugarboy had redesigned it, and he asked himself: Does Danny think of that?

"Aw, now she's gone," Danny said unhappily. "I wanted you to look. She came in to ask the conductor something but now it's too late. If you saw 'er, you'd know 'er. We could of went over there to ask the conductor somethin' and seen 'er close up, Pop."

"Could have gone," said Packy, who felt a duty to be particular in these matters. "Not *could of went,* Dan. But maybe we'll see her later."

"She was nicelike," Danny said. "Like she is in the movies, very nicelike. I can't say what I mean—you know?"

"Sure, I know," Packy said. "She must have been very nice if you feel that way; she must have been quality." Like your mother was, he thought to himself, but he didn't say this to the boy. He settled back in the chair.

He was a thick-necked, medium-tall man, who had been middleweight champion in 1940, then lost his title not in the ring but on the scales, as his bulk and his pounds increased with his years. He felt no regrets about this, since he had made more money and found more relish in fighting the bigger men. It was because of his talent for tilting over the meatbags, who outweighed him so outlandishly (a meatbag being almost anyone who weighed more than 200 pounds), that sports writers had labeled Packy "The Assassin." Sports writers, of course, are reckless with terms, and had his name been Jack, they would have called him "The Giant Killer."

"Is Sugarboy Breen very good, Pop?"

"Huh? Oh, Sugarboy?" Packy had heard him all right. "Well, Dan, I'll tell you: he's a cute cake. Yes, he's very good."

"Will you beat him?"

"I think so," Packy said.

I hope so, Packy thought, because the Sugarboy was not a meatbag. The Pride of Central City, toward which metropolis the train was now advancing, was a picture-book boxer in the grand tradition. The

(*Continued on page 82*)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

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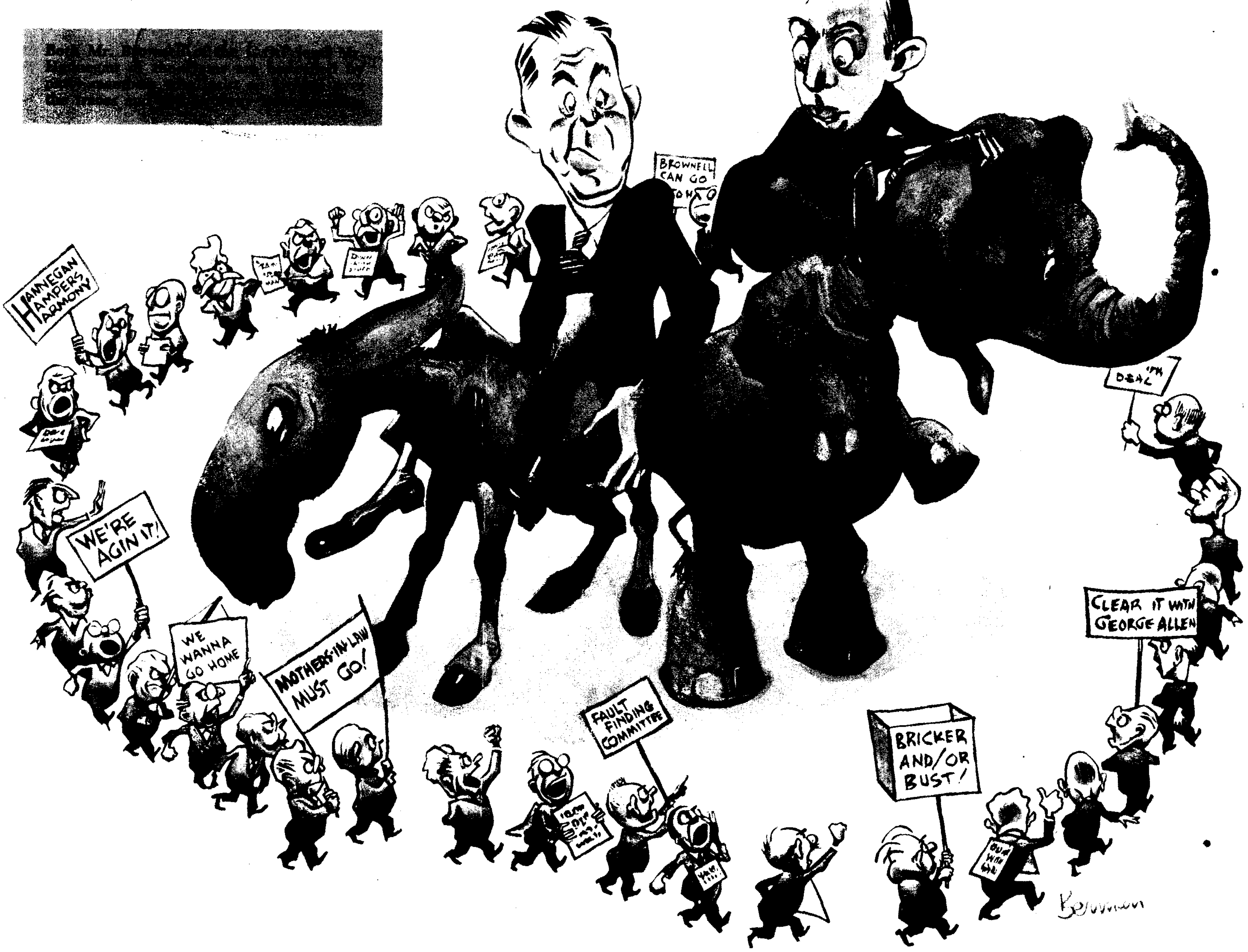


PICKET LINES IN POLITICS

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Conservatives in both the Democratic and Republican parties are wearing their hair grayer these days as a result of the antics of a liberal band of young whippersnappers who are so unsound as to think our future lies ahead of us

Nobody but Mr. Hannegan and Mr. Brownell seemed to notice that both the Democratic and the Republican National Committee were being harried by strikes of their own. Between V-J Day and the beginning of our industrial strike epidemic, Mr. Brownell, the Republican chairman, and most of his supporting oracles and orators were telling themselves and whoever else might care to listen that nothing short of a Democratic miracle could prevent the capture of Congress (at least the House of Representatives) next November and, as a matter of course, the Presidency in 1948. To Mr. Hannegan, the Democratic chairman, a politician [illegible] much tougher school than Mr. Brownell, this was a raucous laugh and he said so with impolite on-stage noises.

But the industrial uproar had changed things a bit—decidedly for Mr. Brownell and awkwardly for Mr. Hannegan. The strike infection had trickled into Congress and even into national and state committees. Neither Mr. Hannegan nor Mr. Brownell made anything like the noise about it that industrial managements did. In fact their offices seem a little pained when asked about intraparty dissensions which are going on yonder on Capitol Hill. Nevertheless strikes, political as well as industrial, are upsetting their early postwar plans. Their long-distance optimisms and rosily confident prophecies have given way to watchful, even apprehensive waiting.

The Republican management is losing some of its early confidence. Their party dissensions in Congress are much more active and vocal than the opposition's. The Republican strikes within the party are chiefly against Old Guard control. The Democratic rows are based on party policy rather than on dissatisfaction with the party bosses, the reactionary Southerners. To understand why Congress, national committees and state managements have caught the strike fever it is necessary that some brief background be set up.

Despite the anti-C.I.O. sentiment of the Southern Democrats in Congress and the National Committee, the industrial strikes are popularly regarded as party line-ups. Management is supposedly overwhelmingly Republican, and employees are Democratic. And it would be a great waste of time to try to convince anyone that such arbitrary definition is not responsible for much of the intraparty racket that is disturbing both Mr. Brownell and Mr. Hannegan. Well over ninety per cent of their labors are devoted to keeping party formations intact, and to ballyhooing the independent and liberal vote—the all-important political increment which decides elections—over to their side.

The Shadow of the New Deal

In this, Mr. Hannegan seems to have the advantage because voter habits have been formed during Mr. Roosevelt's twelve years and because Mr. Truman's attitude in wage disputes has a New Deal tinge. Moreover Sidney Hillman, chairman of the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee, has congratulated Mr. Truman on his attitude, and on his labor program generally. There seems to be reason to believe too that if Mr. Truman became a bit more firm in his program, Philip Murray and his C.I.O. would come out in support of the Administration. No support of the current Democratic control—the Southern members—mind you, but of Mr. Truman in his tempered pursuit of his predecessor's economic and social policies.

Mr. Hillman's PAC is not expected to line up with the Democratic Party next November but to follow long-time labor precedent by campaigning against certain Congressional candidates whom it does not like. And this is all right with Mr. Hannegan, who is eager for Mr. Hillman's help but not for his outright affiliation.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hannegan, a politician of the doorbell-ringing school and an overlooker of no bets, has decided that what the Democratic National Committee needs is something more tangible than mere lip service to the New Deal program. Therefore, he has called in as aides Edward F. Pritchard, Jr., Leon Henderson, Robert R. Nathan and Paul Porter as special legal and strategy aides. All of these gentlemen were Roosevelt valiants. With the exception of Mr. Porter, who is chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, all have drifted away from the Truman establishment. Mr. Pritchard resigned as assistant to Fred Vinson, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Nathan quit his post as deputy to John Wesley Snyder, Reconversion Director. Mr. Henderson, New Deal economist, used to be director of OPA. Mr. Porter was the National Committee's publicity man during the 1944 campaign. And as he thinks he may require them, Mr. Hannegan is prepared to summon more of Mr. Roosevelt's favored handymen. There is opposition to all

CARTOON BY SAM BERMAN

this is the South, which somehow doesn't seem to worry Mr. Hannegan. The Democratic dissidents in Congress and in state headquarters approve.

Thus the industrial rowdydow generally seems to be doing less political damage to Mr. Hannegan than to Mr. Brownell. Not that the Republican National Committee couldn't give callers an argument to the contrary. In Republican headquarters one is assured that all these strikes and Mr. Truman's failure to do something drastic to unions is going to drive huge numbers of unorganized voters, innocent victims of strike inconveniences, into the Republican fold.

And they have special hopes for the demobilized veteran, who is regarded by Republican leaders as a sadly disillusioned person thirsting for revenge upon labor leaders for racketeering, and upon the Democratic Party in general for its failure to have homes and adequately paid jobs waiting for him. You may listen to both sides until your ears wither, and get no conviction either way. Better wait for next November's elections—not that you'll have the answer then.

Republican leaders will tell you, too, that John L. Lewis, now back in the American Federation of Labor and soon, they assure you, to take over the leadership from William Green, will carry his break with Mr. Roosevelt on to opposition to Mr. Truman and thus offset any possible C.I.O. assistance to the Democrats. This, too, may be merely wishful thinking.

No Respecters of Venerable Tradition

But it all makes for party dissensions, which are likely to grow worse before next fall, because in both organizations the younger or more progressive elements are showing less and less respect for the older standpatters and for venerable party standards and policies. Today in a dozen states Mr. Hannegan is being warned that the local Democratic leaders refuse to be responsible for what happens if there is any great retreat from the New Deal's prewar policies. In New York, Illinois, Michigan, California and Mr. Truman's own Missouri, for example, Democrats are starting already to worry about the Negro vote next fall because of the all-Democrat filibuster against the Fair Employment Practices Committee and the South's activity in buttressing Jim Crow laws.

Some of these state leaders want Mr. Truman to renounce the filibustering senators by name, arguing that nothing could drive the South into Republican ranks anyway. Republican national leaders would like to make political capital of this, but somewhat to their dismay they discover that state chairmen and their local deputies are none too anxious personally to embrace the Negro. Nor is there any discernible enthusiasm among Negroes to rally to the Republican banner. It may be said without much fear of contradiction that politically things are in one hell of a mess.

In Congress there are between forty and fifty Republicans who are serving notice by word and vote that they intend from now on to do their own thinking. And this thinking, brilliant or dreary, is not necessarily going to be that of Old Guard whips, leaders and chairmen. Most of them are young—young in Congress, anyway. At nights, on week ends, they are meeting in one another's offices, in hotels, in their own houses and apartments, dissenting from almost everything dear to the Old Guard heart.

Listen, for example, to Republican Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, a Congressional freshman. To win his seat, the enlightened, liberal Morse had to lick the Old Guard in his own state, by defeating an Old Guard pet. The tightly buttoned reactionaries in the Republican National Committee wince at the mention of Morse's name. The most frozen of them classified him as a man so undependable as to believe that the future lies ahead of us—much like the late Senator George Moses' sons of the wild jackass. However, the less mired of the party's management blame Mr. Morse's party waywardness less on some quirk in his own character than on Mr. Roosevelt. This, they say, nodding ruefully toward Mr. Morse, is what Franklin Delano Roosevelt did to so many fine Republicans. Corrupted and debauched them, that's what.

Mr. Morse was out there in Oregon, teaching law in the university and otherwise minding his own business, when Mr. Roosevelt called him to Washington to be a member of the War Labor Board, of the National Defense Mediation Board and of the President's Railway Emergency Board. Sure, sure, Mr. Morse and Mr. Roosevelt differed on many issues, and Mr. Morse wasn't at all shy about telling Mr. Roosevelt that there were a number of the President's personal rules of procedure in which he didn't concur.

But Mr. Roosevelt, who found joy in ruining Republicans, would wave these differences aside saying that he had enlisted Mr. Morse's brains and not his political theories. Outrageous, of course. And there are members of the Republican National Committee who expect the common voter, too, to be indignant.

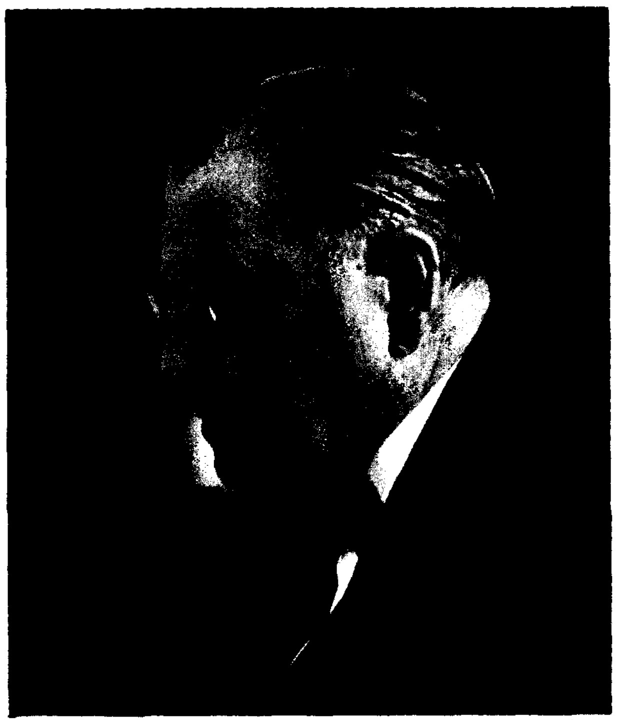
So listen to Senator Morse berate Senator Robert Alphonso Taft's stanchly conservative condemnation of what Mr. Morse calls "bipartisan sponsored progressive legislation."

"Senator Taft," says Senator Morse flatly, "demonstrates in a frightened manner why the common men and women of America cannot look to reactionary Republicans to improve and protect their standard of living. Taft demonstrates that his political and economic philosophy is the same as that of the reactionary Democrats now in control of that party. Fortunately there is a growing hope that middle-of-the-road liberals within the Republican Party will be successful in returning that party to its traditional role of fighting for and advancing the best interests of all the men and women of America rather than just a privileged few."

Then listen to the applause of the mavericks in the Republican ranks, to the dissidents, the independents in Congress, who have the gall to call themselves Republicans. Observe, too, that a lot of Democrats in Congress shake Mr. Morse's hand and wander off into little huddles of their own to consider ways and means of wangling control of their party from the Southern reactionaries into whose clutches it has fallen. But there is open indignation in Republican National Headquarters.

Mr. Taft is regarded there as the ideal man for the Presidential nomination in 1948. Former Governor Bricker of Ohio seems at the moment to be favored over Mr. Taft, being less given to independent thinking and more in the tradition. Worse, the dissident Republicans are even playing around with a national ticket of their own—Harold Stassen for President and Wayne Morse for Vice-President. And they are not exclusively the younger set.

The National Committee, a number of state chairmen and older members of Congress are having all sorts of trouble working up party sympathy for a few die-hard industrialists whose attitude toward labor, they say, is so unyielding that it succeeds only in making the unions with which they deal more intransigent and more radical. They, with the younger element, mourn the (Continued on page 77)


JERRY COOKE—PIX

Senator Warren Austin was heretical enough to applaud Sen. Morse's attack on G.O.P. Old Guard

HANS KNOPF—PIX

Senator J. William Fulbright was so unsound as to do his own thinking on international affairs

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Senator Brien McMahon upset all rules by heading the vital atomic committee while a freshman

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Senator Wayne Morse was guilty of implying that not all Republicans are the wisest possible men

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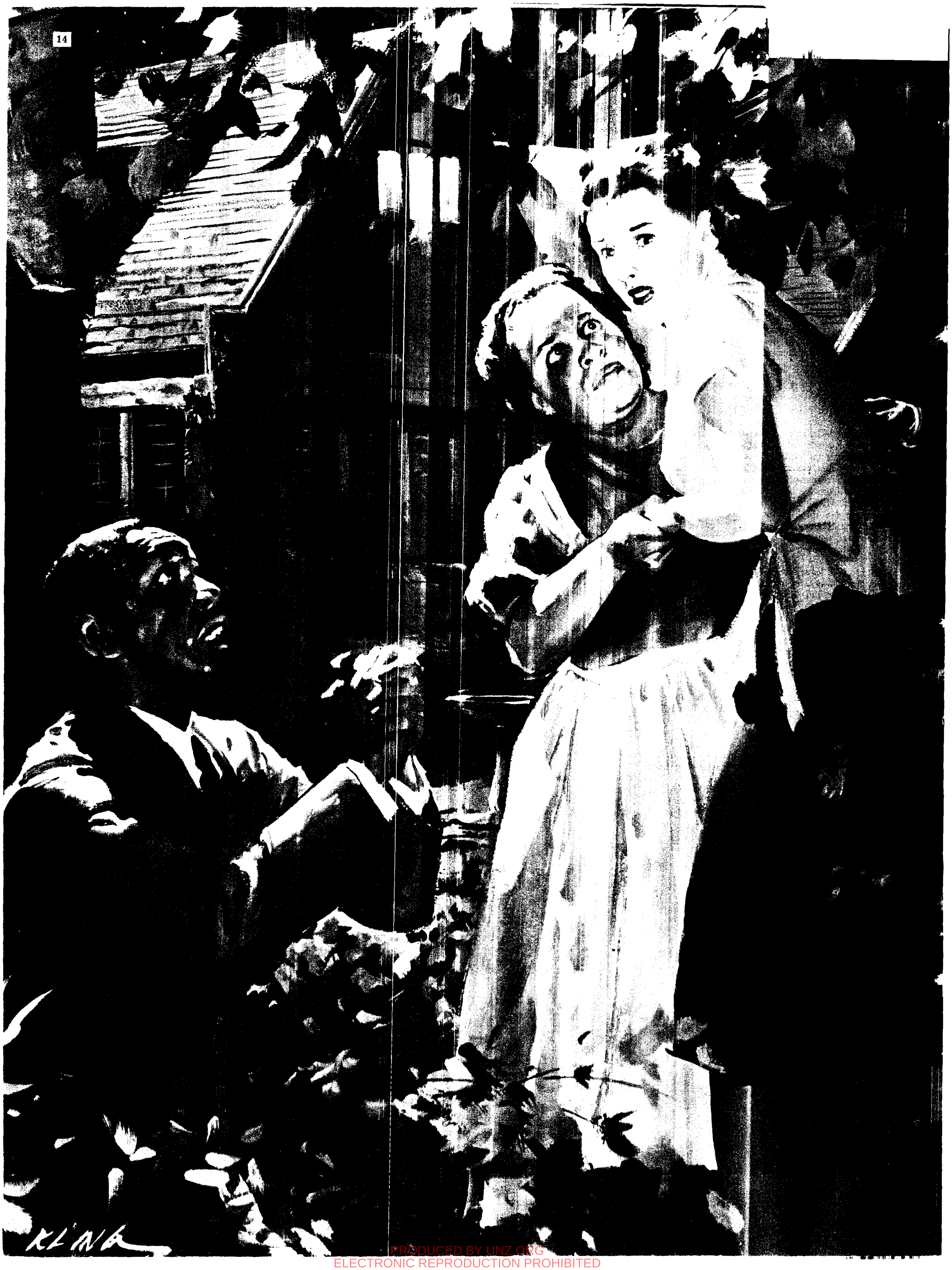
Rep. Charles M. La Follette, of Indiana, has declared war on Old Guard bosses in his own state


KLINE

Dangerous Lady

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story:

Two things had thrown young Scott Henderson's world into an entirely new perspective: He had fallen in love with beautiful Gail Barrie, who, after her father's death, had returned from Cuba to her home town of Cherokee and an inheritance of one million dollars, which she would receive on her 21st birthday; and he had become involved in murder—a murder Gail obviously knew more about than she dared admit. Being in love with Gail was fine with Scott, particularly after she confessed, as Paul Innes, the Country Club's manager, had said, that she cared nothing for Tony Kinkaid, whom rumor tied up with Fern Meredith, a torch singer at a gambling lodge out at Valley View. But it was on that same night that Scott, having driven Gail out to see her childhood friend, Doris Treadway, waited for her while she entered the Treadway house. He heard a shot, then found Doris dead, with Gail nowhere in sight. Convinced that Gail had not killed Doris, Scott knew nonetheless that both Detective Bernie Williams and Sergeant Chris Peterson suspected her; a bruise on Gail's arm, which she would not explain, her long disappearance from the house after the murder, and her previous mysterious request to talk to Doris, all pointed to her guilt. Worse, she refused to confide in Scott; living with Barbara Mathews and her father Fletcher Mathews, she stubbornly kept to herself, flatly turned down both Scott and Barbara when they asked her to join them one evening. Finally leaving her alone, they drove out to Valley View Lodge. It was there that Scott suddenly saw Tony Kinkaid and with him—Gail. . . .

II

GAIL was staring up at Scott and Barbara, her cheeks pale, her eyes too bright. Of the four, only Tony Kinkaid seemed at ease. He rose elegantly, smiled, and said, "Well, here we are. Just one big, happy family."

Scott didn't say anything. He couldn't think of anything to say. Tony gestured toward the table. "How's about having a drink with us?"

"No, thank you."

Scott kept his eyes on Gail. She seemed to be frightened, though he hadn't the faintest idea why. He tried to make himself believe she was just embarrassed, but he knew that wasn't the whole answer. She was appealing to him to understand something he couldn't understand. He said, "We're on our way out."

Gail still hadn't spoken. Barbara said, "Have a good time, folks," and moved off with Scott. On the way around the room they passed Fern Meredith. She was watching them oddly, with wise, sultry eyes. Her glance went briefly to the booth in which Tony Kinkaid and Gail Barrie were sitting, and then back again to Scott Henderson and Barbara Mathews.

Scott and Barbara got outside and went to the parking space. They climbed into his car and started home. Barbara said, "Was I surprised! You could have knocked me over with a crowbar."

Scott managed a sickly grin. He said, "Light up a couple of cigarettes, will you?"

Barbara poked one of the cigarettes between his lips. She said, "You don't get it, do you?"

Scott said, "Gail wasn't so tired, after all. That was a stall. She just wanted to get us out of the house. She must have had a date with Kinkaid. Simply didn't figure we'd be at Valley View."

Barbara touched his hand. "Snap out of it, Scott. And quit being jealous because he's beautiful and you look like a bum."

Scott laughed. There wasn't much mirth in it, but it was a laugh. "You know," he said, "you're a good kid. It's a pity we couldn't fall in love with each other." He was staring into the night. "What do you make of it, Barbara?"

"Nothing. I haven't got a thing to go on but my instinct. There's some tie-up between Gail and Tony Kinkaid."

SCOTT chose his words carefully. "I know Kinkaid has been chasing Gail. Until the night Doris was killed, I didn't think she was giving him a tumble. That night she was different, somehow."

"Isn't that the night you and Gail did your first hitting in the clinches?"

"Yes."

"Did you believe her, or was she putting on an act?"

"I believed her."

"I believe her, too. Even since then, Gail's been starry-eyed about you."

"Kinkaid may have known that she was headed for the Treadway house that night. Because she and I parked for a while, he—or anybody else—could have had time to get there ahead of us. I still think Gail knows who shot Doris."

Barbara said soberly, "Or perhaps Kinkaid does."

He looked at her, startled. "You don't mean . . . ?"

"I don't mean anything, Scott. I'm playing copper. I'm trying to think the way Chris Peterson would think if he knew everything we know. I'm doing it because I think you and Gail are the two swellest people I ever met, and I don't like the fog you're walking around in. So I'm going to crash through with a piece of unasked advice: Don't question her. Don't mention tonight. She'll either tell you, or she won't. Questioning won't help."

He said awkwardly, "And if you learn anything . . ."

"I'll let you know. Now let's forget it. Or, anyway, let's pretend to."

He stopped in front of the Mathews house and took Barbara inside. He said, "I wish your father were here."

"So do I, Scott."

"When do you expect him?"

"Some day next week. You haven't heard anything at the office?"

"Nothing definite." He kissed her lightly and opened the front door. He said, "Thanks, Barbara. You're nice to have around."

He drove home slowly. He had the uncomfortable feeling that the answer was right there, but it kept eluding him. And the more he thought, the more elusive it got.

He spent a sleepless, miserable night. The following morning, even after he had shaved and had a shower and drunk two cups of steaming coffee, he looked haggard. He wanted to call Barbara, but thought better of it. If there was anything to report, she would call him.

In the afternoon, she called him at his office. "Western front," she said. "Nothing to report."

He questioned guardedly. "What time did she get home last night?"

"Around one. Went straight to her room."

"This morning?"

"Nothing special. No mention of anything we're interested in. A little while ago she received a beautiful box of flowers."

"I sent 'em."

"On the beam, Scott. Cute idea. She grabbed 'em and ran upstairs. She was crying."

"Lovely," he said. "Old Scott Henderson! Never makes the wrong play."

"She's probably hugging them to her bosom right now."

He grinned in spite of himself. They talked a little more and then hung up. Scott was just getting back to his work when the telephone rang again.

A woman's voice came to him. Not Barbara's voice, nor Gail's. A voice he didn't know. "Mr. Henderson?" it asked.

"Yes. This is Scott Henderson."

"This is Fern Meredith."

At first he didn't get it. Then he remembered. The torch singer at Valley View Lodge. The blonde who was said to be Sax Bailey's girl and to be playing around with Tony Kinkaid. Scott said, "Yes, Miss Meredith?"

"I'd like to talk to you. Right away. It's important."

He said, "Where can I meet you?"

"Suppose you come to my apartment." She gave him the address.

THE apartment building was old and dingy. The elevator boy asked no questions when Scott stepped into the cage and said, "Nine, please."

He pressed the buzzer at the door marked 9-C, and got no answer. Then he rapped. The door opened. A pleasantly husky voice said, "Come right in."

Fern held out her hand. She was dressed simply, as though for the street. Whatever he had expected, this was different.

He studied the girl. Here, in the bright light of early afternoon, she looked older than she had at Valley View. Thirty, perhaps. A couple of years one way or the other. Her skin was lovely, her eyes a rich deep violet, her hair golden blond.

She waved him to a chair, shoved a pack of cigarettes in his direction, and sat down.

"You seem to be taking this in stride, Mr. Henderson. Weren't you surprised by my call?"

He nodded.

"I took a chance," she went on. "I know something about you." She smiled. "I've been here several months, you know. I've got good ears, and you hear a lot in a spot like Valley View, if you're willing to listen. Drunk or sober, people talk. You'd be surprised how much dirt I could dish about the good folks of Cherokee."

He still didn't say anything.

"I want to ask you just one question," she said, and he caught the urgency in her voice. "It's none of my business, but I'm asking it anyway. Aren't you pretty fond of Miss Barrie?"

His eyes narrowed. He studied her. She was leaning forward, as though a great deal depended on his answer. He said, "Yes, I'm fond of her."

"Fond enough to try to keep her out of trouble?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. That'll make things easier. I got a lot on my mind and if I can't spill it to you, I'm out of luck." She reached for a cigarette, and he held a match for her. "What do you know about me?" she asked suddenly.

"Very little, except what everybody knows."

"Have you heard that I'm supposed to be Sax Bailey's girl?"

He blinked and said, "Yes."

"Of course, you've heard it. You've probably also heard that I've been cheating. With Tony Kinkaid."

His embarrassment amused her.

"You needn't say anything, Mr. Henderson. I just want you to know that I'm playing my cards face up. That's so you'll believe me when I tell you that I think there's trouble brewing. Serious trouble. Involving Tony and Miss Barrie."

Henderson waited—waited for information, for facts.

"Until recently," said Fern, "I've played along with Sax Bailey. Then I met Tony Kinkaid. Tony's a prime louse, but I'm in love with him. He's conceited. He's strictly on the prowl and doesn't give a damn for anybody but himself, but I'm still in love with him. It makes me out a dope, but that's how it is."

"I see." Scott was disappointed. "So what it adds up to is that you're jealous of Miss Barrie."

She said, "No." She said it matter-of-factly, without emphasis.

He shook his head. "I don't get it."

"You wouldn't. My slant is new to you. Tony is playing around with Miss Barrie," she continued. "I saw them at Valley View the other night. That wasn't the first time. I think he's trying to muscle in. I think he wants to marry her."

"And you still say you're not jealous?"

"I still say it. From what I've heard, Miss Barrie is just about to come into a hunk of money. If Tony could marry that, he'd be sitting pretty. That's something I can understand. I'm not jealous. But if she didn't have a dime, I'd feel different. Follow me?"

"If I try real hard," he said.

FERN'S realistic approach was bewildering, but Scott appreciated her honesty. He said, "Let's concede that you're not jealous. Then what am I doing here?"

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know. There's something between those two that I don't like. It's a lot more than a smart guy trying to marry money."

Scott said, "Supposing you've got him figured correctly, it doesn't follow that you also understand Miss Barrie. How do you know she hasn't fallen in love with him, the same as you have?"

"I worried about that. But I don't any more."

"Why not?"

"Something happened last night." She looked past him at a picture on the wall. She said, "You were surprised to see her at the Lodge, weren't you?"

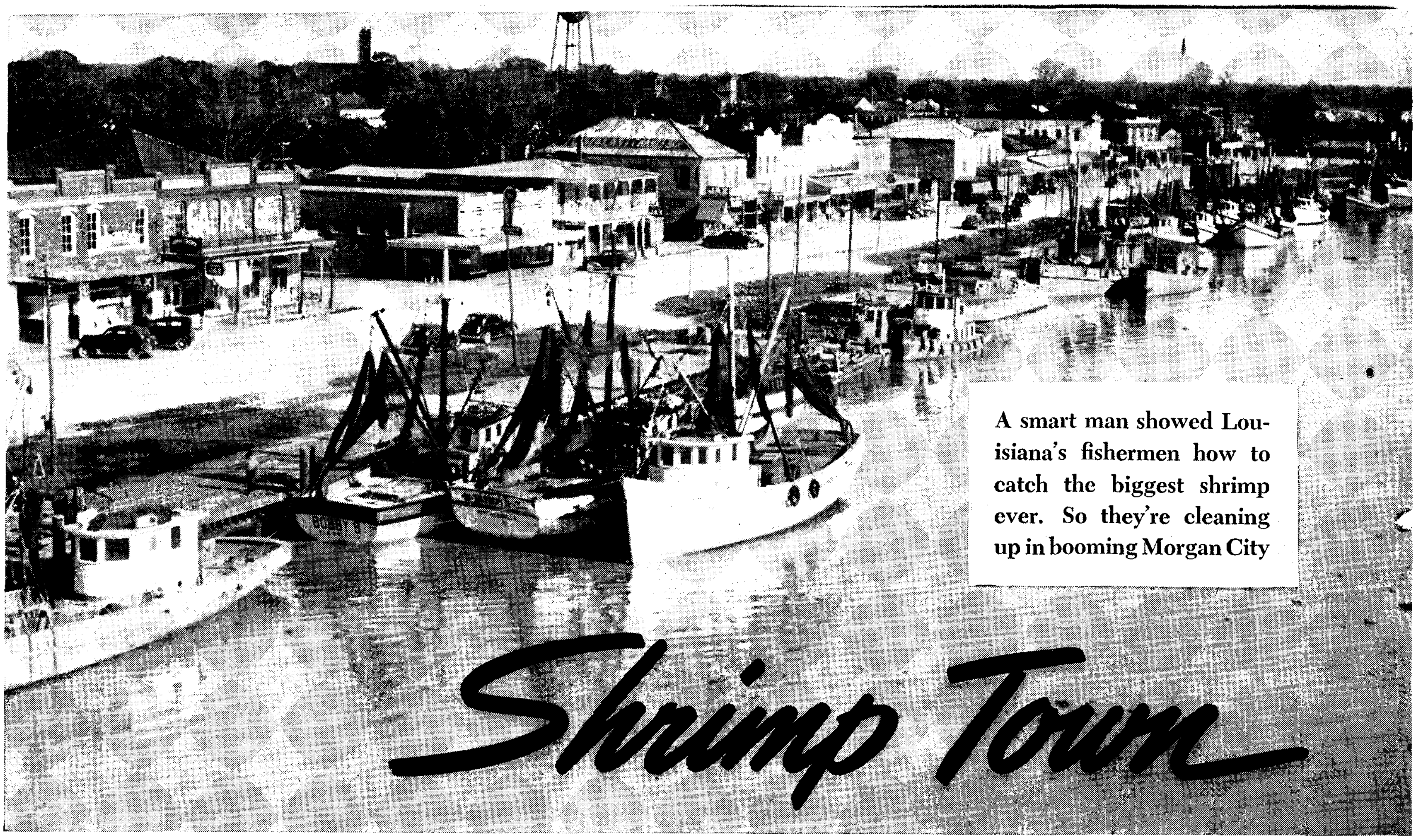
"Maybe."

"You and Miss Mathews got out fast. I watched Tony and Miss Barrie. They were doing a lot of talking. They didn't seem to be very happy. As soon as the show ended, they left."

She leaned forward in her chair. "So far,"

(Continued on page 39)

"We was prayin' by the body when Miss Gail found us," Leander said. "She looked so awful when she saw him that Jessie had to steady her. All she said was, 'Oh, God! Another!'"



Shrimp Town

A smart man showed Louisiana's fishermen how to catch the biggest shrimp ever. So they're cleaning up in booming Morgan City

BY HARNETT T. KANE

MAYOR MAURICE D. SHANNON of Morgan City waved his hand toward a long, double line of sturdy little seagoing vessels—the ships that pulled his town out of the red and put it on the map in big black letters.

"Yes," said the mayor, "till they came we were scraping bottom."

His Morgan City on the deep Atchafalaya River in Louisiana has had five lives. It has been licked and then licked again by a procession of nature's mishaps and man's mistakes; each time it has come back. This time it seems to be back for good. American fishing history is being made along its wharves; a whole industry is being revolutionized. All because of a small boatload of "swelled-up shrimp" that most of its people didn't want.

One day in 1934, a big, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed Scandinavian dropped anchor. Captain Ted Anderson knew fishing and he had an idea or two about what might be doing in these waters. He took his 45-foot boat, with its 50-horsepower engine, and slipped down the river 30 miles or so into the Gulf. After several days he tied up at the wharf again, with 40 or 50 barrels of shrimp.

A few dealers looked, and frowned. "But those not so hot, Capitaine; too big. Look at that one, ten inch' long! What you think make 'em swoll' up that way, huh?"

People weren't used to that size. The captain finally found a sale, but little enthusiasm.

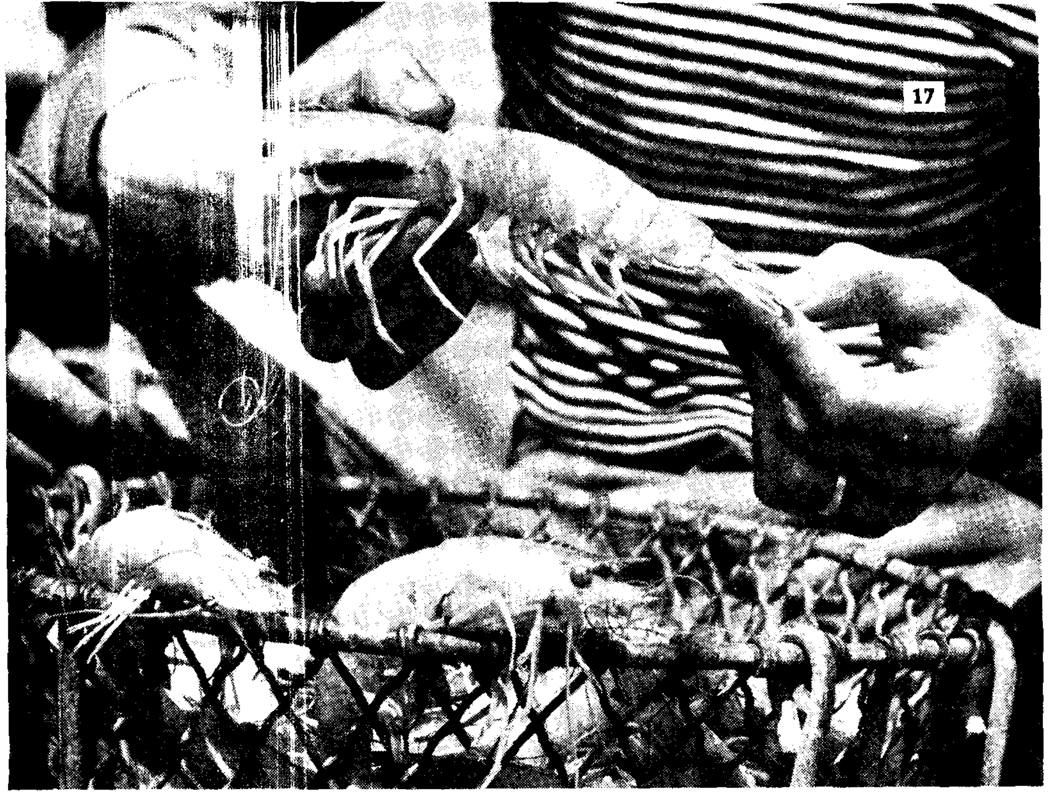
Like many others, Captain Ted learned that revolution doesn't come overnight. Many Louisiana Cajuns were shrimpers, but they never went to the Gulf. Their frail boats moved up and down the shallow bayous and bays; the shrimp they caught were two or three inches long, the way folks expected them.

It was the way it had always been done; it was the way it ought to be done. And that, it seemed, was that.

Father J. S. Toups performs the ancient ceremony of blessing the shrimp fleet. In Morgan City it's called B-Day

N. Boudreaux and L. Hatard, expert shrimp fishermen, handle a big net filled with tasty shellfish. Men like these will bring in more than 20,000,000 pounds of shrimp a year. They earn from $3,000 to $5,000

As soon as the net is emptied, the catch is sorted. Jellyfish and other unwanted items are thrown out, and the shrimp are stored in the hold between layers of ice



The shrimp taken by the Morgan City fleet from the deep waters of the Gulf of Mexico are the biggest anyone has ever seen. Some run to 14 inches in length

Several years passed. Captain Anderson and a few others still brought in some of the big shrimp, and dealers accepted them when the little ones weren't available. Along the Gulf and the Atlantic, however, word was filtering. In Florida, where they knew what fair-sized shrimp were, a booming business had been built around them. But now the Florida supplies were playing out, and the boys were restless. Several of them crossed the Gulf, made a trip or two below Morgan City—and suddenly the heat was on.

Excited letters, telegrams and telephone calls went back to relatives and connections at the Florida docks, offices and shipyards. The news spread up the coast to Carolina. Shrimp, hordes of them, and the biggest anybody had ever seen, reported the enthusiasts; some 14 inches and longer, most of them nine or ten! Magnificent shrimp, thick, firm, succulently gray-fleshed! Captains and their helpers, dealers and shipmakers pulled up stakes; every few days Morgan City blinked to find a new lot of husky men with new accents—Yankee, Dutch, English and Scandinavian.

Simultaneously, science put its hand in. For years fishermen had been wondering about the odd behavior of shrimp. At certain seasons they teemed in the inland Louisiana waters; almost overnight, they were gone. The federal government working with the *state conservation department, launched an* intensive program of research, "tagged" shrimp, studied water movement, and found that they followed a regular, unvarying progression.

The tiny shrimp (750,000 or so eggs to each female) were born out in the Gulf. Carried in by the waves, they slipped up the shallow bayous. Approaching maturity there but far from full-sized, they worked toward the deeper brine, to grow, to multiply—and to die. Up to that time, the Louisiana fishermen had been catching the shrimp at the subdebutante stage. The real take lay out in the Gulf, and south by southeast of Morgan City waited perhaps the thickest accumulation of jumbo shrimp in the world, mile on mile of water in which the adults packed the bottoms.

Through practically all the year the hunters of the out-sized shrimp move in and out. They keep in the vicinity of Ship's Shoal, a *shallow spot known to all the fleet.* For days, as long as their supply of ice holds out, they scour the waters, dropping first their "try trawls," then dragging the sea with the long, wide trawl nets. The captain and his crew of two or three work on shares. Everybody uses his muscles, lowering trawls, helping to sort out jellyfish, sting rays and a hundred other flipping items from the gray shrimp, then lowering the catch into the hold and storing it.

The shrimp fleet rules Morgan City, and prosperity spreads over the town; a fisherman *may earn $3,000 to $5,000 a year,* a netmaker counts an even $5,000. Major companies, such as General Seafoods, have located branches here.

There's a hum all over the town; the beat of hammers sounds from shipyards, and men move in and out of marine supply houses, garages, lumber offices, packing houses, ice companies, and trucks that speed the shrimp *to the rest of the country.*

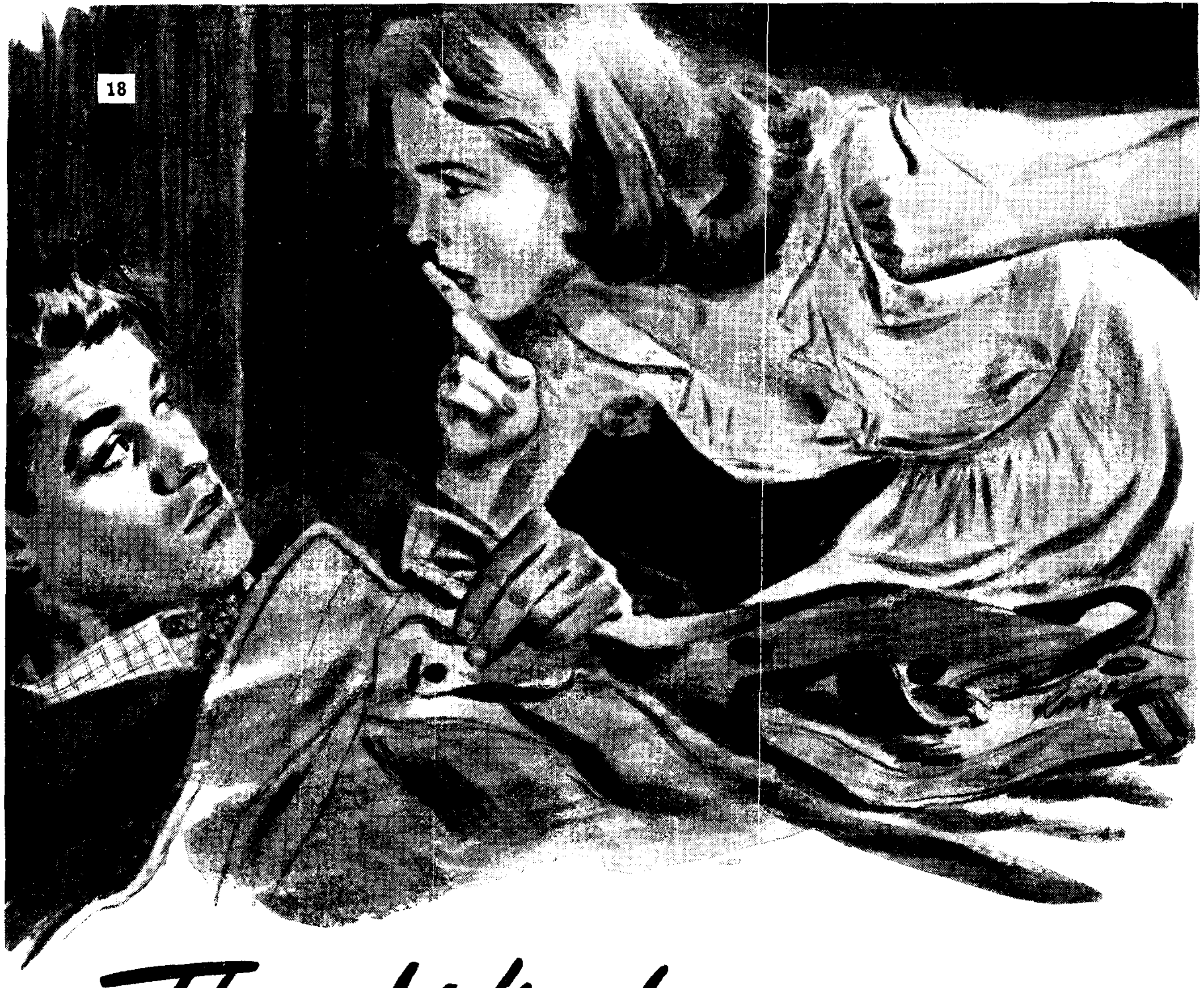
The town, which had sagged to four thousand people, now nears ten thousand, with more languages, more noises—and two new night clubs. But Morgan City remembers the old ways. Annually young Father J. S. Toups, a Louisiana Frenchman who christens, confesses and buries the fishermen, presides at the blessing of the fleet. The ancient ceremony goes back to Biblical times. The more up-to-date Morgan City people call the occasion "B-Day." ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

In the heading shed, the shrimp are headed and the tails thrown into buckets for separate sale

Shrimp tails, good for gumbo, are sold in Morgan City for a dime a bucket. Most of the customers pay for them in nickels

Captain Ted Anderson, a big, ruddy-faced Scandinavian, was the first man to catch the big shrimp



What wakened me I don't know. But there she was, in white, bending over, looking at me. She put a finger to her lips, her other hand pointing toward the ceiling

The Wink

BY TOM HANLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

I'D BEEN to Glasgow once before, and I knew there wasn't much to see. But I was walking around and looking, anyway, because it was different from the little towns in my part of Scotland. So I saw this place, and I went down these steps from the street level and the lettering over the door read, Joe's Fish Supper Shop. At sight of the girl in front of the chromium-plated grill, my stride checked. Then I walked across the sawdusted floor and sat down at a table. At the others spaced around, half a dozen customers were eating. Street noises sounded in the shop with the noise of raw potato plunging explosively into hot grease.

In that split moment when our eyes had met, I'd seen no indication that she knew me. She was the same age as myself and had been brought up in the same town. I knew her by sight from those days. She had a narrow, calm face, without any expression that could be pinned to a thought or emotion. Beside her was a heavily built, middle-aged man, attending to the cooking. She came over in her white apron.

"Fish supper," I said. Then I said her name. If I wanted to surprise her, I didn't. Nothing flickered over her smooth, noncommittal features.

"You're a long way from home," she commented.

"Just passing through," I replied. "I'm on the roads looking for work."

She came back with the supper. She said: "I'm married. Joe's my husband."

My head jerked toward Joe, then back to her. I saw it. Small-town girl come here to work, living in and knowing nobody, and only Joe about with all the chances. I just knew they were ill met, and she knew that she'd been taken in when she came to know somebody her kind, somebody like me. If a girl her age could care for a black, greasy, double-her-age character like Joe, she must have something inhuman inside her.

While I ate, I saw her talking to Joe, who looked over at me once or twice. Just as I finished she came over.

"How'd you like a job for a few days?"

"I'm not particular. What's the job?"

"Come back here tonight at twelve."

She let me in after I'd knocked at the door in the darkness. The shop was swept, dim. Joe sat at one of the tables. I sat opposite Joe. I could see him sizing me up, secure insolence in his tiny black eyes. He talked. I listened. He told me his scheme. I listened. I hated his dented, piercing face. Give me the chance and I'd rob him of all he possessed, love or money.

She stood beside Joe, silent, pouring out beer for us, looking at Joe when he spoke, looking at me when I spoke.

They let me sleep in the shop. There was only an odd foot prowling over the midnight pavement above; sounds of feet moving over the ceiling; the creak of a mattress. I fell asleep with the picture of a still face in the dimness, carved, inhuman and remote; fading beyond reach, and outside hope forever.

What wakened me I don't know. But there she was, kneeling in white, looking at me. She put a finger to her lips, her other hand pointing toward the ceiling.

As I got to my feet, so did she. I put my arms around her and she let me do it. I kissed her and she let me do it. Her eyelids never moved, nor did her mouth open. There was no defense, no response. Blood beat in my ears and deafened me. Like a shadow with bare feet, she wriggled out of my arms and slipped upstairs.

I lay down again at last, thinking of her eyes that were open and blue and hadn't a thing in them that could be pinned to a thought or emotion. Of her smooth, cold cheeks and brow. Of the taste of her shut lips, cold on the surface. Of the urge inside her that must have forced her to rise from his side and come to me. Of the fear that must have made her fly. Of the way that neither urge nor fear was permitted to show on the surface. Of how she'd given me something to remember her by.

NEXT morning Joe gave me money and told me where I could get a room for the next five days. I had to move out, to make it look right.

That afternoon I dropped, casual, into Rafferty's pub in another part of the city. Moving around the bar, a man was talking and taking bets. I drew him into a corner. Joe told me he'd given this character a buzz.

"I'm working with a road gang outside the city," I told him. "There's a couple of hundred men working out there, and they can't get a bookie. I've five pounds worth of bets here."

"You've found your bookie right here," he said. "Nat Rawlins is the name. I make book for my old man."

"Mick Ryan's my name. I'm looking for commission on this. I've all the running to do, and this is my mealtime. I've got to get back to work quick—fast enough to get the bets in before the first race and get back without being seen by the foreman."

"We've been double-crossed before," he said doubtfully.

"I'll be here every day before the first race," I clinched it. "It's impossible for you to get crossed if you get the betting slips before the first race. I'll pick up the returns when I get back from work."

For four days I met Rawlins, handed over the money and the betting slips, and got the returns. It was the fifth day that this game, Joe's and mine, reached its climax. The whole scheme hinged on our pulling an old racket, a cinch if the timing was right: Joe had it fixed so he would get the name of the winning horse the minute the first race ended. Then he'd write the name out on dummy betting slips and seal them in an envelope. After that, all we had to do was find a way to substitute the new envelope for the one with the original bets which I'd given Rawlins just a few minutes earlier.

We double-crossed him this way. I handed over the usual brown envelope to Rawlins at five minutes to two, and we stood talking and drinking until five past. Meanwhile Joe was outside in a telephone booth, getting a flash from the track on the winner of the first race. As soon as he got it, he wrote the name on slips already prepared and put them in a new envelope. Then he came into the pub, apparently drunk, with a half-crown bet for a late race, looking for a bookie. When he approached us, I nodded to Rawlins and left, at the same time indicating the pocket Rawlins had put my envelope in. Joe, seemingly drunk and loquacious, pawed around Rawlins, picked his pocket, replacing in it the second envelope he'd prepared outside.

I dropped in after the race to pick up the returns. "The book got hit today," I said. "I've a hundred pounds to get."

Rawlins said uncertainly, "You'll have to see the old man. He thinks you double-crossed him."

Old Man Rawlins sat at the other side of a table. "You crossed me," he swore.

"Gimme the money," I said. "And pronto, before a hundred ditchdiggers who don't know any rules come up and take it out of your chin."

I got it, but not without sweat. I had to threaten to have all his runners arrested. I shoved my face into his face. I cursed and he cursed, but I got the money. He knew he'd been crossed, but he hadn't the ghost of how it had been done. Considering his daily turnover, it was just another cheap lesson the racket could afford. He paid over at last and I stepped out.

Well, here I was with the proceeds in my pocket, and at the point where I'd seen my chance to skip. The world was wide, and this was a place I'd passed through, lifting a wad on the way. But now I was going back for the girl who'd given me something to remember her by.

Just that morning after I'd gone down the steps from the street level, she opened the door and shut it behind me. "He's gone to the fish market," she said. "He won't be here until five-o'clock opening time. If you come back quick, I could be—waiting for you."

I looked at her. "Waiting for me?" In the tones we said them, the words meant us only, all others out.

"With two suitcases packed with a lot more than a hundred pounds worth. You and me could make a fine start someplace else." There wasn't a flicker passed over her face.

"What about Joe?"

"Look in the mirror," she answered.

I hurried back, seeing only an oval face awaiting me, the world beginning to open up and shine. I ran down the steps, and the door opened. I was inside, looking at the empty shop. I turned. The door was shut, and Joe had his back to it.

"Good lad, Mick," he said. "Hand it over." His cheeks were sucked in.

I LOOKED around and it came to me. There was no sign of her. It was the only way they could get me back. Even if Joe had been waiting outside Rawlins' it would have been no good. I'd just have called a cop and explained that this stranger was annoying me. Joe couldn't have done a thing as I walked off with the money. But he'd sized this up, the weak point in his scheme, and she'd done her stuff to bring me back.

Joe came from the door. He had a thin lath in his hand, the embedded safety-razor blades glinting down its sides. One gentle stroke and your face was disfigured for life. I handed over the money.

When I was leaving, she appeared at the foot of the stairs. On the threshold I looked at her for the last time. She and Joe were well met; so good at what they were doing. And I've never got over her.

For that last time our eyes held, she gave me one last something to remember her by. She winked. *And she didn't smile afterward.* She winked, and her face remained the same as it had been before the wink, without any expression that could be pinned to a thought or emotion. That made her unforgettable, for it proved to me that she had something inside her that wasn't human.

A short short story
complete on this page

CRADLE OF FREE ENTERPRISE

BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

James Dechaine (left) is one veteran who was able to start his own business—a farm in Minnesota. With him is Farm Agent William Cummins

Ex-Marine Lieutenant Marie Marcelle started a dress shop in East Setauket, L. I., with her own money. She hopes soon to go to a school of fashion designing

Small business is the nursery in which free enterprise is born, bred and, perhaps, dies. The hand that rocks the cradle rules our economic world

WASHINGTON

A SAN ANTONIO veteran came home a few months ago, looked the old town over, decided that he had outgrown his peacetime job as a garage mechanic and did what he'd dreamed of doing all his young life. He went into business for himself, as millions of Americans had done before him and other millions hoped to do in the pursuit of security and of that individual freedom and happiness found only in an economic and political democracy.

The Texan bought a medium-sized truck, equipped it with a lathe, a drill press, grinders, a forge and a set of tools. When completed, it was a mobile machine shop nearly as good as the one the veteran had operated in the Pacific where, incidentally, he had left a leg. With his shop the Texan toured the state, repairing the war-weary and as yet irreplaceable machinery on ranches and farms along the way. Almost inevitably he prospered. "Come spring," he reckoned, "I'll hire me a helper, mebbe."

Perhaps without even knowing it, the Texan became an important factor in the nation's economy—a small businessman, one of a vast category of grocers, bakers, cobblers, butchers, repairmen and small manufacturers whose goods and services are indispensable to the health, wealth and welfare of the nation.

If big business is the backbone of the nation's economic body, then small business is its ribs and limbs. President Truman recently estimated that small businesses constitute 9 out of every 10 individual enterprises, employ 45 per cent of the nation's workers and transact from 30 to 40 per cent of the country's commerce.

If anything, President Truman understated the case. Here's what the butchers and bakers and candlestick makers meant to the nation's economy in 1939: They employed 16,975,200 workers out of the 28,464,000 engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits and they owned and operated 93 out of every 100 of the 3,316,700 enterprises then in existence. Even today, the littles employ 8,750,000 workers of the total of 38,600,000 engaged in nonagricultural work. The small fry provide more jobs than the average provided by farms and almost as many as agriculture affords during its seasonal peaks.

Wartime shortages of critical materials, the tendency of fat war contracts to flock to the bigs, a shift of labor from nonessential to essential industries, inequities in price ceilings and rationing which obliged many of the littles to close up shop and nonenforcement of the antitrust laws enabling the bigs to swallow hundreds of littles almost killed off small business.

Of 3,316,700 going concerns in 1939, only 2,861,600 remained by the end of 1943. There were 642 big mergers in five years, the rate each year going up from 87 in 1939 to 204 in 1944. From 1941 to 1943 alone, 1,073,000 firms closed their doors, and while about half a million new ones were formed, just as many changed hands and another half million disappeared completely.

With V-J Day, the availability of previously restricted materials, relaxation of price controls and the return of millions of men to peacetime pursuits raised hopes of a small-business boom. It has only partially materialized. The total number of enterprises has risen from 2,839,000 in 1944 to 3,007,500. At least 93 and possibly as many as 95 out of every 100 of the new businesses were small fry, employing anywhere from one to 500 workers, the limit at which an enterprise can reasonably be called "small." Former Assistant Attorney General and Trust-Buster Thurman Arnold jestingly calls any business "small" when it can't afford to maintain an office in Washington to lobby for tax cuts and special privileges!

The mechanic down in Texas had fortunate counterparts everywhere in the United States. In Mississippi another former soldier returned to his community, discovered a dearth of concrete building blocks, borrowed some money, bought a secondhand mixer and the necessary molds and tools, hired a couple of workers and began making and selling blocks. With a building boom in the offing he, too, was almost certain to succeed.

Founding a New Industry

Not only returning G.I.s but other ingenious and ambitious Americans all over the country have started new small businesses since V-J Day and so taken what Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace calls "the first step up the ladder of American progress." Out in Mankato, Minnesota, a man ate baked carp while on a duck-hunting trip, liked it, found a way of canning the cooked fish so as to preserve its campfire flavor, learned that thousands of gourmets wanted it and—a new industry was born.

In upstate New York a young mechanic who'd passed the war years cutting threads on the firing mechanisms of certain types of guns discovered how to make a new and better type of suture needle for the medical-supply trade. He had only 7 workers in his small shop in wartime. Now he has 23 skilled workers and contracts enough to keep them busy for at least five years.

It would seem from these and thousands of other examples of American enterprise that small business is on the up. Well, it is. But the statistics are illusory. There's no telling how long many of the new businesses will last. The mortality rate is terrific. From 60 to 70 per cent of all new retail stores, for example, don't survive beyond five years.

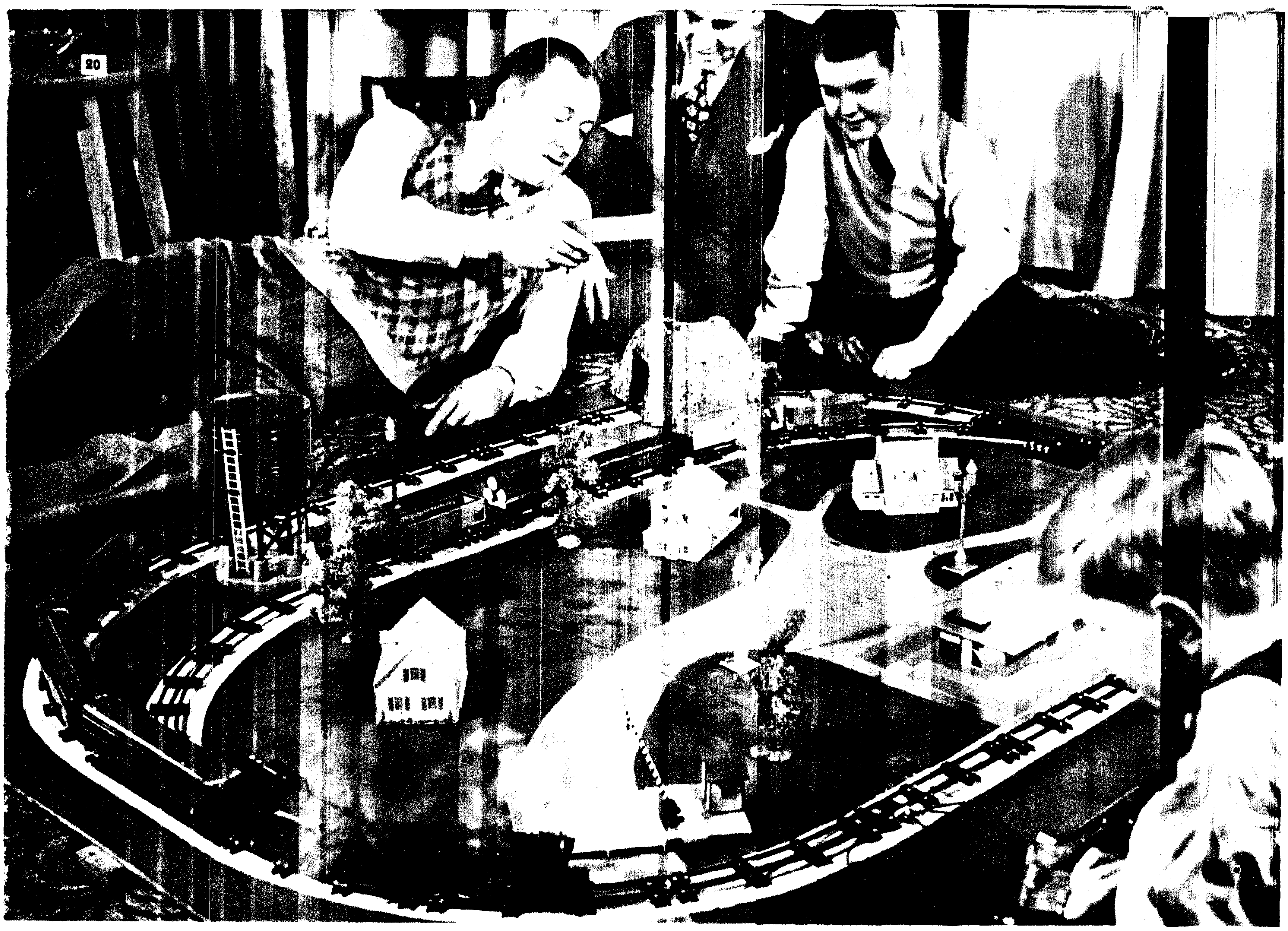
In 1926 when Herbert Hoover was Secretary of Commerce a study was made of why little businesses failed. It was found that about 23 per cent of them died of inadequate capitalization, and another quarter because the owner of the business totally lacked experience in his field. The highest mortality rate, it was found, occurred in the restaurant and cafeteria line—which a large percentage of veterans are now trying to enter. In one four-year period, the Commerce Department investigators learned, the turnover of small restaurants in Kansas City was exactly 100 per cent.

Actually the number of new small businesses does not even begin to serve as an adequate index of the number of individuals who want to get into business for themselves and can't. Take the returning veterans as an example. There's a clause in the so-called G.I. Bill of Rights which provides that the Veterans' Administration can guarantee up to 50 per cent of a maximum of $4,000 borrowed from a bank by a veteran for an adventure into a business. The provision stipulates that the property involved be useful and productive and that the veteran be capable of operating it.

But how does this work in actual practice? A veteran goes to a bank and applies for the loan. He is confronted by an utterly practical gentleman behind a broad desk. The chances are 1,000 to 1 that the banker has never seen the young man before and knows nothing of the latter's prewar history. The chances are almost as great that the applicant hasn't any financial past except as a youth who did odd jobs about town for spending money.

Character, educational background, ambition, war record and personal obligations

(Continued on page 27)



This tiny locomotive has it all over prewar models. It actually goes "choo-choo" and puffs out smoke in exact proportion to its speed. Powered by a motor developed during the war to regulate wing-flaps on planes, it pulls plastic cars on a two-rail track, is easy to step over. But watch out for the old man

TOYS FOR TOMORROW

Pop will still run Junior's electric train, and little boys will still play soldier. But the war brought its scientific changes to our busy toy industry

THIS year many American war babies (there are more than 16,000,000 of them) will pedal bicycles, ride scooters, and run electric trains for the first time. They will also be the first children ever to shoot electronically controlled guns, lay foundations with scale-model concrete mixers and bucket loaders, and ride rocking horses that can trot, leap and gallop.

Some of these diversions may sound a little warlike for children. But boys have been playing with tin soldiers ever since Davy Crockett, and it isn't likely that anything less than the UNO can stop them. There always seems to be a place for guns in the toy world, but fortunately not all the toys are martial. This week at the annual American Toy Fair the industry will unveil a wide range of postwar products to a toy-starved public, whose 1946 budget is estimated at half a billion dollars—or more than twice its prewar outlay.

Manufacturers have kept abreast of the times. Their toys are new both as to design and engineering. Many production methods and materials used in filling their $100,000,000 annual volume of war contracts have been adapted to postwar toys.

Toymakers have also capitalized on the universal interest of children in the scientific achievements of World War II. They are bringing children up to date on the basic principles of radio, radar, and electronics. Only atomic energy remains unharnessed by the toy industry.

While most new toys will not be in the stores until June, even the most pessimistic manufacturers agree that by Christmas there will be ample stocks of postwar toys.

The first World War gave the American toy industry its big opportunity. Till then the German concept of playthings as fragile novelties had dominated. When war blockades cut off German toy imports, U.S. toymakers seized the chance to mass-produce in miniature nearly every constructive phase of American homemaking, industry, transportation, housing, science and art.

The second World War has also left its mark on American toy production. According to Melvin Freud, president of the Toy Guidance Council, "Research initiated during the war has been directly reflected in more advanced and better toys."

Increased production costs will be reflected too. Prices generally will be up 25 per cent.

But the new models will be worth the difference. Electric trains are a case in point. Most dramatic innovation is smoke, brought out by the two leading train makers, who refuse to divulge their secret formula. One company's locomotives come equipped with pills which are dropped into the engine's smokestack. Scientists for another firm have developed smoke from a liquid compound. They assure housewives that it will not smudge their walls and curtains.

Toy-train makers, like railroad presidents, have been coping with the problem of making freight cars light enough for one engine to haul a longer load. Railroads found the answer in aluminum; the toymakers solved the problem with plastics.

A Jump Ahead of the Railroads

Couplers exactly like the railroads' have been designed to operate electronically so that a child engineer can uncouple a car anywhere on the track without the use of track attachments, trips or extra rail. The railroads are still disengaging their cars by hand.

Toy-train makers have always concentrated on scaling down the world of tunnels and railroad bridges for children. Now a postwar survey indicates that other parts of the world are being reduced to miniature. Concrete mixers, road scrapers, bucket loaders and dump trucks of heavy-gauge steel are scaled down for child contractors. Controlled by hand levers, they are made with precision gearing which really works.

Electronic principles are being used not only in the new toy trains, but in other playthings, too. Black light, for example, which illuminated instrument panels of military aircraft, is incorporated in a coloring set to light up fluorescent pictures. The first electric cannon ever to appear, modeled on the famous 155-mm. Long Tom, fires wooden bullets when it is plugged into a wall socket and a switch is pressed.

There is also a precision-built cannon with brass gears. Modeled after the Long Tom, it revolves, lowers, and raises, shooting aluminum bullets by a spring action. An all-metal windup machine gun which spits sparks actually reproduces the noise of a ricocheting bullet.

Most realistic weapon of the year is a wooden replica of the Thompson submachine gun made by the manufacturers of the original. Fortunately, it doesn't shoot.

Other toy manufacturers have assembled brand-new toys out of surplus war material. The Vinylite balloons used by Navy fliers to convert salt water to fresh, when forced down at sea, has lately become a beach ball light as a balloon, durable as a baseball, bouncy as a prewar rubber ball.

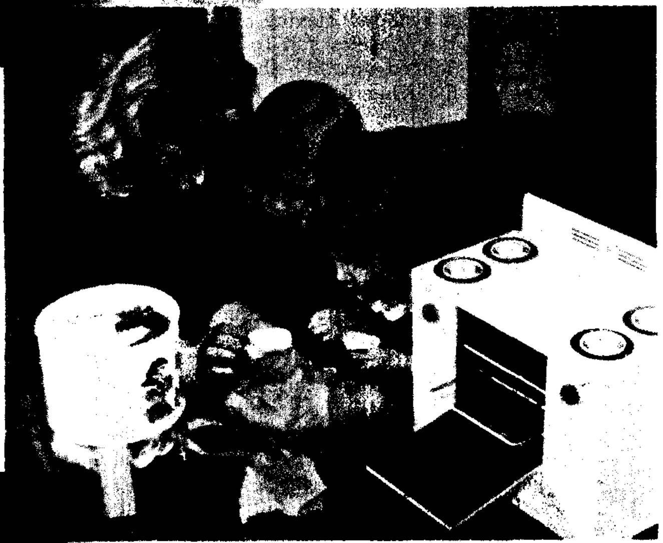
Another manufacturer turned out an unusual sled which is a catch-all of excess war supplies. The front is covered with airplane aluminum like a slipstream bombardier nose, and a separate steering section incorporates landing gear for the belly-flopper. A manufacturer of airplane parts converted his stainless steel into children's outdoor slides with indestructible tracks.

Many new manufacturers have gone into

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN–PIX

Bathtime is fun with a tubful of plastic playthings. These make noises, too; won't break unless a young Bobby Feller hurls them

The cowboy sheriff knows the proper stance for his light manganese revolver, while flashing an S O S on the walkie-talkie. Fond parents must abandon all hope of peace among the small fry, for plastic .45s with revolving barrels are here. The youthful desperado is holding one



That doll has skin made of synthetic rubber. It feels like human skin, tans in the sun! On the left is an electric washer, and that's a bona fide range for preparing Dolly's formula. All they need is a miniature side of beef for the oven

Scooter with aluminum body represents one plane manufacturer's postwar product. Pent-up demand for wagons and bikes is so huge that makers may not be able to complete orders till 1947

By Jane Whitbread and Mary Smart

the toy business during or since the war. For example, in 1942, a manufacturer of kitchen gadgets expanded his staff from four to 100 to produce airplane, gun, and radar parts. Searching around for a peacetime product that would keep employees and machines busy, this manufacturer developed the two-and-a-half-pound windup car shown on this page. Other new metal toys include a self-propelled electric bus which recharges at its own service station, a metal jeep with a windshield and radiator that go up and down, and a submarine that runs under water.

Plastic toys may never replace metal ones, though 500 new plastics were developed during the war and many of these will be tried and tested in toymaking. Doll furniture made from plastics already seems marked for success. One manufacturer, who expects to sell 150,000,000 pieces this year, has furniture and equipment for every room. Most original designs are a model toilet with workable seat and seat cover, a Chippendale dressing table with an intricately carved mirror frame enclosing a real mirror, and a fireplace with andirons and logs.

This company's experience in making parts for the "proximity fuse," second most secret weapon of World War II, which guided bombs to their targets and timed their explosions, will be reflected in improved peacetime production methods.

The year 1946 will usher in the first all-plastic dolls. They are a marked improvement over prewar wood-pulp models, because they are impervious to rain and damp and can be molded with more detail.

Toymakers, like the rest of American industry, adapted themselves to war production with efficiency and ingenuity. The M-74 bomb, for example, which was showered on the Japs in the Pacific, was no plaything, though made by a producer of cast-iron toys. Sled makers made toboggans which carried military freight instead of coasting parties. Bicycle manufacturers retooled to turn out rocket motor parts and Navy catapults. Slate manufacturers made large blackboards for military instruction, and latex was diverted from toy production to make barrage balloons.

All told, more than 150 toy manufacturers worked on government contracts, while other manufacturers not equipped for war work continued to turn out toys—substituting, improvising and inventing new materials to replace the *verboten* rubber and metals.

Out of it all has come a vastly brighter and more ingenious toy world. This year will be the biggest year in history—not only for the toymakers, but for the kids as well. ★★★

Nippy the Pup grapples realistically with a bone. That's because there's a magnet concealed in his lambskin jowls and a bit of metal in the bone. This bright idea was dreamed up by an electronics manufacturer with no more war jobs

The gas buggy in the foreground can turn corners, back up and park itself. It is spring-wound. The other little boy is working with a truck that turns when pressure is applied

Trouble in B-Flat

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

When Ding-Dong Williams tried to woo Angela by going long-haired with a quartet of ickies he ended up almost out of this world—or any other world

IT WAS exactly two o'clock when Mr. Josef Guttman, presiding cello of the Bucharest String Quartet, raised himself up on a plump elbow. Having baked under the blazing Los Angeles sun for forty minutes he now looked moodily about the deserted roof of the King Towers. He was about to turn over when, glancing down a row that should have looked like four whales on the half shell, he almost strangled. There was one stomach too many.

"What is?" he shrieked. "An extra stomach we have!"

His brothers, living in terror of being photographed with their chests down, sprang to their feet. Josef, who had long since been given their sole rights to the English language, pointed a shaking finger. "You see? From nowhere comes this skinny stomach!"

The wide-eyed party owning same shot bolt upright at that. "Now, now," Mr. Ding-Dong Williams said, nervously, "I just happened to have it with me."

If his explanation made little sense, neither did Mr. Williams. He was living proof that the jazz trade was quite right in referring to the King of Swing as a young man who ran more toward soul than brain. Now he gulped at the way these long-hairs stared at him.

"Ha, a fonny fellow, eh?" Mr. Guttman scowled. "Your name I want!"

"Williams," he said bleakly. "Ding-Dong Williams. I'm a clarinet myself."

"Ding-Dong! You think I do not onderstand English, you think you confuse me, no? How is it by us you sun bath?"

"Why, I came looking for you," Ding-Dong said. "You see, the desk told me you were up here and when sure enough you were, I just sorta took off my clothes and waited. I didn't think you'd want no stranger waking you up." He glanced at his shorts. "Next time I'll bring my trunks."

"Next time?" shrieked the cello. This so alarmed him he told all to his brothers. In Rumanian it sounded even worse. For a frozen second they could only stare at this young man with the dark hair so neatly split down the middle and the large, anxious eyes. One asked a guttural question.

"You," said Mr. Guttman, "maybe it is E-flat clarinet you play, Hermann asks? In Paris we know two E-flat clarinets, both crazy."

"He's thinking of oboe players," Mr. Williams said politely. "Me, I'm strictly legit. I never touch anything but a B-flat."

"Then good day. Never do we audition clarinets! Never!"

"But I didn't sneak in here for no tryout," Ding-Dong protested. "I didn't even bring my licorice-stick. This is strictly a business visit!"

Mr. Guttman swelled. "Ha! You think the Bucharest String Quartet is interested in money? . . . How much you pay?"

His caller brightened. "Now we're getting somewhere." He had been worrying that he had fallen in with people no sharper than himself. "I was hoping you'd bring that up. I—I thought that maybe while you were between dates you'd like to sit in with me." He grew pale then, thinking of Angela. He just had to sell these fat parties or he was never going to be engaged. Miss Angela Jones had made it all too plain that they had no future together until he could prove he was strictly a reformed hot man.

Mr. Guttman beamed. "Continue. I listen. My brothers listen."

"It's like this," Mr. Williams said, striving for a grip on his more delicate emotions. "I—I'm tryin' to get engaged. But Angela keeps worrying that I'm not real stable. And she says no self-respecting girl can go around getting engaged to anyone who acts sorta swing-simple. So from now on I gotta latch onto a little dignity. And when you're not bright about anything but music, it comes hard."

Mr. Guttman gave a polite, Continental cluck.

Ding-Dong really let out the stops then. With his band opening at the Casino Gardens tomorrow night—movie stars, arc lights, the works—all Los Angeles would be there to see Mr. Ding-Dong Williams and his Dixieland Cats tear the building down. He did not add that there were usually riots. He ended brokenly, "I keep promising Angela I'll stay away from that gut-bucket trade but I got to earn a livin', don't I? So I was thinkin' that if you four guys sat in with us I could even wear a tail coat myself—you know, keep it elevated. I just gotta have you on the stand. Why, Angela thinks you're all there is. She catches all your concerts!"

A hasty consultation in Rumanian took place. The portly cello, looking horridly like his own instrument in trunks, smiled then. "We like," he announced. "Not only is it the romance, which touches us"—all four bowed slightly—"but by your concert group we are well paid, yes?"

It was the first time Mr. Williams had ever heard his stompin', shoutin' Dixieland Cats referred to as a salon group, and he grew upset.

"Well," he gulped, "offhand, I wouldn't say we're real ickies, you understand. Not that it's our fault they have to call out the police and things. I just can't help myself. I'm a gate that's in there swinging, strictly beat, eight-to-the-bar. You know how it is in a juke-box combo; I grab the melody and then it's every man for himself. We're strictly from Dixie, jazz hounds."

The Bucharest String Quartet apparently understood jazz hounds all too well. So horrified they turned a slight yellow, there was one wild burst of Rumanian curses, and the younger violin cried out in anguish, *"Le Jazz Hot!* We are insult!" A grim mountain of flesh, they closed in on this young man who was the living idol of all that was crass in music.

"Ha!" Mr. Guttman said harshly. "Do we onderstand it is for dancing, for the jitterbogs yet, that you wish the Bucharest String Quartet? The artistes that crowned heads sought, when there are still crowned heads?"

"That's it," Ding-Dong said uneasily. "I wouldn't be diggin' you if it didn't mean so much to Angela. Not that we wouldn't make quite a combo." A faint glow came into his eyes. "Why, I could even work up some string arrangements on Scrub Me, Mamma, With a Boogie Beat. You'd really bring the house down with that!"

"Now you are asking us to play such music?" Mr. Guttman shrieked. It was the land mine that blew up what had been a highly cultured clambake. In a flash Mr. Williams was fighting wildly for his life, one thin bone cast among St. Bernards. Striking out blindly, he suddenly shot out of the melee under his own jet propulsion, and the next was all a wild haze.

He was chased off the roof, past two spinsters entering their apartment, into an elevator he shared with a French maid and a poodle, and then burst into the lobby. He shot past the desk with the four Guttman *frères,* who had raced down the stairs, finally nailing him near the cocktail lounge. A thin blond girl in a tailored suit gave one horrified cry as the five sunbathers knocked over a potted palm.

Then two house detectives were handling the whole situation.

Not until the lobby had been cleared of debris, plus a white-haired party who had suffered a heart attack, and the four Guttmans had retreated in a service elevator before their public could recognize them, did Ding-Dong find he was now in the manager's office. "Now don't go slugging him on the premises," the manager urged the house bulls. "You've no idea how it upsets the guests!"

"Let go him, you big lugs," a shattered voice said. "He can't help it."

It was Angela Jones standing there in the doorway. Angela in her tailored suit, her voice tired and tears edging the blue eyes. Her apprentice fiancé gave a hoarse cry. Too late he recalled he'd asked her to meet him in the lobby, he was so sure he would have the Bucharest String Quartet all signed up as proof of his reform.

"Now, Angela," he began wildly, "if they'll only give me my clothes I can explain everything. Everything was Dixie until . . ."

"You burst into the lobby in your shorts, knocking those horrid fat men all over the potted palms. Fine dignified friends, you have!"

"But they're the Bucharest String Quartet!" he cried. "I was just doin' it for you, Angela! Honest I was!"

"What?" she cried, her anger flaring up. "Oh, how can you sit there and lie like that? How dare you say those loathsome men were the Bucharest Quartet? But what's the use talking?" No longer could she keep back the tears. "I knew it wouldn't work out, I knew it! I never want to see you again, Ding-Dong. Never!"

DING-DONG, catching Doctor Blakely as he was leaving his swank office, said humbly, "But you just gotta give me a minute! You gotta! Mr. Smythe over at the King Towers said you were the only one who could help me now."

"Smythe, Smythe," Doctor Blakely said. "Oh . . . the manager. You'll have to come back next month, young man. I'm just catching a plane for Mexico City." He smiled slightly. "Very interesting case, very. A toreador who keeps thinking he's Errol Flynn. I'll ring the Towers when I return."

"But that won't do no good," Ding-Dong protested. "I'm not living there. It was just that I got all upset sittin' there with no clothes on and Mr. Smythe said . . ."

"No clothes on?" Doctor Blakely stared. Then, savoring every word, "No clothes on at all?" he asked quickly. "A strange way to try to get an apartment, I must say. No clothes on, eh? Mental blackmail."

"Now, now," Ding-Dong said dreamily, "don't you go talkin' about it, or I'll get upset all over again. They said you're a—a—"

"Psychiatrist," Doctor Blakely said kindly. He glanced at his watch. It certainly shouldn't take long to overhaul this young man's psyche. He unlocked the door, saying over his shoulder, "Never been to a doctor of my type before, eh? This should be very interesting for us both, very."

A thin, gray man in tweeds, he turned on a shadowy purple light near a divan and, as he lowered the Venetian blinds, said, "Now you want to regard me as a friend, a very old friend, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Williams. Ding-Dong Williams." He looked nervously at the divan.

The doctor had stopped. "So they call you Ding-Dong," he said warmly, forgetting the blinds. "Who calls you that, Mr. Williams?"

"The Cats," Ding-Dong said wanly.

"Ah," said the doctor, "the cats, eh? You see them everywhere?"

"Only when I'm workin'," Ding-Dong admitted. It took at least ten minutes for the doctor to gather that this was a strictly professional hazard, that it wasn't Ding-Dong's fault the alligators and jitterbugs had themselves a ball whenever Mr. Williams undid his famed licorice-stick. By that time Doctor Blakely, growing impatient, had started shoving Ding-Dong toward the divan.

"Why should I lie down?" Ding-Dong protested. "I'm not tired."

"Not you," Doctor Blakely said. "It's not you that's tired. It's that busy, busy mind. Now if you'll put your head on that pillow . . . there. There. Isn't that comfortable? So warm, so restful. Now I'm an old, old friend, Mr. Williams. An old friend you've just met again. You know me and—"

(Continued on page 32)

Ding-Dong forgot about everything but his clarinet. The Guttmans heard its wild elusive piping and, beaming on this sudden inspiration, they began to play faster and harder

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Believe it or not Groucho, Chico and Harpo can ignore a pretty girl! Or is this just a publicity gag, with Suzanne Ridgeway in on it?

BY JIM MARSHALL

The mad Marx Brothers are loose again with a new picture which, Groucho fears, will become a world disaster

YEARS ago on a New York stage Harpo Marx was sitting, playing dreamily on his harp. At the other side of the stage sat Groucho, gnawing gloomily on a cigar. It was in the days of old-fashioned iceboxes, and Groucho suddenly had a then-familiar worry about his. This worry he expressed out loud.

"I wonder," he said, above the harping, "if I remembered to empty the pan under the icebox."

This stopped the show. Appalled, in a minor way, by the laughter, Groucho and Harpo looked at each other, wondering what had happened. Now, years later, they still don't know why a line that, in print, seems very ordinary was the top laugh line of a New York show for months.

"I suppose," said Groucho the other evening, "it struck a familiar chord in the mind of nearly everyone in the audience. Most of them had wondered, sometime or other, if they'd forgotten the pan under the icebox. . . . Humor is like that—you can't tell, most of the time, what an audience is going to laugh at."

But if anyone knows what will make audiences laugh, it's the Marx Brothers—once five and now three: Harpo, Groucho, Chico. They've just finished a new picture, the first in some years, called A Night in Casablanca, and now they would just as soon go away back and sit down for a while—unless someone comes up with a good stage comedy.

Casablanca is the boys' twelfth picture. After each of the former eleven they swore never to make another. Too mechanical. The routines were too old. They were becoming weary old men . . . so they always went ahead and made another picture, taking a year for it, hauling its skeleton doggedly around the circuits as a flesh act, putting in and taking out gags and routines until they had a complete piece and knew audience reaction to every line.

They swore they never would do this again, but they did make a four-week tour, mainly to Army camps, with the bare bones of Casablanca, and got a half dozen certified laughs out of the chore. . . . But that's the last time, if you would believe Harpo and Chico and Groucho. A year's hard work for ninety minutes of screen time is just too much.

There wouldn't be any of that sort of nonsensical talk if the boys' mother, Mrs. Minna Marx, still lived.

The Marxes are perhaps America's best demonstration of what matronly determination can do. It took Mother Marx eighteen years of battling the almost complete apathy of the boys and their father to get their names into lights on Broadway. Father Sam Marx, who had come from Alsace to work as a tailor on New York's Upper East Side, was interested mainly in pinochle and only faintly in the stage.

Mother Played the Harp, Too

Mother Marx, whose background was Hannover, was Miss Minna Schoenberg; for fifty years her father had been a wandering magician in Germany. Minna's mother played a harp on these tours—which was how that instrument got into the family.

In America, Minna's kid brother, Al, won himself a reputation for pressing pants in record time, but lost ground when his employers found out that his speed was merely for the purpose of getting more free time to practice singing. . . . Al finally wound up as the Al Shean of Gallagher and Shean, singing endlessly a song that old-timers still remember and bobby-soxers never heard of.

Originally there were five Marxes, named Leonard, Arthur, Milton, Julius and Herbert. Tradition is that they were renamed—in the same order—Chico, Harpo, Gummo, Groucho and Zeppo, by Art Fischer, a whimsical monologue artist, during a dreary poker game in either Peoria or Galesburg, Illinois, during one of their early tours.

Before this, Groucho, an unnamed tenor and a girl vocalist had been around the circuits as The Three Nightingales. Salary for the trio: twenty a week. Later Harpo joined, and they became the Four Nightingales. Later still the boys' mother and their aunt got into the act, which was rechristened The Six Mascots. Another shuffle removed the tenor, the girl singer, Mother and Auntie, but

(Continued on page 71)

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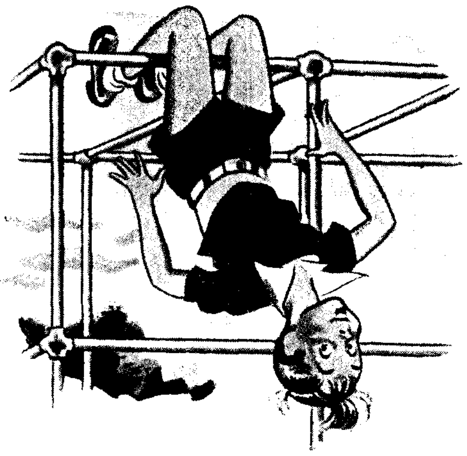

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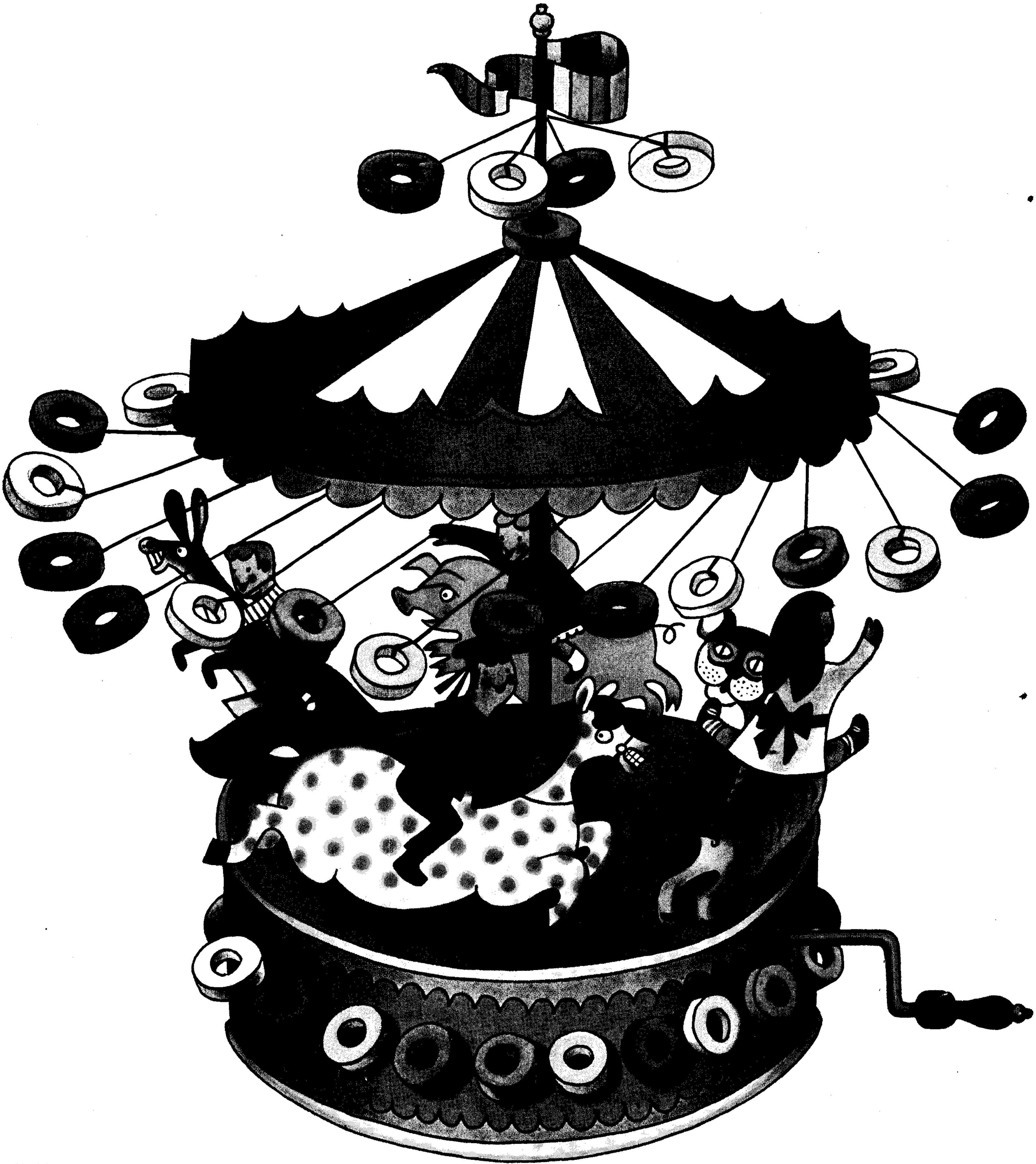

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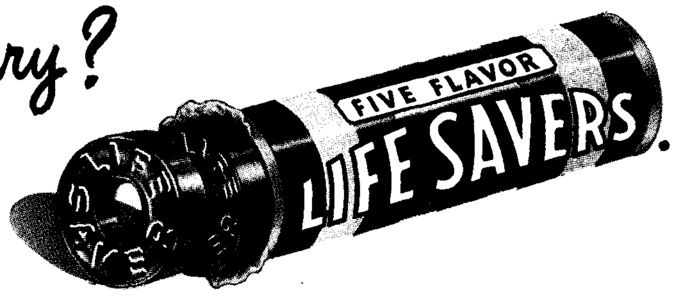
FIVE FLAVOR
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Cradle of Free Enterprise

Continued from page 19

such as would be an incentive to hard work and progress count for little at such moments. The banker must protect his depositors' money. Furthermore, the vast majority of returning soldiers ask for loans with which to finance juke joints, hamburger heavens and tourist camps and other impractical ventures in which the birth rate is only decimals above the mortality rate.

"So," the banker says, "look, son. Give up that idea. Go get yourself a good job somewhere and forget about opening a beer parlor. You don't know anything about the business and we've got too many bars in this town already. We handle their accounts and we know what a hard time they're having."

Some G.I.s beat this rap. A boy from the Middle West did. He needed $2,500 with which to buy a run-down garage. The bank turned down his application for a loan. But he had $1,500 worth of bonds and a car worth $800. With an additional $100 borrowed from a friend he bought the garage which the bank had adjudged a bad investment.

"Well," he bragged in a letter to the Veterans' Administration, "the local moneybags said I wasn't a good risk, but I've got more business than I can handle." He enclosed a grinning picture of himself standing before his garage, a happy American who'd climbed the first rung of the "ladder of progress." That particular G.I. was right and that particular banker was wrong.

It's impossible to estimate how often bankers have been wrong because there are no statistics on how many ex-servicemen are turned down, go into business anyhow and succeed. But it is possible to measure the extent to which soldiers desiring to become their own bosses have been helped. Up to last June 15th, banks had granted only 823 loans to G.I.s. The Veterans' Administration doubted if by the time you read this the number will have risen to more than 3,000.

An estimated 1,000,000 returning veterans desire business loans. So far only about 50,000 returned soldiers have started their own businesses and they were able to do so because they had money of their own. Of those who applied for loans, according to test surveys made by the Veterans' Administration, approximately four tenths of one per cent obtained them—less than one in 200. Obviously the boost to our economy which the government had hoped would be provided by the influx of G.I. brain and brawn into small businesses simply hasn't materialized.

It hasn't eventuated for a number of reasons. Many ex-soldiers pooled their small resources to finance businesses only to find it impossible to buy the stocks needed for their shelves or the materials required for small-scale manufacturing. The reconversion of plants to civilian production had only just begun in most fields and was months away in others. What was being produced went to established customers and wasn't available to newcomers.

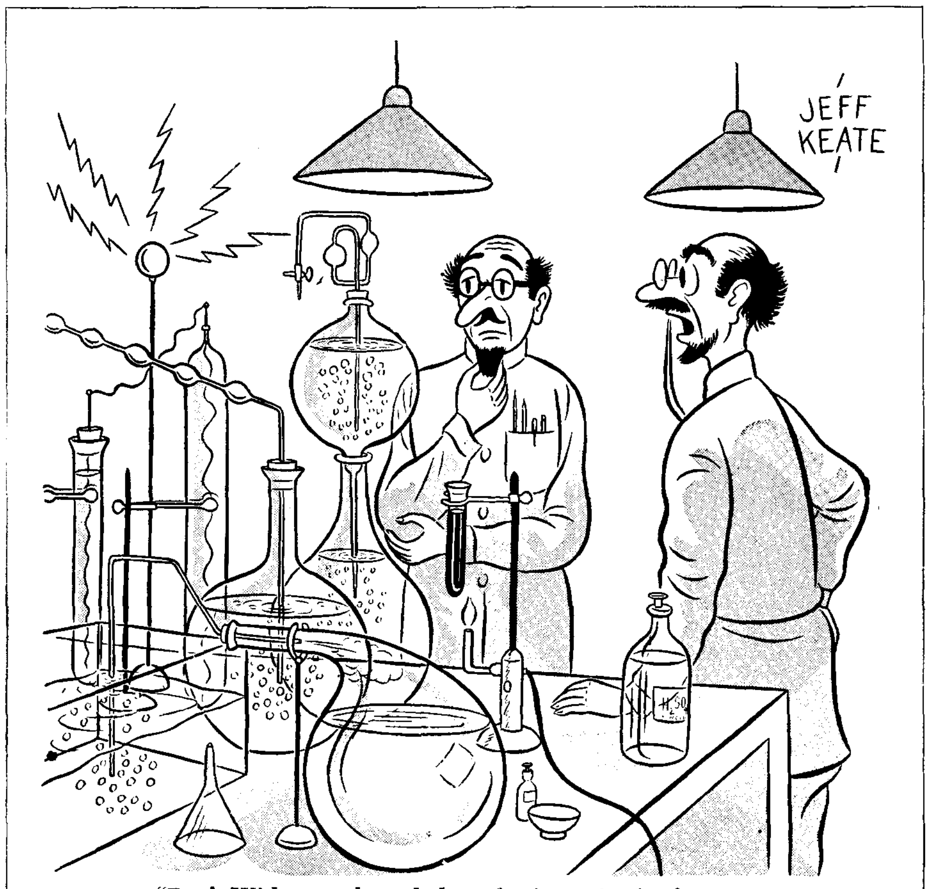
Difficulties of this nature would eventually be overcome, but there are others which time and reconversion alone can't remove. Legislation is needed and not merely to liberalize banking procedure for loan-conscious G.I.s. For in addition to the million ex-soldiers who want to own haberdasheries and candy stores and furniture shops, there are millions of civilians who desire independence and a chance to be their own bosses.

In general there was agreement in Washington on the principal objective: to help the little fellows get started and expand, as free as possible of government restrictions and of unfair competition from the biggies. Plainly if the number of small businesses could be increased, the nation would move just that much nearer to a high level of employment and productivity. This—our economists, including some of the most conservative, more or less agree—is necessary to avert a possible catastrophic depression in from three to five years.

Just how this growth is to be encouraged, however, is a question Congress must decide. Legislation designed to aid small business lay somewhere in the heap of some 2,000 bills piled on Congressional desks. But there was basic disagreement as to just what kind of legislation would do the job. Some congressmen and senators couldn't even agree on what a small business is.

Among other things the littles of the business world suffer from lack of a spokesman. While numerous organizations and associations claim that function, including practically every chamber of commerce in the land, none really perform it except on a local scale. Small business has no single, nonpartisan and influential friend at court. The closest approach to such are the Small Business Committees of the Senate and the House.

Between these, however, there is rivalry as to which is the true champion of the little fellows. The House outfit accuses the Senate group of being publicity grabbers who talk a lot while doing nothing and who work in cahoots with big business. The members of the Senate committee believe they have the only real solution to the fate of the pygmies of business. The rivalry might hasten presentation of a plan but augurs ill for eventual passage of adequate legislation.



COLLIER'S "Boy! With your knowledge of science in the future, I should think you could write a crackajack comic strip!" JEFF KEATE

Congress' record on small-business legislation isn't good. Out of 243 bills offered on behalf of the small fry from 1933 until 1938, the last time—until war came—that Congress bothered at all, only 15 were adopted. During the war an agency known as the Smaller War Plants Corporation was created. It helped the littles to survive with loans and assistance in obtaining critical materials, government contracts and the advantages of new techniques of production which might otherwise have been hogged by the biggies. (After V-J Day the advisory functions of the SWPC were allocated to the Department of Commerce and its lending job to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.)

Some congressmen and certain members of the Administration favor the creation of a new, similar agency. Any move in that direction is almost certain to meet with the opposition of the opponents of "government-in-business."

Bills of the Same Pattern

In general, actual and proposed bills on behalf of small business followed identical patterns. They were intended to (1) provide adequate low-interest, long-term financing for new enterprises; (2) establish regional research bureaus to make available to newcomers in business, and to those who could not otherwise afford it, all possible data on new production gadgets and techniques; (3) create a system for keeping the little men informed on market conditions, present and future; (4) develop business know-how.

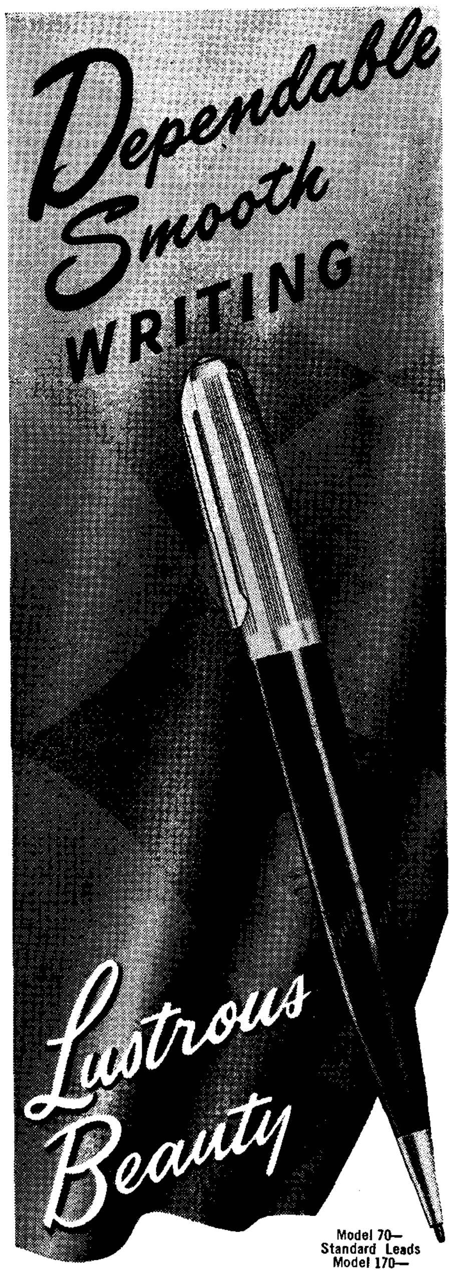
Already in existence were acts which (1) required the approval of the Attorney General for the sale of government-owned production facilities in order to prevent the biggies from monopolizing them, and (2) ensured the equitable allocation of scarce materials to small manufacturers and merchants. One was the Surplus Property Act; and Number Two, the Reconversion Act.

Philosophically, probably the most important proposed legislation is slow-talking Senator James E. Murray's new Anti-Monopoly Bill. This is intended to "preserve the American system of economic and political democracy and contribute to the maintenance of full production and full employment.

The bill strikes at the heart of the problem, which isn't merely one of providing handouts to the short-pants boys of the business world, but of preventing the breakdown of the political-economic system that's sometimes called the American Way of Life. The Montana Democrat hopes that it'll become law in order that the brakes may be applied on the trend toward business bigness, which began some 60 years ago, caused Theodore Roosevelt to have political fits about trusts, manifested itself strongly in the middle twenties and was accelerated by the recent war.

Bigness in business gave us mass production, more, better and cheaper goods, but it also gave us big unions and big government to cope with it. Those most intimately concerned with the problems of the pygmies of commerce—among them Henry Wallace—agree that big firms mean efficient and abundant production and distribution, with obvious advantages to the average citizen in reduced costs and wide availability of goods. If big business and big industry needed any justification for their existence, it was amply provided by their breath-taking performance in war production.

But if the gobble-up process which manifested itself so strongly during the war were allowed to continue unchecked, the independent grocers, winegrowers, auto and tire merchants and innumerable second-string manufacturers would eventually disappear. In three recent years one corporation bought up 34 smaller companies which manufactured everything from baby foods to house-



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Giant steel companies sucked up scores of coal and petroleum firms and machinery manufacturers. There were mergers in every field—heavy metals, transportation, the distilling industry, the oil business and banking. Some of the bigs stayed in their own bailiwicks, but others branched out into totally unrelated fields.

At the end of the merger road, economists and students of politics, who are pulling for a more equitable balance between big and little business, see grave dangers not only to American economic democracy but to political democracy as well. Theoretically we don't need corner grocers and independent shoe retailers. They could all be absorbed into mammoth retail chains, these by even bigger wholesalers, and these, in turn, by enormous trusts which would grow, manufacture or process the goods sold in the neighborhood stores.

Monopoly a Blight on Business

But the trusts could rig prices, eliminate competition and gouge the consumer. Monopolies tend to keep prices nigh. People buy less. Consumption is reduced. Production goes down and with it, eventually, employment. In the long run, monopolies in business, as in government, destroy themselves. For as monopoly in government—dictatorship—kills self-expression and therefore the political vitality of a people, so monopoly in business kills that other form of self-expression, freedom of enterprise, and therefore the economic vitality of a nation.

An economic system wherein the means of production and distribution are held by a relative few gives you, potentially, Communism or Fascism. When enough consumers rebel against high prices and artificially created scarcities, government intervenes. Then either ownership and control pass into the hands of government, or government is taken over by the industrial titans at the top, depending on who wins the "revolution." Either way you get totalitarianism and an end to that freedom of enterprise to which most Americans, from members of the National Association of Manufacturers down to individuals who want to own and operate their own taxis or hamburger heavens, are profoundly attached.

But there was little Congressional inclination to aid small business in its job of helping preserve free enterprise by passing conclusive, over-all legislation on behalf of the little men. Unless and until comprehensive, workable legislation is enacted to help small business, the job will be entrusted to the RFC and to Wallace's Department of Commerce. The lending agency has been advised by President Truman that he expects it to provide adequate financing for small enterprises when these can't obtain funds from private sources.

Wallace, for his part, has been entrusted with the task of promoting a large foreign trade so that all industries, big or small, will have as large a market as possible, and of establishing an organization to give small enterprises all the advice and technical and marketing assistance they require.

Wallace is hopeful. He would like to accomplish as much for small business as he did for agriculture, and he is generally credited with being responsible for an increase in agricultural production of from 35 to 40 per cent over 1937-1938 levels with fewer people on the land.

Wallace has definite ideas about what the Department of Commerce should do for the little businessman. He begins with the premise that smallness in the world of business carries with it certain handicaps. The designs, processing techniques and plant and equipment of the little manufacturer, for instance, are not likely to measure up to the standards set by the big firms. The little fellow is not apt to be in as good a spot to plan his operating and management policies and methods. He usually can't afford up-to-date scientific and research facilities.

He knows less about markets, he can't do as much as the big fellow can in the way of looking up and using alternative sources of supply, and he is under definite handicaps all the way through the field of distribution. All these handicaps exist apart from unfair competition or coercive tactics which monopolies or giant corporations may practice.

Wallace proposes to help little business to overcome those handicaps by offering, through the Department of Commerce, a number of services. These would include:

1. Business information and consulting services: The small businessman, as Wallace sees it, should be able to get from the Department of Commerce at least a good part of what he needs to know about the business outlook, potential industrial and consumer markets both at home and abroad, and the special position of his own particular industry, business or region.

2. Scientific and technological services: The little fellow who can't afford a costly engineering or laboratory staff should be able to get answers to his particular questions about his products, about the most efficient specifications, about materials and processing techniques, and about the innumerable other technical problems which the large corporation can solve with its own expert staff.

3. Help in cutting red tape: The small businessman has innumerable problems in his relations with the federal government—problems of taxation, of finance, of unfair competition, of foreign trade, of—for the time being—wartime regulations and controls. Too often he simply does not know where to go when he has such problems to deal with. Wallace sees the Department of Commerce as his information center and counselor.

4. An active and helpful field organization: Here Wallace is taking a leaf from his book as Secretary of Agriculture, where he made the federal government's aids to the farmer available to the farmer right in the field. He thinks the same thing must be done for business, especially for small business. As he sees it, the businessman should not have to come to Washington to get the services which government has to offer; they should be available to him wherever he is.

Services Are Already Organized

Wallace makes the point that the basic organization for these services already exists in the Commerce Department. From the Bureau of Standards to the Census Bureau, from the Patent Office to the economic experts of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Department now has the services which, suitably expanded and properly promoted, can give the little businessman the kind of guidance and help he has a right to expect from his government in a free economy. All of this, of course, will cost money.

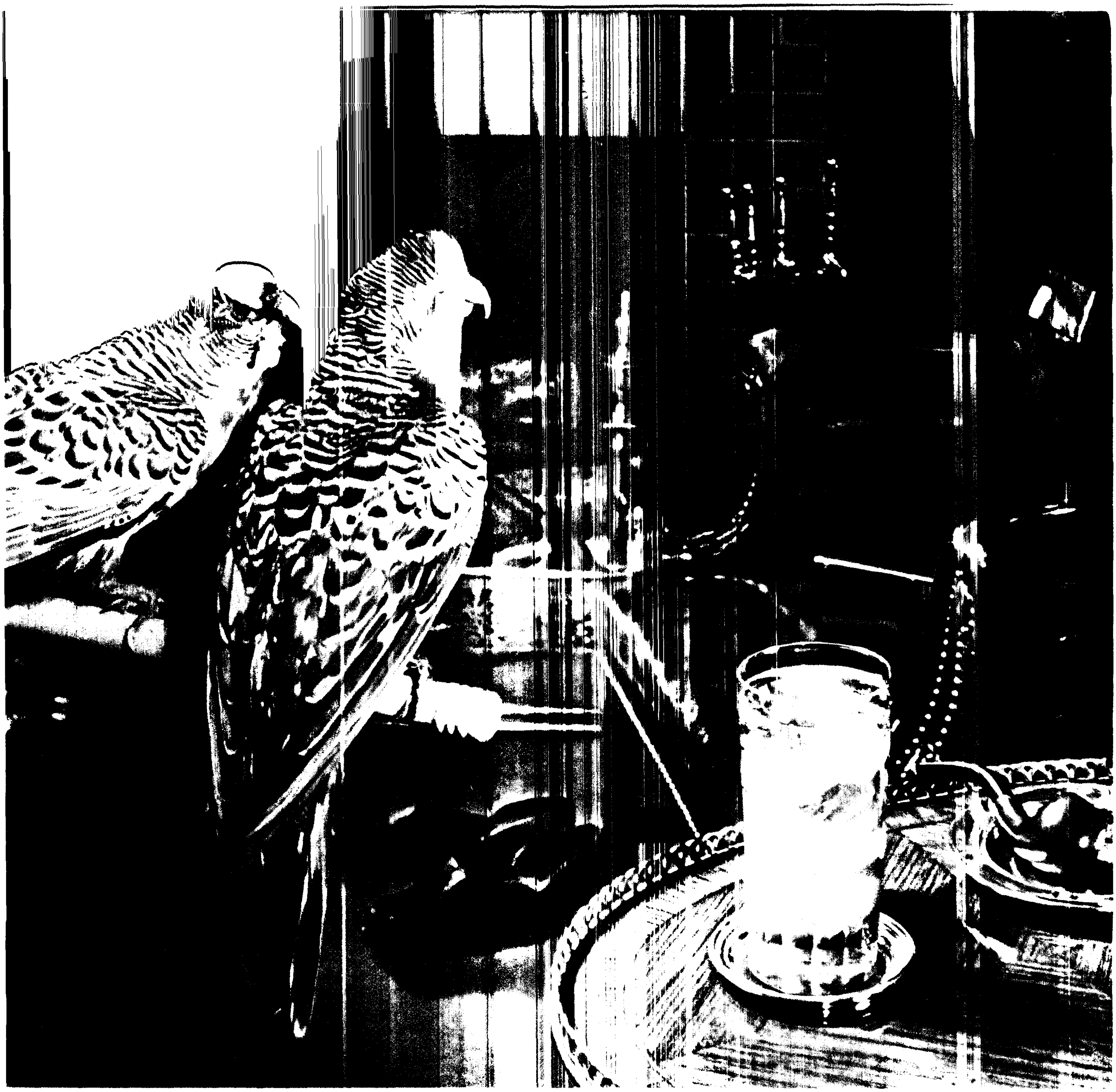
The Department of Commerce is asking for a total of $163,000,000—an increase of approximately 60 per cent over the appropriation for the present fiscal year. This increase reflects the scope of the expanded program which is planned for small business, although by no means all of the increase will be chargeable to that program. A better index of the cost of the proposed program, perhaps, is to be found in the request pending for the operations of the Office of Small Business, which has been set up in the Department. For this operation, Wallace is asking $500,000 plus $2,000,000 for an expanded field-operations organization.

Can it be done? Wallace looks back to his experience as Secretary of Agriculture.

"There," he says, "the government has been supplying necessary information and technical services to meet the needs of a very large group of small businessmen—the operators of family farms. The result has been an enormous increase in productivity, which has enabled us to overcome the adverse effects of our declining soil resources and perpetuate the relatively strong position of family farms in American agriculture. We should be able to do for other types of small business what the Department of Agriculture and the co-operating state agricultural agencies have done for our farm operators."

But Wallace will be able to carry out his program only if Congress provides him with the money with which to do so. Ultimately the fate of small business is in the hands of the legislators.

THE END



"She certainly must love that man"

A DELECTABLE Calvert highball...made just the way he likes it...*there's* genuine affection, if we ever saw it.

And there, too, is a whiskey that's *the real thing.* So deliciously mellow, so gloriously smooth and rich, it's just beyond imitation.

Very likely it's because we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America. And that experience counts!

Want to show *your* heart's in the right place? Serve Calvert...and be sure it *is* Calvert.

. . . . ***It's the real thing!***

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

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RESERVE
Calvert

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

The man behind the campaign was Supersalesman Theodore Roosevelt Gamble, who sold the American people 223 billion dollars in War Bonds

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF – PIX

BILLIONS from MILLIONS

BY ROBERT BECKER PHILLIPS, JR.

America's appetite for War Bonds has shown the way to a better kind of government financing, in which everybody shares and nobody loses

THE men who handle Uncle Sam's purse strings are a cold-eyed, unemotional lot, which is exactly the way you want them to be when it comes to handling the commodity they deal in—your money. They're not given to guessing, or hunches. When they want to know anything they study masses of charts and figures and statistics. They plan and analyze and forecast. They don't expect any surprises.

But they got one, nevertheless. From you—from all Americans.

They got it when they began to study the full implications of the fact that in five years the people of the United States have calmly purchased $223,000,000,000 *worth* of government securities.

There's a lot more than a stunning statistic in that grandiose figure. The tremendous sale of War Bonds to Americans in every economic level has uncovered a whole flock of solid-gold Ethiopians in the economic woodpile, and these valuable hideouts are coming out to be put to work.

The first and most important result of this business of selling America to Americans, through War Bonds, has been that the whole theory of government financing is undergoing a drastic reversal.

In the past, we've financed our wars largely by bank borrowings at premium interest rates, which was fine for banks and bankers. This time, the people financed their own war, and nobody in the Treasury, the Federal Reserve System or the bank business was heard to yell "Treason!"

In addition, we've gone through what amounts to a complete revolution in the mass saving habits of our citizens, a change that introduces a whole new set of factors that will prove pretty important in our future economy.

How all this came about can best be indicated by a few painless figures.

Five years ago, as far as most of us were concerned, a government security was something you found in a rich man's safe. About 90 per cent of the families in the United States owned less than ten per cent of all government bonds in the hands of individuals.

But look at us now! Today, that same 90 per cent of America's families hold 40 per cent of the individually-owned government bonds.

And, it seems, we managed all this without any barrel-scraping, because while we were putting on this aggressive show, our mutual savings bank deposits were rising from $10,500,000,000 in 1940 to $15,000,000,000 today. That's an increase of nearly 50 per cent.

All these and many other surprising facts and figures are emerging as the Treasury boys analyze their figures on War Bond sales. By way of side lights, we're beginning to see that we've done a number of things we've never before been able to do in wartime financing.

A Safeguard Against Inflation

We've distributed the debt among all the people, reducing our dependence on costly bank borrowing, which is acknowledged an inflationary process. We've lowered interest rates, and protected the small investor with safeguards against inflation. We've gotten ourselves into the habit of buying government securities—a habit that is expected to yield annual future sales of from $4,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000.

We've taught ourselves the value of government securities: Treasury reports show that more than 80 per cent of the volume of War Bonds are still in the hands of the purchasers. In other words, "four out of five still have 'em."

A lot of people contributed to this upheaval, naturally, but the big job was one of promotion—on a scale we've never before attempted. That task fell to Theodore Roosevelt Gamble of Oregon, who at 37 became National Director of the Treasury's War Finance Division, with the double duty of selling War Bonds to you with one hand and pacifying the bankers of the Federal Reserve System with the other. Before he got through with it, he was turning down pointed suggestions that he join up on a permanent basis as Undersecretary of the Treasury, and had gone back to Oregon to run his chain of movie theaters, and maybe look over the political prospects there, leaving the Treasury boys to emit low whistles over the results of his work.

By statistical yardsticks, Gamble shapes up as the greatest sales manager in history. But he points out that no other sales manager ever had six million volunteer salesmen and saleswomen—and even saleschildren. To him, the significant story lies in the way the securities were sold, and the effect on our economy not only during the war but in the future.

In 1940-41, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and his advisers were cooking up a so-called Defense Savings Program in Washington. Launched in mid-1941, when a world crisis was clearly at hand, the program proposed to make Americans aware of their government by selling them a part of it, in securities of moderate denomination and attractive interest. Aimed at the small and medium investor, Defense Bonds were made non-negotiable, insuring them against market fluctuation.

They were also redeemable in cash after a short period, to provide emergency funds. While cultivating a sense of personal participation in the government's problems, the bonds would also absorb immediate inflationary buying power and supply a reserve for the purchaser's future needs.

In the broader pattern of federal finance, this obviated the necessity for greater borrowing from the commercial banks. By the same token, if Uncle Sam could borrow money from his citizens at a moderate rate of interest, he need not pay higher interest to other sources. The designing of special securities for corporations, large individual buyers, savings banks, insurance companies and even the commercial banks could serve the needs of these investors in the same way E, F and G Bonds were to serve the small buyer.

In World War I, the government's Liberty Bonds, negotiable in the market and usable as bank collateral, relied upon a steady increase in interest rates, issue by issue, to attract buyers.

Inevitably, when a new government offer carries higher interest than the last, the effect is to torpedo the market value of the earlier low-interest issues. In a sinking market, the small investor was usually the loser. The Treasury resolved in World War II to protect the little fellow through a non-negotiable appreciation bond which could not possibly, for example, be dumped to the low level of 83 cents on the dollar hit by the Fourth and largest Liberty Loan issue. Corporate and other investors also were protected in a market where the mere scarcity of a well designed issue assured support, and even some appreciation of values.

Thus, without stating the fact quite so baldly, the Treasury had actually set about changing the pattern of government finance.

It is difficult to assay how much of these principles Ted Gamble had soaked up before he came to Washington. After hanging up a notable record as Defense Savings Administrator in Oregon, he had been invited to join Morgenthau's staff as a consultant. When a national pledge campaign was ordered, Gamble solved the problem of reaching his state's 297,000 wage earners by organizing teams which rang 85 per cent of their doorbells within a 72-hour period. Spectacular as it was, this did not imply a grasp of the complex fundamentals of federal finance.

Prior to his first Treasury appointment, Gamble's career had faithfully followed the Horatio Alger pattern. One of fifteen children of Luther William Gamble, a monument sculptor, young Ted after his father's death worked his way through two years of college before forsaking formal education for show business. He had performed various chores for the Pantages and Buren Circuit Theaters since the age of 16, and at 20 switched to the Universal Chain Theater Subsidiary. Three years later he was general manager. Gamble was appointed a member of the industry's NRA Regional Code Authority when he was 26.

Experiences in Fund Raising

He next became chairman of the Motion Picture Industry Warm Springs Campaigns and Community Chest drives, and after four years in these posts was named president of the Portland Rose Festival and selected as the outstanding citizen of Portland for that year.

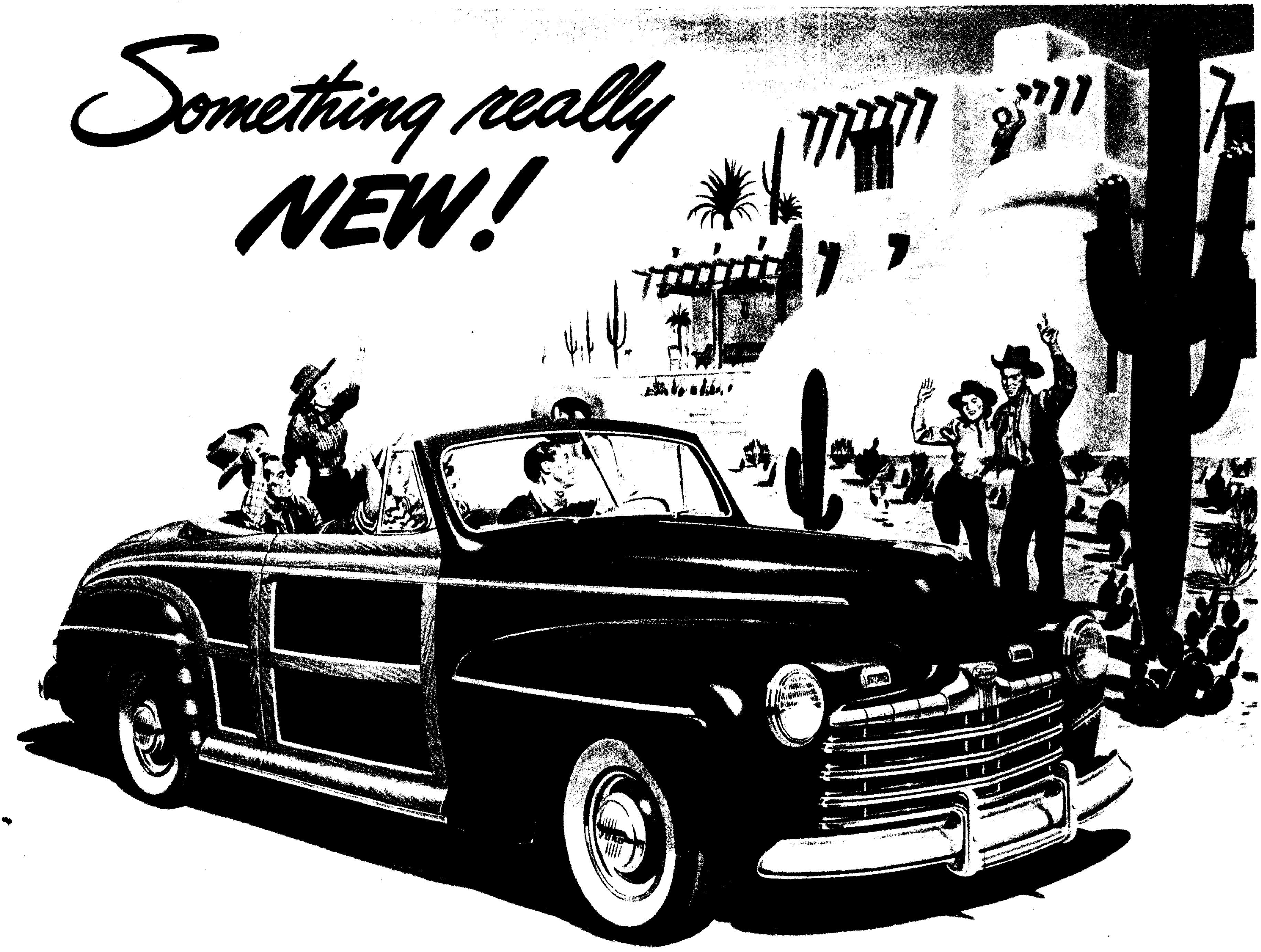
These civic and commercial achievements would scarcely sway the directors of the Federal Reserve Board or Treasury statisticians—a tough and precious crew—and the Treasury's state administrators for Defense Savings.

But between June, 1941, and July, 1943, when he was first called upon to face this array as head of the War Finance Division, Gamble absorbed enough of the juice of Treasury policy and Treasury figures to be impressive. One of his pyrotechnical stunts was to quote from memory a hundred- or more billion-dollar statistics in a single meeting. A reporter who watched this display once wrote, "Of all the people in Washington during the past decade, probably only Jim Farley and General Marshall have memories that compare with Gamble's."

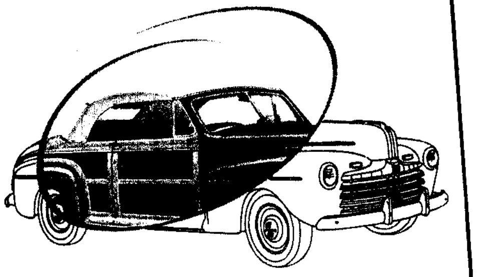
When the First War Loan was launched in December, 1942, it was led by an investment banker, appointed suddenly over the heads of other Morgenthau assistants. The drive

(Continued on page 79)

Something really NEW!

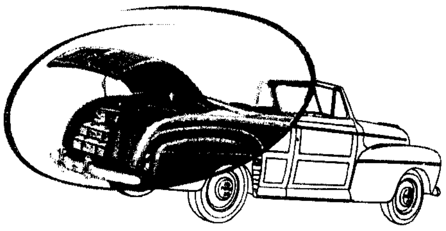


NEW 1946 FORD SPORTSMAN'S CONVERTIBLE!



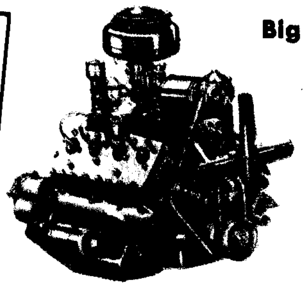
Just Touch a Button

. . . and in 30 seconds you have a snug "sedan" that's weather-tight! With the top up or with it down, the new Ford Sportsman's Convertible is a honey for looks! It's really *two* cars in one! Ford designers have combined the paneled smartness of the station wagon and the touch-a-button convenience of the convertible!



It Takes a Trunk

There's room galore in this new luggage compartment . . . just as there's room galore for six grown-ups in the wide leather seats! Outside and inside there never was a car anything like this before!



Big New 100 h.p. V-8

makes Ford the liveliest performer of all the low-priced cars! New 4-ring aluminum pistons and new balanced carburetion make the big Ford V-8 thrifty on gas and oil! Its extra power is easily controlled by new oversized, self-centering hydraulic brakes with big 12-inch drums.

THERE'S A Ford IN YOUR FUTURE

TUNE IN . . . The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 P. M., E. S. T. . . . The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P. M., E. S. T.

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[illegible] style — that you can [illegible] has the richness of [illegible], through and through — for it's a shoe of Holland-Racine master craftsmanship. But what will make you a Nu-Matic enthusiast for life are the features that make shoe-wearing a never-ending thrill. You can tell that this is the shoe for you the minute your independent Nu-Matic dealer tries it on.

ARCH-BRACE plus a natural self-forming heel that reacts to your foot like a matrix.

FLEXIBLE for complete foot-freedom. The Nu-Matic is a stitched shoe; not nailed.

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Sold by *Independent* Dealers only . . .

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, Inc.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
93 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills

Trouble in B-Flat

Continued from page 22

"I never saw you before in my life!" Mr. Williams said wildly, trying to get up. "I thought this was going to be strictly legit."

"Look," said Doctor Blakely, "I'll handle this my own way. Now lie back there." He gave Ding-Dong a firm shove, then pulled a chair up beside him. "You have absolutely nothing to worry about. From now on your troubles are my troubles. I share them, I share your mind. Now isn't that simple?"

"How can I tell? I'm not used to it." Ding-Dong felt all gone inside, and this fellow certainly wasn't easing him much. "But if I dig you right, you and I certainly got troubles. We lost my girl."

"Not too fast," Doctor Blakely said soothingly. "We mustn't hurry this. Let's go 'way, 'way back in our mind now." He shot forward in his chair. "Do you ever think you're Napoleon?" he barked.

"How could I?" Ding-Dong asked reasonably. "He's dead."

"Don't quibble," impatiently. "I know very well you're not Napoleon. I was just asking if you knew it." He frowned, a hand stroking his lean jaw. "How did we lose our girl, Ding-Dong? How?"

NOW they were finally on the beam, all Ding-Dong's grief poured out. He not only told him how he had to make with being sane or lose her forever but how the Guttman brothers had failed him in his darkest hour. His being so suddenly parted from the only woman he would ever love tore up his psyche to such an extent that he even told Doctor Blakely how he came to be a hot man. How the crowds got to stampin' when he beat it out; the more they shouted the more he knocked himself out; the more he knocked himself out the more they went crazy. . . .

"Hold it right there," Doctor Blakely said suddenly. "Right there, you understand!" He got up and snapped off that purple light. "I knew this wouldn't take long, Mr. Williams. It's that mass hysteria that upsets you so. There's nothing wrong with you that abstaining from music won't correct. You must forget this madness."

"How can I?" Ding-Dong said bleakly. "They got signboards all over town: Opening Casino Gardens tomorrow night 'Ding-Dong Williams and his Dixieland Cats.' How can I forget who I am?"

"That," Doctor Blakely said, "we'll take up when I get back from Mexico City. This is something you and I are going to have to fight out alone, Ding-Dong. If we really put our mind to it we can't fail!"

"You—you mean I got to pretend I'm somebody else?"

The doctor, stoking his pipe, glanced sharply at him. "How much do you want to get well?" he said. "How much do you really, as you term it, want to be with dignity? How much would you do to regain Angela's love?"

He loved her so much he couldn't answer for a moment. "I'd do anything in the world," he said faintly. "I'd even take up trumpet!"

"That's one thing you won't do," Doctor Blakely said firmly. "Ding-Dong, I can cure you in thirty days. Absolutely cure you. But if you want my help, if you want our mind to be as one, you must listen."

The room was so still Ding-Dong felt as if the whole world had stopped.

"No matter what I tell you, will you do it for thirty days?"

"You know I will," Ding-Dong said simply. "I'm crazy for her."

"Very well," Doctor Blakely said briskly, "the prescription is as final as the cure. When you walk out of here you never even heard of Ding-Dong Williams, you understand? You are not a clarinet, you know nothing of jazz, you do not even listen to music. For thirty days you forget this madness; we cut off this drug of crowd hysteria and hot music. You walk out of here a complete stranger, Ding-Dong!"

"How can I?" Ding-Dong asked dazedly. "People always go around recognizing me and things. How can I be a stranger?"

"I've even thought of that." Blakely smiled. "You're going out into a brave, bright new world now! You're going downtown and the first employment agency you find, you're going in there and take the first job that's offered you. No matter what it is, no matter where it is!". . .

The Los Angeles Star was able to announce exclusively Ding-Dong Williams' suicide at nine the next morning. Not only had the shattered manager of the Casino Gardens received a note that he had departed, never to return, but Angela had a broken missive that required a doctor to quiet her hysteria. In his farewell note to the girl he loved, Ding-Dong explained he was now seeking a new world. He neglected to mention just how and when he was doing away with himself, but the Los Angeles Star, in full cry, promised to bring in his remains by the next edition.

That night, while thousands were seeking his pitiful remnants on the beaches and in the canyons, the Casino Gardens was given over to a mass memorial. His picture draped in black, Mr. Williams' Dixieland Cats, beside themselves with grief and beer, played all the hot classics that had immortalized Ding-Dong's short, valiant career. No one even thought of dancing. . . .

In her modest apartment Angela had to have the doctor a second time.

And in her Spanish château in Bel Air that glittering divorcée, Miss Hildegarde Castle, attired in a sultry negligee, smiled warmly. "I do think you're exciting-looking, Charles," she said. "Now, if you'll take your thumb out of the soup, I'll have my dinner served in bed."

"Thank you, mum," Ding-Dong said bleakly.

The minute Acme Employment had heard that in the Army, people were always sending him for things, they had pounced on him as the ideal butler. It cannot be denied he had the solemn dignity and slightly harassed manner found in all the better butlers and they had dispatched him at once to Miss Castle, who changed butlers almost as often as she changed husbands. A bored maid had thrown him a swallow-tailed coat, and now, serving his third meal that day, he had lost all interest in brave new worlds. Miss Castle kept leering at him, and that frightened him.

"You want something else," he said, "you just ring for it, mum."

"But, baby," Hildegarde protested, "you know by now that I simply loathe eating alone. Have a cigarette."

"I don't smoke," he said nervously. "A fellow starts smoking, people go around saying he's on the weed. If you don't mind—"

MEMO FOR MARCH 15

Who steals my purse
Steals less than dust.
The man with the whiskers
Got there fust.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

"But I do," she pouted, that lovely petulance that ten years ago had broken up half a dozen marriages. "Here I am all lonely and bored and you won't even talk to me. Were you always a butler, Charles?"

"No, mum," he said. It was the way butlers talked in movies. "No, mum. I—I used to be in the Army. I got my papers to prove it."

Her slightly poached eyes went hurt at that. "As if I'd question a thing you said," she rebuked. "The minute I saw you, Charles, there was something that— Do you believe in vibrations? It was like the wild shrill note of an oboe the minute I saw you."

IT WAS the second time he had been compared to an oboe in the last thirty-six hours, and he paled. It was bad enough knowing you weren't real sound without strangers guessing it. Hildegarde chattered on, "Not that I mean it unkindly, heaven knows." She gave a delightful shiver. "It's more like, well, hearing Ravel's Bolero the first time. Like some wildness just waiting to be seized."

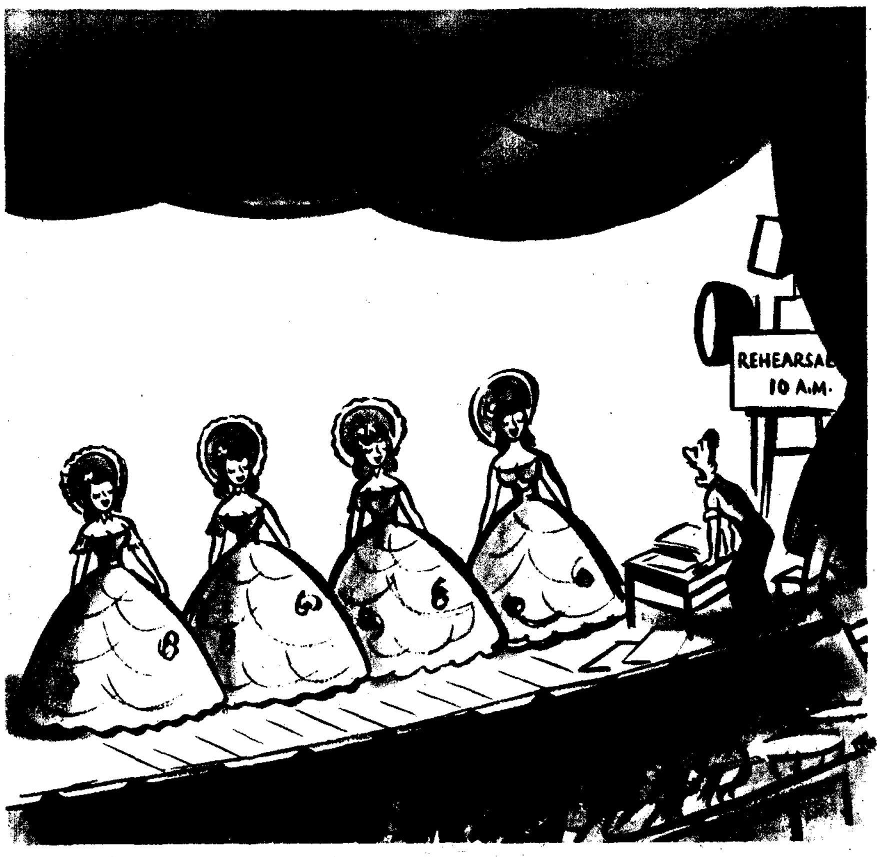
"Good night, mum," he said hurriedly. "I'll send the maid up for the dishes."

She grew annoyed. "I thought that with your fine intelligent face you would certainly be a music lover."

"I am," he said. "I mean—I—I was. Lady, you got no idea how I feel about that Bucharest String Quartet!"

"How nice!" she cried. "I'll simply insist on taking you to one of their concerts. I think one has to be absolutely democratic these days. I mean, that's what the war was for, wasn't it?" It appeared that she felt the war so personally that Mr. Williams took no chance on getting his bonus then and there. It was Angela or no one, and he certainly wasn't going to be kissed by no strangers. That was the sort of thing that gave a fiancé a bad name.

Not until he was safely back in his quarters over the garage, next door to the blond maid, did he remember he wasn't even sup-



COLLIER'S "Whoever's doing that tap dance, better cut it out!" JACK MARKOW

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER CORPORATION

IMAGINATION IN CAR DESIGN

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU

By studying the human body, our engineers learn how to design better cars for you

Imagination looks at a person and sees how to make a car easier to drive; it watches arms and legs, eyes and muscles, and sees how to build better cars for you.

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation designs cars to fit the needs and habits of the people who will drive them.

Your body is one thing engineers can't change.

That's why our engineers *start with* the natural needs and limitations of the human body when designing a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler.

Spurred on by creative *imagination*, they were the first to think of designing a car to ride with a motion natural and restful to your body. This revolutionized automobile design and made even long drives comfortable.

The same idea of design led to other pioneering improvements on our cars . . . Floating Power that forms a cradle of rubber in which the engine is balanced—New-Type Hydraulic Brakes and gyrol Fluid Drive that reduce driving effort to the natural human comfort range. It redesigned our cars to eliminate eye-strain, to reduce fatiguing noises, to seat you in a naturally restful position.

The most important improvements in comfort, safety—and even beauty—have grown out of this kind of car design. From the same people and the same *imagination* that conceived it have come the good new things of our 1946 cars.

REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! . . . *The Music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., EST.*

Plymouth DODGE DeSoto CHRYSLER

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines • OILITE Powdered Metal Products • MOPAR Parts and Accessories posed to think of music. He was just Charles Williams, period. It had, already, a lonely dignity that he liked. He had brought his clarinet with him and he took it out now. He just sat there, staring at it, and after a struggle, he was able to put it away without blowing a note. Without even feeling the warm, friendly mouthpiece.

It was a will-power exercise he had figured out himself. He was about to get undressed when he heard the muffled sobs from Anna's room.

"Haven't you heard?" she wailed when he put his head in. "It's terrible, just terrible! Ding-Dong Williams is dead!"

Ding-Dong stared. Too terrified to move, what with not having felt too sharp the last couple of days anyhow, he said faintly, "He—he is?"

"I been listenin' to the program all evening," Anna sniffled. "Every gate in town has been on the air from the Casino Gardens, blowin' his top." It was the first Ding-Dong had known that the hot beat of an alligator pulsed in that tired tomato, and he realized he was going to have to be careful. It was a good thing he was just a small neat man, who never looked like himself unless he had a reed in his mouth. "It was in all the papers," she went on brokenly. "They expect him to be washed ashore anytime now."

Shocked and hurt that it would be breezed around he had killed himself, he gulped and stammered his way back into his own room. No matter how much it upset Angela he just couldn't drop her a line until his thirty days were up. He had promised Doctor Blakely and it was his last chance. If he wasn't cured by then, able to take his hot music or leave it alone, he might just as well kill himself. He could never last through a cold dull world without her.

LIKE all ridemen, Ding-Dong had never fretted too much over his appearance department. But the next week, until Anna recovered from the shock of his death, he went around with his hair sorta mussed up. Knowing he was safe then, he settled down to lasting out that thirty days. Hildegarde was always dreaming up little democratic deals, picnics, and cultured nights of listening to symphony records, and he spent his harassed days and frantic nights avoiding her growing interest. Miss Castle had never been evaded on her own premises before, and she enjoyed the chase. While she frequently regarded him as rather odd, there was still that wild oboe vibration when he was in the room. Keeping in trim, by his twentieth day she had kissed him twice and once almost got a good nip out of his ear. Then it was that he finally took steps.

"Now you look here," he said wildly, "the Acme Employment Agency didn't say nothin' about us bein' friends. How can I have any dignity when I gotta keep lookin' over my shoulder to see where you are? If—if you keep this up I—I gotta give notice." He added hastily, "Not for ten days, though."

Hildegarde wilted at that. "Charles," she said, "Charles, can't you see that I'm lonely, just dying on a little island of despair? We never have any callers, do we? Not one! I can't go throwing myself at my old friends, either. They've never been the same once they started marrying my ex-husbands and fiancés." Her henna hair, swept up in a halo effect, and the fading blue eyes made her look kind of pitiful then. "All I have is you, Charles."

"Then you oughta start diggin' some new faces," he said. "You got a real production here, Miss Castle. Why don'tcha start giving a few clambakes? You know, like that charity bazaar you were talkin' about?"

She sighed. "Have you ever seen the kind of men who frequent bazaars, Charles? Paper dolls, that's all they are."

It wasn't for nothing Mr. Williams had grown up in the band biz. "Then you oughta give it a switcheroo," he said. "A high-society deal with some carriage-trade angle. Like bringing in a real combo. That always draws flies." He sounded so bright then he only wished Doctor Blakely could have heard him.

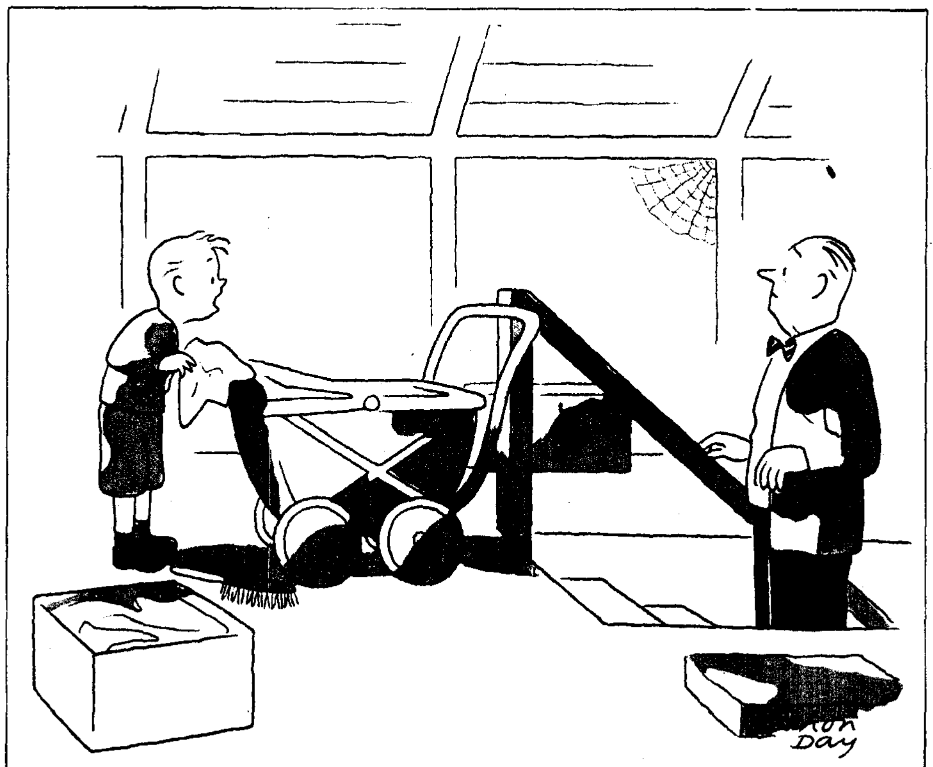
A little line sharpened between Hildegarde's eyes. He was about to suggest he might dig her up a nice hot Dixieland combo when she beat him to the draw. "But that's weird!" she cried. "I couldn't be more astonished at your thinking up something so original! I'll make over the gardens into a lot of gay little booths, give all the proceeds to some charity, and hire the Bucharest String Quartet!"

The sheer thought of that fat foursome who had so loused up his life turned Ding-Dong to ice. He could hardly speak, let alone think.

"But you don't want them around here," he stammered. "I—I mean, from what I hear, they stink out loud."

"Charles!" She had gone regal, her waist shrinking at least two inches. "I won't tolerate such language in my own house! And whether, as you say, they stink out loud, is beside the point. No one ever hired them for a private party before. No matter what they'd cost, think of the publicity I'll get!" One thin hand fluffing her halo, the erased blue eyes grew bright. "Only the other day I was reading the four Guttman brothers are bachelors. Can you imagine, Charles, four bachelors!"

HILDEGARDE had the French gardens all blossomed out with what she luridly imagined were the little market booths of Louis XIV. It had taken a week and a good four months' alimony to achieve the medieval effect but now, with her gardens overrun with ladies in lovely print dresses and flower hats, she regarded even the Bucharest String Quartet with some pleasure. "I'd never have hired them," she remarked to her harassed butler, "if I'd known how fat they are. No wonder they're bachelors!"



COLLIER'S "You mean you haven't heard?" CHON DAY

Mr. Williams, attired for the clambake as a McCoy valet with puffed wig, bright blue knee breeches and white stockings, was checking the ladies' wraps.

"Couldn't I put on somethin' a little more dignified?" he asked bleakly. "I keep feelin' my knees are showing."

"Nonsense," Hildegarde replied. "It gives you character, Charles. But do try and look less harassed. The way you've been staring at that quartet! It's enough to make my blood run cold."

It would serve her right, he thought darkly, if he went right ahead and did slip the Guttmans a nice fizzy Mickey. It was only his professional ethics that had stopped his already giving same to those long-hairs. Now that the charity booths had made their quotas, the crowd was seeking the folding chairs set up around the little music platform. Giving it that Continental schmaltz, the Guttmans were toning up their instruments as if violins were something they had invented personally. He would have bet anything they wore girdles.

Half a dozen latecomers were seeking the check room.

He glanced at them; then, freezing as stiff as his wig, his eyes grew large with terror. A thin blond girl in a tailored suit was looking uncertainly for the check-room attendant. To see so suddenly Angela's lovely pert face ended his career as a butler right then. He gave one wild moan, shivered twice, and bolted right out of there.

"Now, Charles!" Hildegarde cried. "I simply won't have this!"

He had shot around the corner. Numbed at the chance of Angela ever catching him with his knees hanging out, he was beyond caring what Hildegarde shouted after him. Nothing could ever matter now. Not even the applause that was greeting Mr. Josef Guttman's robust announcement that Clair de Lune would be the first selection.

"I couldn't be more mortified!" Hildegarde was assuring the wan girl in the plain suit. "One simply can't do anything with the help these days."

The minute the girl was gone, Hildegarde sought her Louis XIV.

Not until she had ransacked his quarters, the upstairs, downstairs, and the basement without finding a trace of Charles did a sudden burst of applause bring her hurrying back to the gardens. At their classical peak, the Bucharest String Quartet had finished their first number. Ladies were still dabbing at their eyes as the Guttman brothers, aloof with portly dignity, waited for Josef to smile.

If he smiled it meant that Afternoon of a Faun was next. They were saving that in case he spotted any concert agents in the audience. He smiled suddenly.

"Kimball from Chicago," he whispered.

He announced the new piece while two maids were moving through the guests with tea. The quartet, eager for their all-out assault on future bookings, waited impatiently for them to finish. Then the whole audience was deathly still, and Josef Guttman raised his bow.

"Not to forget," he whispered, "the grace, the lightness. Feeling, feeling! I have already collected the check."

AS ONE soul they swept into it, tenderly. It lifted and soared above the hushed crowd and Ding-Dong went sick all the way through. He had already gotten his bag and his clarinet and was about to take off his uniform in the bushes, when he saw Angela's lovely face. It was only his taking no chances on Hildegarde's finding him that had driven him into the expensive foliage behind the music stand. But now to peek out and see Angela, sitting right there in the front row staring so at the quartet, was too much.

He suddenly hated the Guttmans. It was the first time he had hated anyone, and it burned all through him. He didn't care now if he did look like a loan-out from a Halloween party. He forgot all about changing his clothes, he forgot all about anything but getting his clarinet out.

A thin, fluty note lifted birdlike over the strings.

Lost in Afternoon of a Faun, Josef heard it first. It was the most delicate, the sheerest emotional pitch—a true faun call—he had ever heard from Hermann's violin. He smiled on Hermann, and felt a lilting wildness creeping into his own playing. He began playing a bit faster, without knowing it, trying to catch that elusive piping. Now all of them heard it breezing in their souls, and beaming on this sudden inspiration they attributed to one another, they bowed faster and harder. Hermann, quite sent at the cello's so being with muse, began to sweat and outdo himself. Now the faun's piping was growing wilder and louder, in its lost loneliness, and the Guttmans were off. Over hill and dale, maddening in its excitement, they chased that weird cry. Never had they been so *fortissimo*. When it was they were suddenly into chase music, every man for himself, the astonished audience never knew. Strictly competitive, the quartet forgot Kimball, the growing horror that swept over the staring long-underwear trade. Now the wild cry was shrieking in their very souls and Ding-Dong took them right into Scrub Me, Mamma, With a Boogie Beat.

He was so sent himself that he gave his famous long trill, the Ding-Dong Williams trademark. The Guttmans, swept up in that *shoutin', stampin'* hysteria, never had a chance then. Now they couldn't stop, wouldn't stop, and with the wildest clarinet of his time blowing the man down, it was a session the battered police never forgot. Hildegarde fainted, three women assaulted one another, and when the police responded to a riot call, order was not restored until a Louis XIV butler, clutching wildly at his clarinet was dragged from the bushes. Only then did Josef Guttman collapse.

"BUT I love him," Angela cried. "I've always loved him. You can't go dragging him off to jail just because he wasn't dead. It's not fair!"

"Lady," the cop said, "we ain't taking him to jail. Don't you think the prisoners got some rights? We begin bringing lunatics in, though, I know where to start lookin'." He scowled at Ding-Dong. "This Doctor Blakely checks his story about evaporatin' into thin air, you can have him."

His wig off now, still struggling violently, Ding-Dong had been dragged into the police car. But to hear Angela say she still loved him took all resistance from him. Siren howling, the car was speeding into Los Angeles, and he said hollowly, "I didn't want people thinkin' I was gonna be washed ashore, Angela. But I just hadda blow the Casino Gardens. Doctor Blakely said it was my only chance with you."

Angela sniffled. It was not enough that her fiancé had been suddenly cast up from the bushes. It had come just at the moment she had recognized the Guttmans were the horrible fat men that had chased Ding-Dong into the lobby. Remembering how she had accused him of lying, the sudden wild cry of his clarinet had made her sure her tortured mind had snapped.

Not until Ding-Dong was brought, kicking and fighting, into public view, had she fainted. She had used up a whole bottle of spirits of ammonia.

"I'd only gone there hoping that for one hour at least I could think of something beside how much I loved you," she said desperately. "If you knew how much I'd missed you— Oh, darling, you can't be anything but yourself ever. And that's all I want! That's all I want!"

"Angela!" he cried. "Angela! You mean we're engaged?"

"You know I do," she sobbed. "Though I never thought I'd get engaged in a police car. Let alone one with a siren."

"You know something?" Ding-Dong said. "I'm going to kiss you, Angela. The minute they take these handcuffs off!"

THE END

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The Crooked Stick

BY DOROTHY STALEY

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

She had almost everything a girl could want—but someone who really needed her

When Eleanor Dulaney was two and four, people said, "What a lucky child. She'll have everything." That was because Agnes Dulaney was a beautiful woman and Howard Dulaney was president of the local bank, and Eleanor had not been born until they were well in their thirties. But she grew up with less than other children, for her mother died when she was five.

When she was six and eight and ten and twelve, they said, "She's the apple of her father's eye, and she'll grow up rotten spoiled." But she didn't. Her father died when she was thirteen and he didn't leave nearly as much money as the town thought he had.

Then when she was eighteen and twenty and twenty-two and twenty-four, one of the prettiest girls in Feather Gap, not to mention one of the nicest in spite of having some money of her own and no one to look after her since she was thirteen but her father's cousin Sara, and when she had a steady string of beaux, they said, "Wait and see. That one will go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick." But she didn't pick up anything, not even a crooked stick.

Her friends all married, and she was a bridesmaid at most of the weddings. And when she was twenty-eight and thirty, the town said, "Can't understand why a nice girl with her looks hasn't married."

At thirty-two she was personnel director of the Cooper Machine Works which her maternal great-grandfather had founded and her uncle still owned. As the money her father had left was not sufficient to keep her, she had gone into the mill office ten years before and had been almost as astonished as Feather Gap to learn that she had a flair for business. By the time Pearl Harbor sprang into the headlines, she was in charge of the pay-roll department, with a lot of nice, but brash, young men under her who called her "our Nell," or "little Nell," or just Nell, who whistled when she came in wearing a new dress or hat, and casually referred to themselves as "Nell's wolf pack." For Eleanor was lovely to look at. She was small and slender with a happy face, and eyes that were gray and trustworthy, and her brown hair was full of little golden lights.

But this was before 1942, when Eleanor was only twenty-nine, and the "wolf pack" one by one kissed Eleanor goodby and went off to the war, and the last one before he left said, "I wish, Nell, you would marry some nice young fellow."

Eleanor had raised her eyebrows, "Some *young* fellow?"

"Well, you know what I mean. Somebody like yourself." He had been married two months, and was very serious about it. "I can't understand why you have never married."

"Oh," Eleanor answered, "I guess you just can't put a racing horse in double harness."

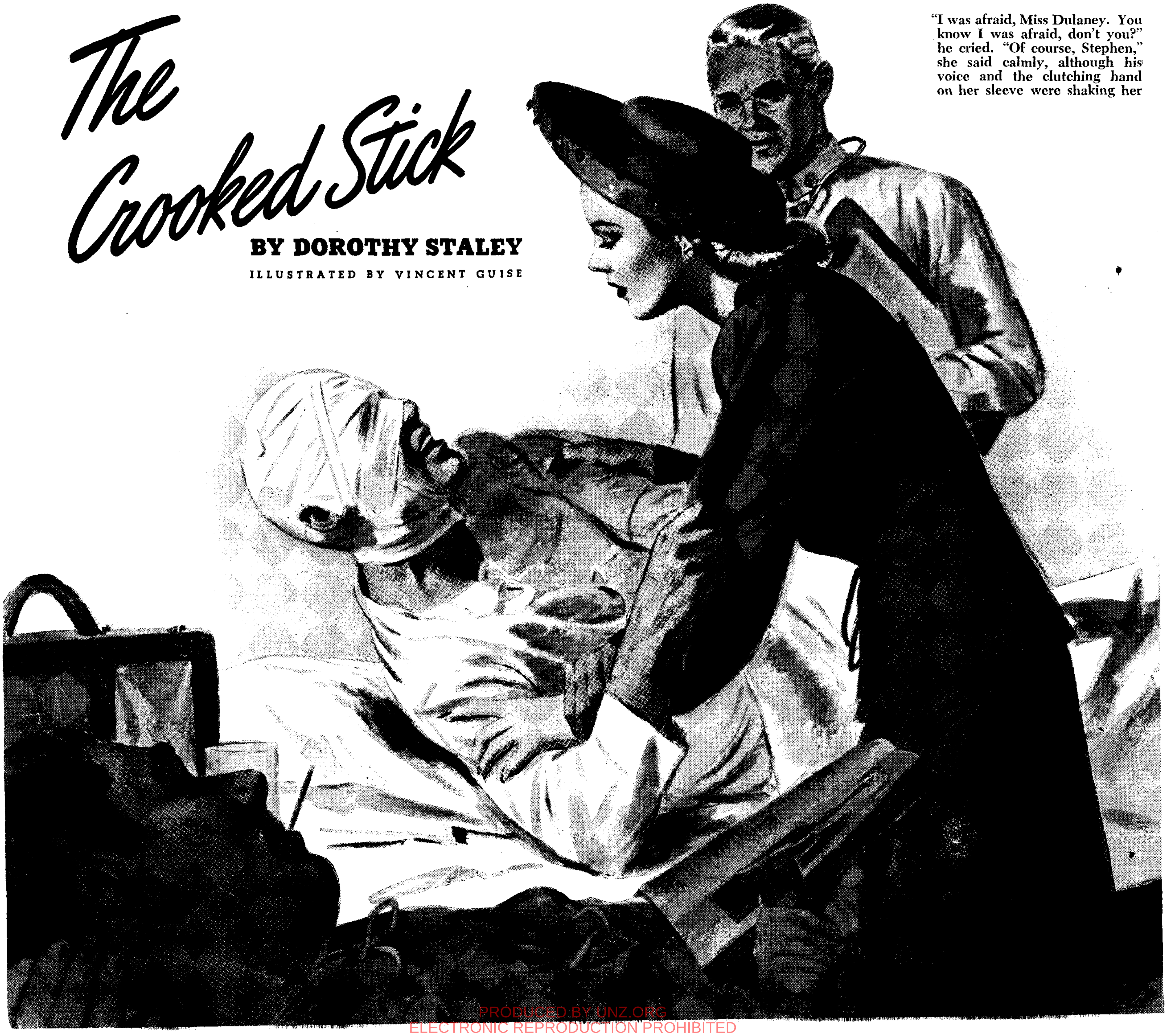
The young man looked at her, very seriously this time, and then he said slowly, "But you have so much to give."

Probably for the first time in her life, Eleanor gave the question an honest answer. "There has never been anyone who really needed me," she said. "Each one needed a wife to complete a picture, but no one ever really needed *me*. Wanted me, yes, but never really needed me. Just me. Another girl did as well." Then she caught herself quickly. "Say, what sort of nonsense am I talking!"

The Cooper Machine Works began to mushroom in 1942, and when the personnel director went off to the Navy, Eleanor's uncle called her in and made a speech to her about her knowing better than anyone the principles for which C. M. W. stood, and how she knew the employees from having run the pay-roll department, and at the end he told her the personnel director's job was hers.

The Cooper Machine Works from the days of its founder had been paternalistic. Its workmen in the early days had brought their problems right to old Jeremiah Cooper himself, and his grandson, Matthew, still tried to carry out that policy. The Cooper Machine Works had been a pioneer in health programs and clinics, in cafeterias for the workmen, and better housing for the town. They had set up a loan system for their employees to carry them through illnesses, or to give them an opportunity to invest in a home, or, as during the depression, simply to help them keep free of loan sharks. But the newcomers to the plant had interpreted such a program as "soft" and had taken advantage of what they considered leniency, and finally old

(Continued on page 56)



"I was afraid, Miss Dulaney. You know I was afraid, don't you?" he cried. "Of course, Stephen," she said calmly, although his voice and the clutching hand on her sleeve were shaking her

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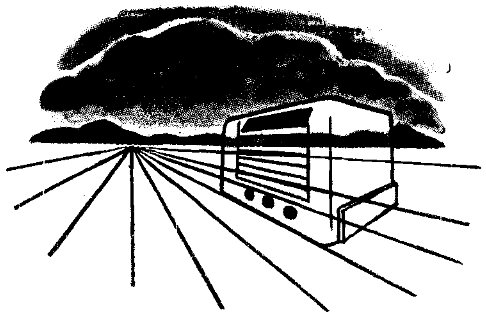

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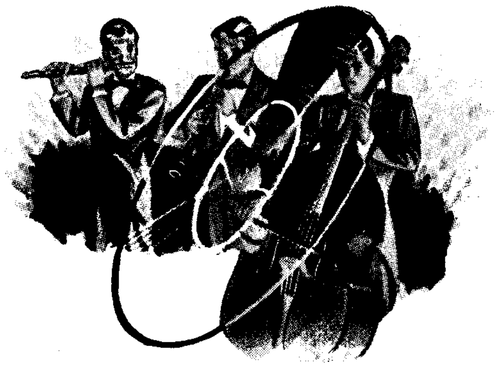

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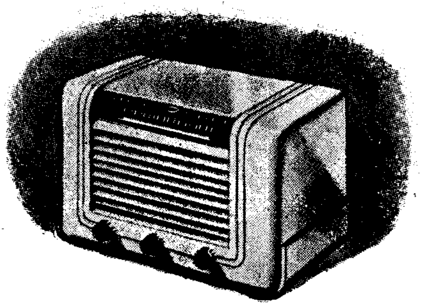

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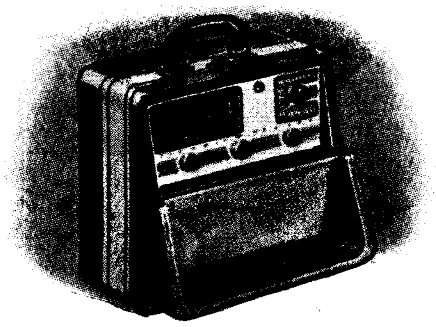

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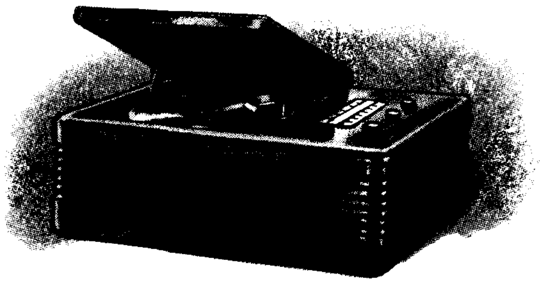

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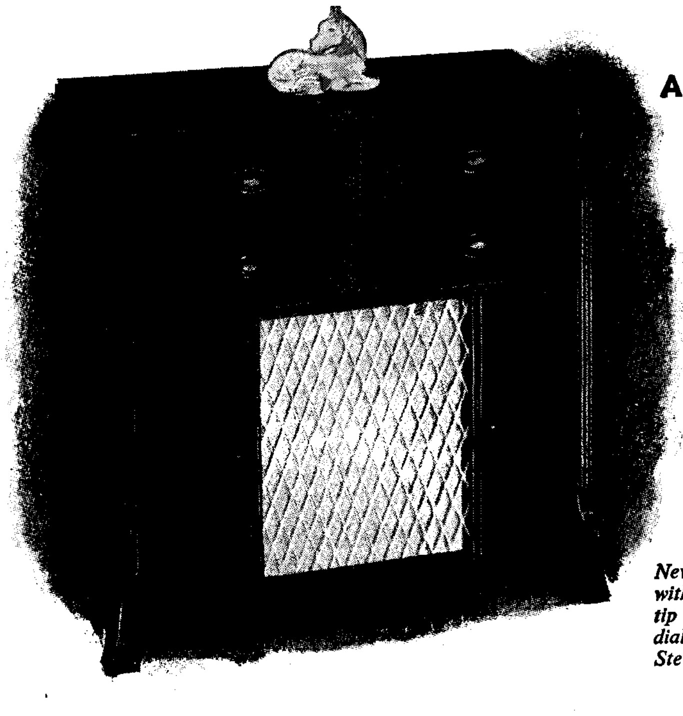

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Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 15

she said, "nothing. Being in love with the louse, I was upset. I've got a cubbyhole overlooking the parking lot. Sax calls it a dressing room. Anyway, it's got a window. You can see things through a window."

"What did you see?"

"I saw Tony and Miss Barrie walk out to his car. They stood by the car, facing each other. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but they were having it hot and heavy. And this you got to believe. All of a sudden he slapped her. Smacko! Right in the face. Twice. And hard. She took it. Then she walked around the car and climbed in. He slipped under the wheel and they drove off. Mind you, he didn't shove her into the car. She got in herself, meek as a lamb. Would you expect Miss Barrie to act like that?"

"Certainly not!" Then he said slowly, "Of course, you could be lying."

"I could be. But I'm not. That's why I wanted to see you. Right now, we seem to be on the same team. Those two are in something right up to their necks. You wouldn't like anything to happen to her, and I don't want anything to happen to him. If I'd seen him kissing her, or making passes, I'd have been sore. This way, I'm worried."

Scott said, "I'm probably wrong, Miss Meredith, but it seems to me you're making something out of nothing. You think he's not in love with her. But you think he wants to marry her. Okay so far. Except that it doesn't check with this slapping episode."

"Some girls like it," she said.

"Gail wouldn't."

"Then why did she take it?"

Scott couldn't think of an answer. Oddly enough, he believed Fern. Her story made even less sense than anything else he'd encountered, so it fitted perfectly. Fern Meredith said, "Tony is pulling a fast one. What it is, I haven't any idea. All I'm interested in is keeping him out of a jam."

Scott got up and held out his hand. He said, "Thanks for talking so frankly. Maybe I'll get a new slant."

"You'll tell me if you do?"

"Yes. But I'm not optimistic."

He left Fern's apartment and rode the elevator down to the street level.

Odd character, this Meredith girl. She was stumbling around in the same fog he was in. Their interests were identical. He wondered how she would have reacted if he had told her all he knew—about Gail's actions on the night of Doris' murder, about Kinkaid's arrival at the Treadway house with the first carload of people from the Country Club, about Gail's refusal to go out with him last night.

He knew it was up to him to do something, but what that something was he couldn't figure. After all, Gail was a stranger in Cherokee. Sure, she'd been born there. Older residents had known her father and mother. They'd even known her when she was a baby. But she hadn't even visited Cherokee since she was four years old. Sixteen and a half years. That was quite a stretch. A lot of things could happen in sixteen years.

There was only one person in Cherokee who really knew anything about Gail. Paul Innes, manager of the Country Club. Paul had worked for Gail's father in Cuba. He had lived in the little town of Miramonte for a year. He'd been like one of the family. Scott decided to have a talk with Paul. He went into the coin booth of the nearest drugstore and dropped a nickel in the slot. The operator answered, and he said, "Four one seven three two." That was the private line at the club, the one that didn't go through the switchboard.

INNES answered promptly. He said he wasn't busy. He told Scott to come right out. Scott got his car and drove across The Heights and into the valley beyond.

He walked through the huge main hall of the club and into the office marked MANAGER—PRIVATE. Paul Innes stood up to shake hands. He was five years older than Scott, and looked more than that.

"What's on your mind, Scott?"

They faced each other across Innes' desk. Scott said, "I'd like this to be just between you and me. It's quite personal."

"Quit apologizing. Let's have it."

It wasn't easy. Scott fumbled for a few moments and then said, "Aw, hell, Paul—it's about Gail Barrie."

"Yeah? What's she up to now?"

"Nothing. That is . . . well, you may as well know it. I'm in love with her. I've asked her to marry me."

Innes grinned. "Is that bad?"

"No. But I've been doing a lot of thinking. I suddenly realized that I don't know her at all. You do. Maybe you can tell me some things."

Paul Innes stretched back in his chair and laughed. "That's quite an order. What I know about Gail you could write on a postage stamp."

"Didn't you live in Miramonte for a year when you worked for her father?"

"Yes. And what a year! I hated it."

"Why?"

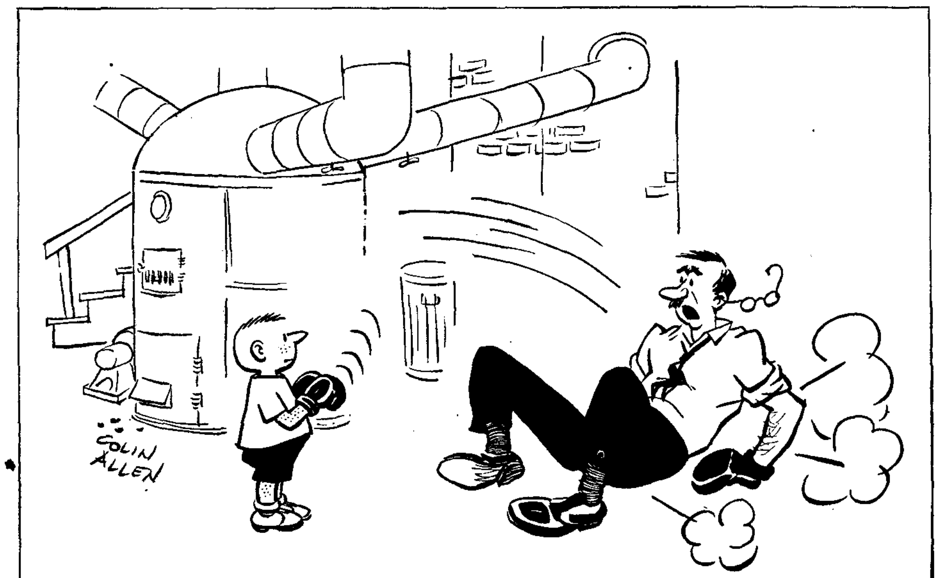
"Have you ever lived in a little Cuban town miles from anywhere? Heat that would knock you on your ear, people you didn't know or understand. Except that Barrie had been swell to me, I'd have walked out before the year was up."

"Weren't you almost a part of the family?"

"Sure. I had to be. There wasn't anything else. Bridge games at night. I'll never play bridge again as long as I live. Barrie, myself, Gail and her girl friend. They didn't like it, either. The bridge, I mean. They liked Cuba because they'd lived there all their lives."

Scott said, "Tell me more."

"There isn't anything to tell. Gail went to school with this other girl—her name was Margaret Allen—in Havana. Margaret was a little older than Gail, but they were intimate friends. Margaret's father had represented some news service down there. Barrie probably figured she'd be a perfect companion for Gail. When Margaret's father died, she went



COLLIER'S "No! No! Lead with your left" COLIN ALLEN

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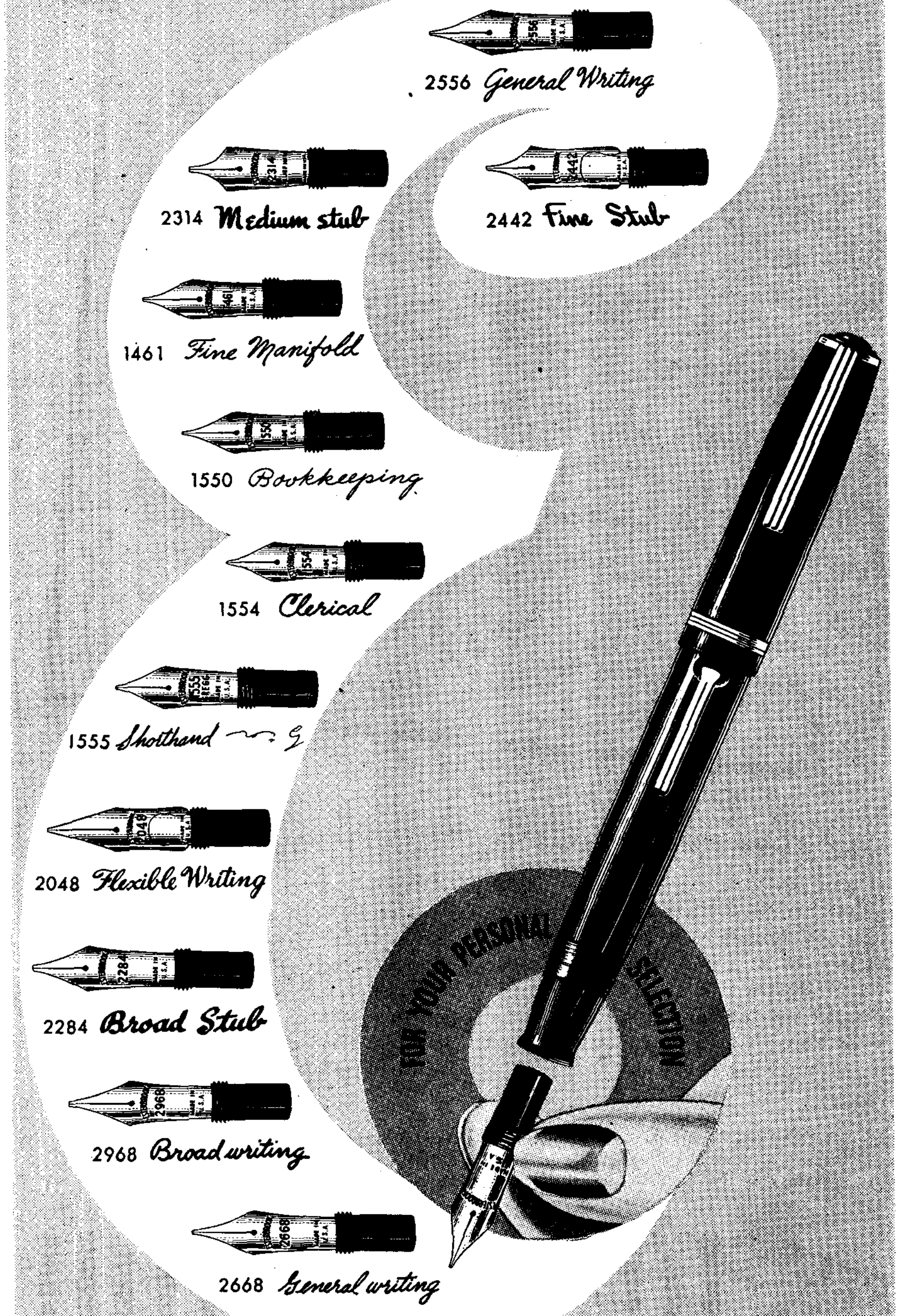

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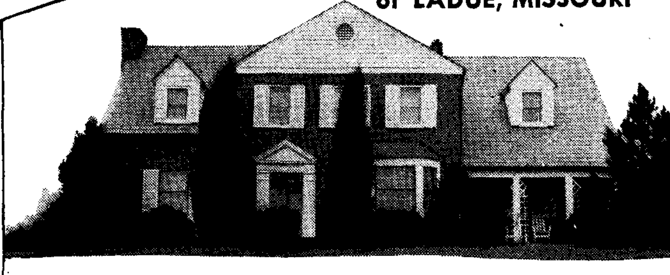

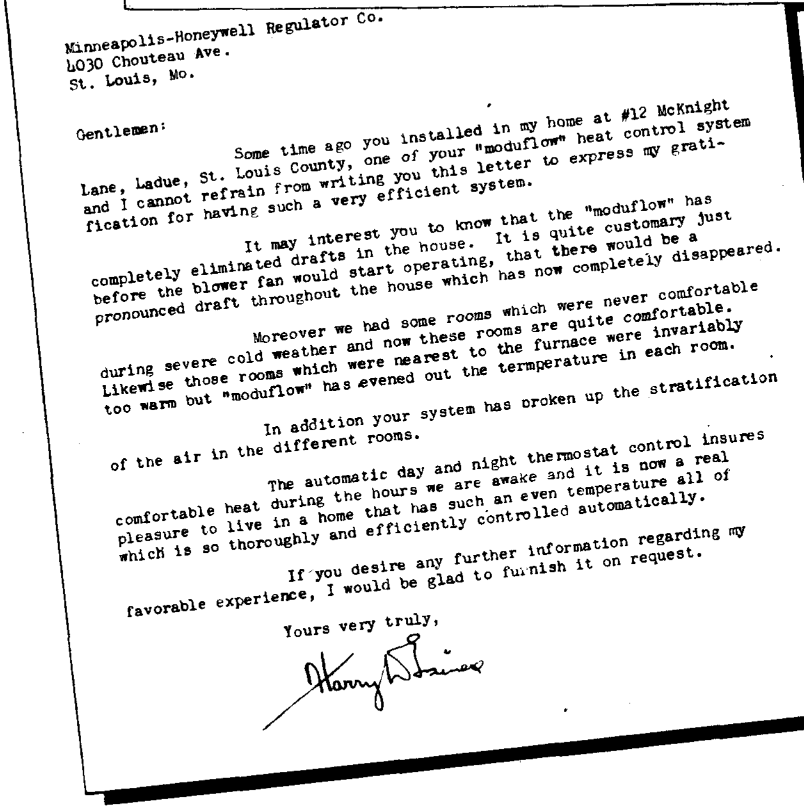

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to live with the Barries in Miramonte. The two girls were more like Cubans than Americans. Barrie's company maintained a school. Gail and Margaret taught in it. They ran the house for Barrie. They stayed in Miramonte when Barrie was commissioned. When I was there, they were both kids. I didn't have a lot to do with either of them."

Scott said, "Was Gail interested in men?"

Paul shook his head. "I was never enough interested to find out. I suppose Gail had the same interest in them that any other normal youngster would have. She had a certain amount of freedom. What I mean is that they didn't fence her in the way they do Cuban girls."

"That's all she did—keep house, teach school, play bridge at night?"

"Just about."

"And you never caught any hint of there being . . . well, anything important under the surface?"

Innes frowned, "I don't know what you're driving at."

"Neither do I. It's only . . . well, there are times when I can't understand Gail. I thought perhaps you had the answer."

"I have." Paul concentrated on his explanation. "It's because she was raised in another country. The American who grows up in Cuba isn't either American or Cuban. Gail's instinct runs one way but her background pulls against it."

Scott drew a deep breath. He wanted to go on, but didn't know how. Paul Innes said, "If you want to know whether Gail always seemed to be a nice, normal girl, the answer is yes. She and her father were crazy about each other. She even seemed to love that crummy little town. Does that answer everything?"

"I suppose so."

"Look." Innes spoke earnestly. "I don't know you very well, Scott. I'm five years older than you are. But I can see that something's eating on you. You've fallen for a girl you can't understand. If you want my advice. I'll hand it to you this way: Quit worrying. Her blood is American. Before she's been in this country a year, she'll forget all the Cuban customs she's been brought up with. And that's all I can figure that could be wrong. Or am I only making it more complicated?"

"No. You've helped a lot." Scott shoved a pack of cigarettes across the desk. After they had both lighted up, he spoke again, trying to make his voice casual:

"How well do you know Tony Kinkaid?"

"Not at all. He moved here about a year ago. I don't like him."

Scott said, "You remember last Saturday night here at the club?"

"Kinkaid and Gail?" Paul Innes laughed. "You're really overboard, aren't you? Get this: Kinkaid is nothing more or less than a wolf. A kid like Gail might be interested in him for a few days, but no longer. They simply aren't each other's type."

Scott said goodby and went back to his car. He'd had his talk with Paul Innes. And he hadn't advanced an inch.

ON FRIDAY night Scott Henderson had dinner at the Mathews house. Steve Homer, the young lieutenant with the baby face and service ribbons, was there.

After dinner the couples separated. Barbara and her lieutenant found two chairs around the corner of the veranda, where the shadows were deep. Henderson and Gail found two other chairs where they could look across the valley and hold hands and pretend that everything was just dandy.

When it came to simple conversation, they were stymied. Scott didn't mention Valley View or Tony Kinkaid or Fern Meredith. He didn't ask Gail why she had let Kinkaid slap her around.

He talked about love and moonlight and honeysuckle. He felt stupid, and knew that he sounded stupid. Yet, oddly enough, the thought that she was really in love with him persisted. He wasn't expert on that sort of thing, but he had a hunch. He left shortly before midnight, feeling happy and futile and bewildered.

The next day, Saturday, he called a friend and suggested golf for the afternoon. Golf was good for him. He usually shot in the low eighties, and that required concentration.

The game was pleasant enough, but it didn't seem important. The result was that he turned in a snappy seventy-eight. It was the first time he'd ever broken eighty and he knew he should have been excited. But Joe Harrigan, his partner, was the enthusiastic one. He told everybody in the locker room about it. He dragged Scott to his house, and plied him with highballs. He gloated over Scott's achievement. He kept on gloating all through dinner.

Scott checked out shortly after ten. He put his car in the basement garage of his apartment house and went into the lobby. A huge, muscular figure rose from a brown leather chair and came to meet him. Bernie Williams looked like a mountain. He said, "Where the hell have you been?"

Scott told him. He said he'd been playing golf with Joe Harrigan and that he'd had dinner at Joe's house. Bernie said, "How long ago did you leave there?"

"Five minutes. Ten, maybe."

"Can you prove it?"

"Of course." Henderson caught a tenseness in Bernie's manner. He said, "What's up, Bernie?"

Bernie moistened his lips. He said, "Me and you gotta get goin', Scott. There's hell to pay."

They left the building, and walked toward Bernie's car. Scott said, "Let's have it."

Bernie let Scott have it, right between the eyes.

"Fletcher Mathews has been killed."

AT FIRST it didn't register. Scott said, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Just what I said. I know it's tough, but I hadda give it to you quick. We're on our way there now."

"On our way where?"

"To his house."

"But he's in Washington."

"Guess again. He got in early this evening. He went from the airport to the Country Club. He was asking for you. Then he went home. Just a little while ago we got a call from one of the servants. Mathews was dead. Shot. They found the body near a hedge, between the house and the garage. My guess is murder."

Scott's first reaction was a terrible sense of loss. Fletcher Mathews was the finest, kindliest man Scott had ever known or ever expected to know. This was something too tragic to grasp at once. It had to sink in.

Bernie started talking. He talked swiftly and roughly. He said, "I'm pouring it into you, Scott. It's lousy. It's worse than lousy. I gave it to you the short way because we ain't got a lot of time. You can think about Mr. Mathews later. Right now I want you to have other things on your mind."

"What other things?"

"What you're stepping into. Chris Peterson is at the house. When I got the news, I was off duty. That's how come I could go after you. I didn't want you to hear it from somebody else, especially from Chris. He'd jab it into you and turn it around. He's an okay cop, but that's how he works. This way you can be prepared."

"For what?" An idea hit Scott, and he said sharply, "Gail Barrie?"

"She was there. Nobody around the house, only just her and Mr. Mathews."

"Where were the others?"

"I ain't got all the details yet. Barbara Mathews was out. The servants were in their house back of the garage. It ain't so good. Peterson hasn't been able to get Miss Barrie out of his mind since the night Doris Treadway was killed."

Scott and Bernie shoved past the patrolman on duty at the front door. They walked into the living room. The first person Scott saw was Gail. Her face was ashen, her eyes too big and too bright. The servants, Leander and Jessie, were there, too. Jessie was crying. Leander was saying, "Ain't no use weepin', honey, ain't no use weepin'," over and over again.

Sergeant Chris Peterson was there, too—small, wiry and hard-boiled. He stared unblinkingly at Scott.

Scott walked across to Gail and put his arms around her. Her body was rigid. She looked at him, saying nothing. Her eyes said

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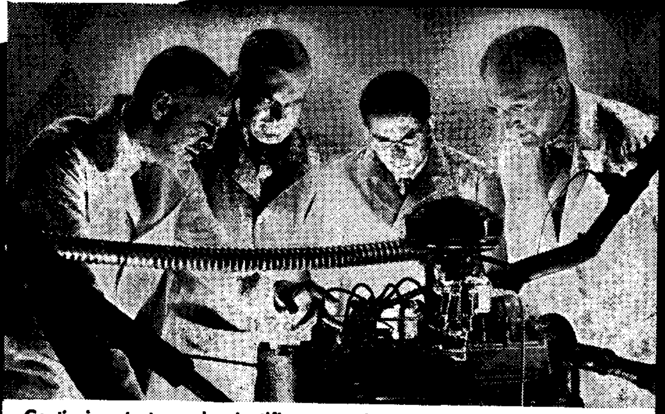

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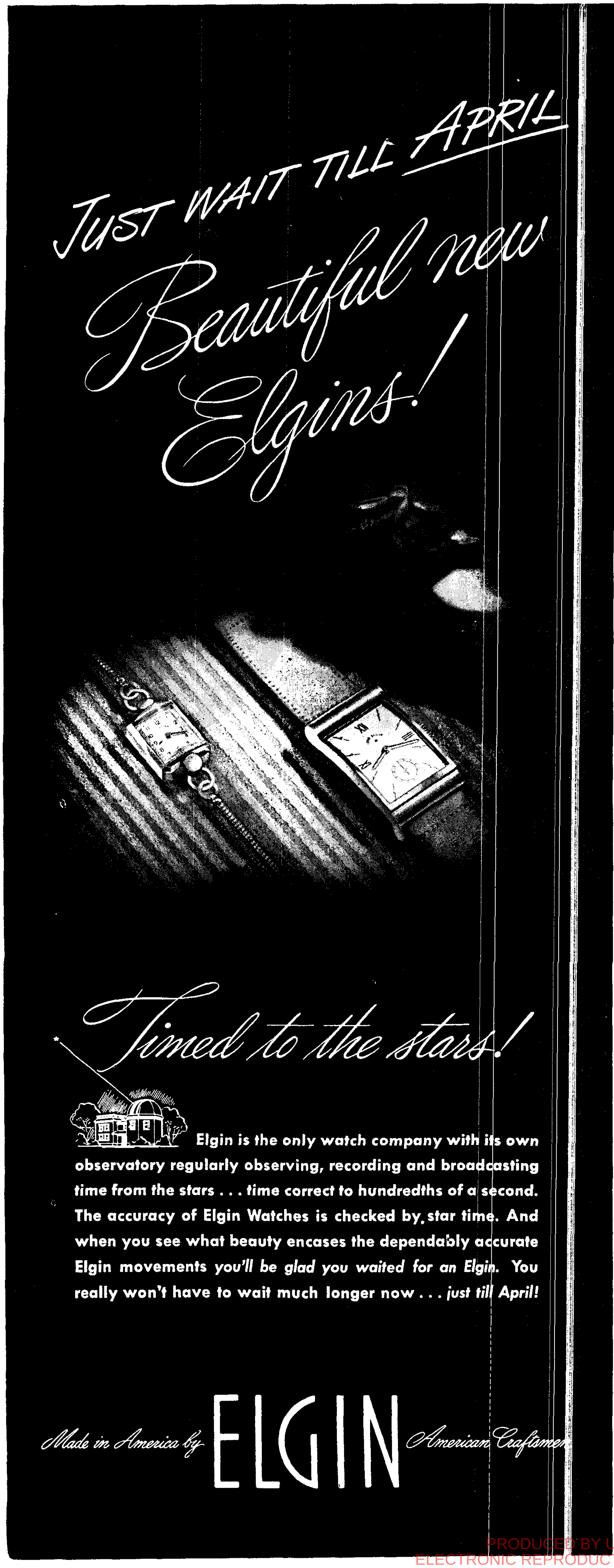
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it all. Peterson asked Bernie Williams, "Where did you pick him up?"

"At *his* apartment. He played golf all afternoon and had dinner with the Harrigans. Left there about ten minutes before he got home."

"Neat." Chris' voice was clipped. "Real neat."

He turned back to Gail. He'd evidently been grilling her when Scott arrived. He said, "So you was in your room, all by yourself. You didn't even know Mr. Mathews was home."

She nodded.

"What did he say to you?"

"I told you I didn't see him. I was in my room."

"You heard the shot?"

"I don't remember."

"H'mm! Somebody shoots a gun right in back of the house. There ain't nothing around here except a lot of quiet. But you didn't hear no shot."

"I didn't say that. I said I don't remember. If I heard it, I probably thought it was a backfire."

"I've heard that one before, too. Funny how nobody can tell the difference."

Scott said, "When you hear a noise like that, you naturally think backfire—"

Peterson snapped, "Keep out of this. When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it."

Bernie whispered, "Better play it his way, Scott."

CHRIS turned back to the girl. "So after you didn't hear no shot, but thought what you didn't hear was a backfire—what did you do?"

"Nothing."

"What's the first you knew about something being wrong?"

"I heard Jessie scream."

"And you didn't think *that* was a backfire, too?"

Scott flushed and started to say something, but Bernie grabbed his wrist.

"What did you do after you heard Jessie scream?"

"I ran downstairs."

"How did you know which way to run?"

"She was still screaming."

"Okay. Keep talkin'."

"I ran around toward the garage. She and Leander were this side of the hedge. Mr. Mathews' body was lying on the path."

"And was you surprised!"

A plain-clothes man walked into the room. He said, "Can't find no gun, Sarge. We looked everywhere."

Peterson nodded. His bright little eyes never left Gail's face. He said, "Where would you guess the gun was hid, Miss Barrie?"

She looked straight back at him. She didn't answer his question.

"Ain't no brook nowhere around," Peterson went on. "But I got a hunch the gun ain't far away. So you come downstairs and seen Mr. Mathews' body. What happened then?"

"I felt for his pulse. I felt his heart. I realized he was dead. I sent Leander to telephone for the police."

"How much time did all that take?"

"I don't know."

Peterson turned to face Scott. "You're Mathews' partner, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"You knew he was flying home this evening?"

"No. I didn't expect him until next week."

"We can check that. You didn't know he was comin'. Miss Barrie didn't know he was here. Leander and Jessie was in their house. Maybe he just killed himself."

Gail said, "I've told you all I know."

"Which is another way of saying you've told me all you're gonna tell. Okay, lady. You always seem to be around when murders happen. You ain't on trial now. Nobody can make you talk if you don't want. But just for the book, I ain't satisfied." Peterson looked at the others in the room. "This ain't official. It ain't an accusation. It's just the way things strike me."

He drew a deep breath. "Think this one over. Miss Barrie could be telling the truth I ain't got a lick of proof that she ain't. But"— and his voice became hard—"but *if* she killed Fletcher Mathews she couldn't possibly cook up a better story than the one she just told us." He bowed to Gail with mock politeness. "That's all for now, Miss Barrie."

She said, "May I go?"

"Sure. Just tell me where."

"Upstairs with Barbara."

"When did she come in?"

"Just before you got here."

"Alone?"

"She was with Lieutenant Homer. They had planned to ask me to go riding with them. When she found out what had happened . . ."

"I'm sorry for her," said Peterson simply.

Scott took Gail's hand. He said, "Want me to go up with you?"

"No. Join us later. Right now, I'd like to be alone with Barbara."

"I understand. Don't worry, Gail. Things will work out all right."

She squeezed his hand and walked out of the room. He admired her courage, but that didn't help his bewilderment.

THE door opened and several people entered. There were two policemen and three other men. One was a fat real-estate operator named Cummings. The second was Paul Innes, manager of the Country Club.

The third was Tony Kinkaid.

One of the policemen walked into the living room to report to Peterson. He said, "Here they are, Sarge. What'll I do with them?"

Peterson said, "Dining room. And keep the door closed until I call you."

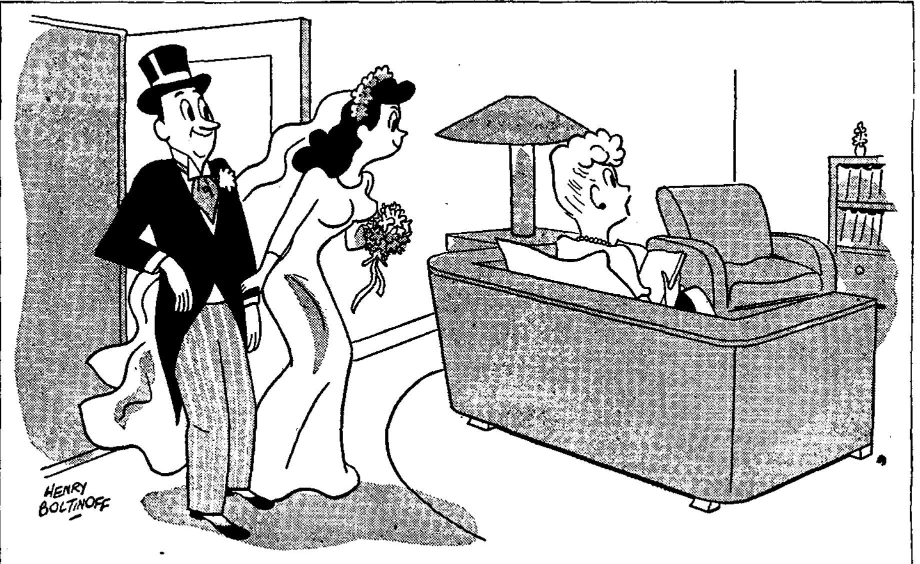
He turned around and spoke to the colored man-of-all-work. His voice was unexpectedly gentle. He said, "Leander?"

"Yassuh, Cap'n."

"Tell me what happened."

Leander's face was lined with grief. There were traces of tears on his cheeks. He said, "I dunno nothin', Cap'n, except what Miss

(Continued on page 44)



"Well, darling, how did the man hunt turn out today?"

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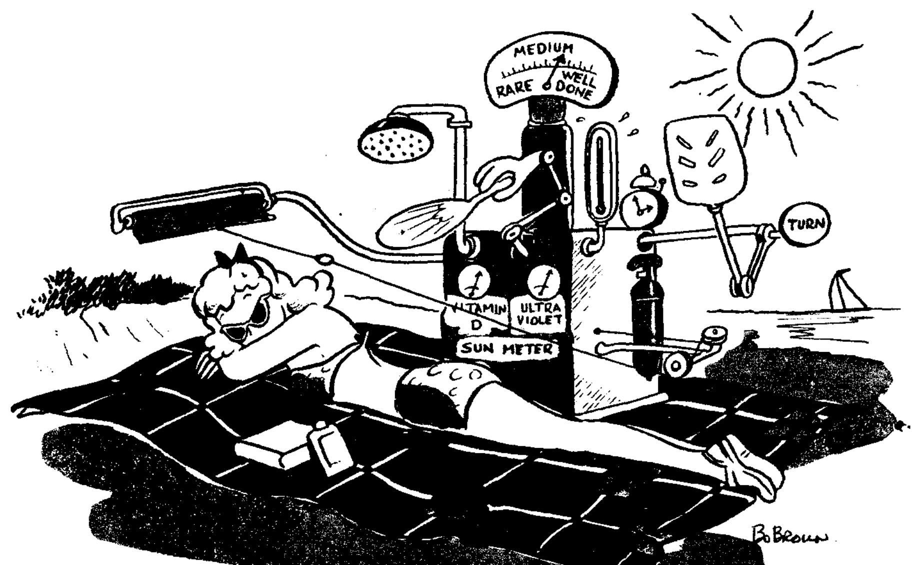

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Florida Suntan Item

From the printing industry comes a gadget to protect the enthusiastic sun bather who has to pick up his tan in a hurry on some tropical beach. This is a small electrical instrument that measures the total effect of light falling on it for a given length of time, and thus gives warning when exposure has gone far enough. At present it controls exposure time in the photoengraving laboratory, but it can equally well tell you when your sunburn has reached the safe limit. The sun bather needs only to know how long he can lie on a summer beach in full sunlight. Setting the instrument for this combination of time and light intensity, he can put it beside him on any beach anywhere, and enjoy the full luxury of a rapid tan. When the safe limit is reached the meter will register it, whether the time is a few minutes or an hour. Being designed for use in the printing business, the instrument is rather expensive for general beach use in its present form. But it will be handy for the sun worshiper who can afford such refinements on a quickie vacation.

Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 42

Gail tol' you. Jessie don't know nothin' either."

"Where were you at the time?"

"We was in our house, Cap'n. That's back of the garage. We went there soon as we washed up the supper dishes an' straightened aroun'."

"What was the first thing you knew about anything being wrong?"

"We heard a noise. Jessie, she jumped. She said, 'Leander! That sounded like a gun.' "

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'That wasn't no gun.' "

"And then?"

"Well, me an' her did a lot of arguin'. She kep' sayin' it was a gun, an' I kep' sayin' it wasn't. I said they wasn't nobody 'roun' heah had a gun, an' if they did have, they wouldn't be shootin' it that time of night."

"What time was it?"

"I don't remember exactly, boss, but maybe a li'l befo' ten o'clock. Jessie said she was goin' downstairs an' have herse'f a look aroun'. Nex' thing I know, I heard her yellin'. I went runnin'. An' there they was."

"They?"

"Jessie an' Mistuh Mathews. He was layin' in the path an' she was kneelin' down 'longside of him screamin' an' cryin' an' talkin' to him."

"Did you know he had come back home?"

"Nossuh. We wasn't expectin' him until next week. Anyway, Jessie kep' tellin' me he was dead. She kep' on sayin' somebody killed him. She showed me her hand. It was all over blood."

"What did you do then?"

Leander's face was solemn. He said, "Cap'n, I kneeled down there on the path 'longside of Jessie an' we prayed for the soul of the finest gen'leman that ever lived. We was still prayin' when Miss Gail come out an' asked us what was the matter."

"Did she look surprised?"

"Worse than that, Cap'n. She looked like even if it was true, she couldn't believe it. She looked so terrible that Jessie got up an' put her arm aroun' her. Seemed like she was goin' to faint."

"After you told Miss Barrie that Mr. Mathews was dead, what did she say?"

"Nothin' special, Cap'n. She just looked down at where he was layin', an' she sort of said, 'Oh, God! Another!' That was all, Cap'n. She didn't say nothin' else."

A hard calculating light came into Peterson's eyes. "That's all she said, huh? She just said, 'Oh, God! Another!' You're quite sure about that?"

"Yassuh."

"Did you hear her say that, Jessie?"

The sobbing colored woman nodded her head. "Yassuh. Tha's all she said."

Peterson said, "Thanks, both of you. I won't keep you any longer."

The servants left. Peterson turned to Bernie Williams. He said, "Bring Cummings and Innes in. Leave Kinkaid where he is."

THE two men came in together: Cummings, short and pudgy; Paul Innes, tall and solemn. Both appeared to be badly shaken. Peterson said, "What do either of you gents know about this thing?"

"There isn't much to tell," said Innes. "The club was pretty crowded. I was busy. It was after dark when Fletcher Mathews arrived. He asked if Scott Henderson was anywhere around. He said he wanted to see him immediately. He said it was important."

"Go ahead." Peterson obviously had no intention of hurrying Innes.

"I told Mr. Mathews I didn't know. I knew Scott had been playing golf, but I wasn't sure he'd gone home. I sent one of the boys to look for him."

"Were you surprised to see Mathews?"

"No. I had heard he was out of town, but that didn't mean anything. He told me that he'd come back sooner than he expected: he'd been able to grab a seat on a plane out of Washington and hadn't had time to wire anybody. He repeated that he wanted to see Henderson right away. He said he had come

Scoot!

During the war thousands of parachute landings were made by airborne detachments, complete with all the fixings for the behind-the-lines action. Neatest bit of equipment, perhaps, was a small gasoline scooter, dropped by parachute, complete and ready to be ridden off at top speed. It was rugged enough to stand the severe jolts of landing, and tough enough to negotiate open fields, mud, sand and rocks. This little scooter, now taking civilian form, is ready for the public.

The midget vehicle is built primarily for strength and utility and does not bother with the fancy trim of the heavier, less rugged scooter popular before the war. But it should be amazingly useful around a farm or golf club, or anywhere that its owner must travel many miles a day over poor roads or no roads at all. It has a four-horsepower motor and carries a two-gallon gas tank—enough fuel to run it two hundred miles on level roads.

Lost Oil Recovered

Petroleum is still the "black gold" of our civilization. Nowadays, there are few "gushers"; oil must be driven from most fields by pumping or by forcing water or gas down some wells to drive it to the surface through others. But even this often fails. Working blind thousands of feet down, engineers are seldom sure whether the pressure of the gas sent down will bring up the oil or merely drive it farther into the ground.

Now comes an ingenious method of building a table-top model of any actual field. In the model the flow of electric currents is made to represent the flow of gas in the underground structure, thus showing where the gas will go and where new wells should be drilled to take it out. The model is simply a sheet of gelatin, in which are planted a number of small plastic tubes in exactly the same relative positions as the wells in the real field.

When electric currents are sent into these "wells," they fan outward in a complicated pattern that follows the same laws as the seeping of gas through the porous oil sands. The currents themselves cannot be seen, but they turn a chemical in the gelatin bright blue as they pass, and thus leave behind a map of the whole underground situation. From this it is easy to predict where the oil will be driven when gas or water is forced down any particular well, and where it will come up in greatest quantity. Out in the field the engineers can then set up a schedule for pressure treatment that will yield the maximum oil recovery in the shortest time.

The model can be set up in a few hours to show how a real field should be handled for the next twenty years.

Woven Light

Carpets in your home that glow in the dark; decorations and wall coverings that shine with rainbow colors; theater aisles clothed in light, guiding you to your seat—these new aids to charm and convenience will come from the use of fluorescent dyes woven into many kinds of textiles and illuminated with hidden ultraviolet lamps.

Experiments begun before the war proved that theater patrons could follow fluorescent-carpeted aisles with no trouble, actually walking on light. But the glow is so soft that it does not interfere with the picture on the screen.

Postwar research is now extending this application to homes, offices and trains, both for decoration and safety in poor light.

Fluorescent textiles will be useful in dim hallways and on stairs. They will keep a soft radiation in sickrooms and nurseries.

Under daylight, fluorescent-dyed materials will look like ordinary ones. They can be washed or cleaned without damage and will not deteriorate any faster than other dyes. The only delay in their use will be in the development of inexpensive standard fixtures to produce the ultraviolet rays. ★★★

straight to the club because he knew Scott was usually there Saturday evening. Just about that time the boy came back and said he couldn't find Henderson. Mr. Mathews told me he was going home."

"Did he seem excited or worried? Was there anything unusual in his manner—as though, we'll say, he might have expected trouble?"

Paul Innes shook his head. "Nothing at all. He seemed tired from his trip, but that's all."

"Okay. What happened next?"

"He said he was going into the bar to bum a ride home. He had come from the airport in a taxi. He asked me to tell Henderson to call him, and then went into the bar. That's all I know."

Peterson turned his attention to Mr. Cummings. "How about you?"

"I don't know anything, really. Mr. Mathews came into the bar. Most of us had been playing golf all afternoon and were shooting dice for the drinks. We invited Mathews to join us, but he refused. He asked whether any of us had seen Scott Henderson. We said we'd seen him on the course, but not since then. Then he asked if one of us would drive him home."

"What time was that?"

"Around ten o'clock. Maybe earlier. Tell you the truth, we were all a little high. You know how it is on Saturday night."

"Yeah, I know. So who offered to drive him home?"

"Hell, everybody offered. But Tony Kinkaid offered first, and that's who he went with."

"Was Kinkaid drunk? What had he been drinking?"

"Same thing we were, only not as much of it. He was drinking by himself."

Peterson said, "Lemme get something straight in my own mind, Mr. Cummings. You say Kinkaid was by himself. Any reason for that?"

Cummings looked embarrassed. He said, without conviction, "Of course not."

"Let's try that one over," suggested Peterson. "Mathews has been murdered. This ain't no time to hold back."

Cummings appeared to be unhappy. He said, "Well—we're not very fond of Kinkaid. No reason, you understand. That is, nothing specific. Maybe it's because we don't know him very well."

"I get it. So he was practically alone, and when Mathews asked someone to drive him home, everybody offered. But he went with Kinkaid. How do you figure that one?" Peterson demanded.

"I was surprised. Except that Kinkaid insisted. He said he was going anyway. He said it would be a shame to break up our drunken brawl. Those are the words he used."

"In other words," persisted Peterson, "your idea is that Mathews would have preferred going home with one of you, but that Kinkaid forced himself on him—is that it?"

Cummings said, "I didn't say that, you know. Of course, we're old friends of Fletcher Mathews, and maybe he would have preferred one of us."

"Thanks, Mr. Cummings. And thank you, Mr. Innes. Now would you mind leaving the room? I don't care where you go, but I'd rather not have you here while I'm talking to Kinkaid."

The two men went out. At a signal from Peterson, Bernie Williams went to the dining room and returned with Kinkaid.

TONY had on a checkered sports coat over a light flannel shirt which was open at the neck. He looked very tall and very arrogant. He even seemed faintly amused.

He looked around the room. He looked at Chris Peterson and Bernie Williams and Scott Henderson. He was calm and self-possessed. He said, "Just like old times."

Then he looked directly at Chris Peterson. "All right," he said, "let's hear you accuse me of having murdered Fletcher Mathews."

Peterson's hard eyes bored into the handsome young man who faced him jauntily. After a while he said, "Wise guy, huh?"

"I think so."

"All right, sonny. Go ahead and show us how wise you are."

Tony Kinkaid was enjoying himself. Every move he made was straight out of Holly-

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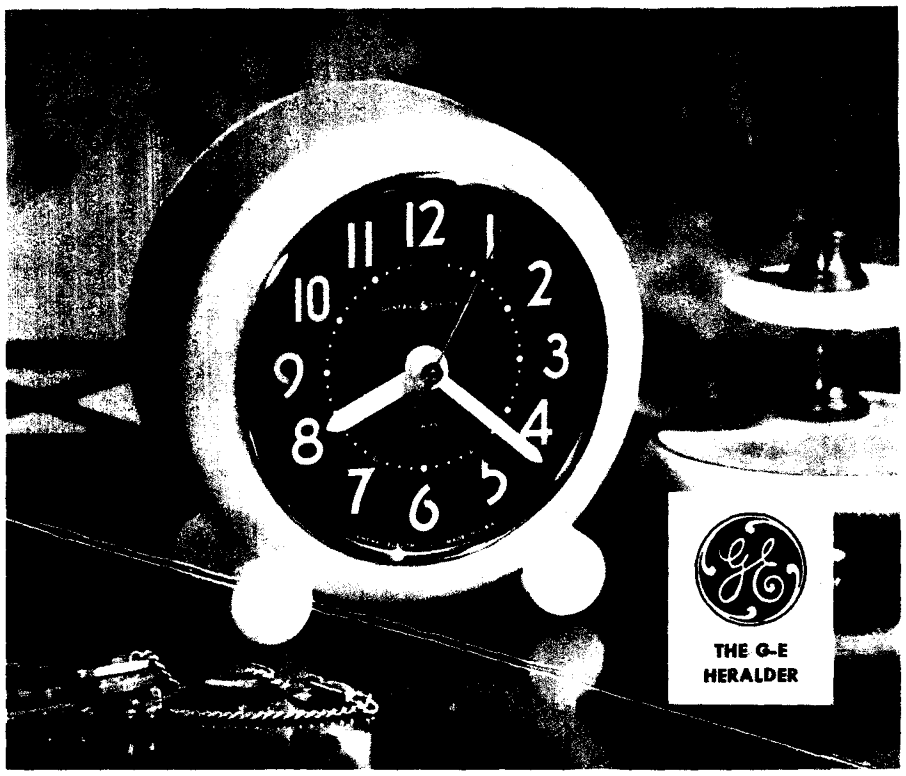

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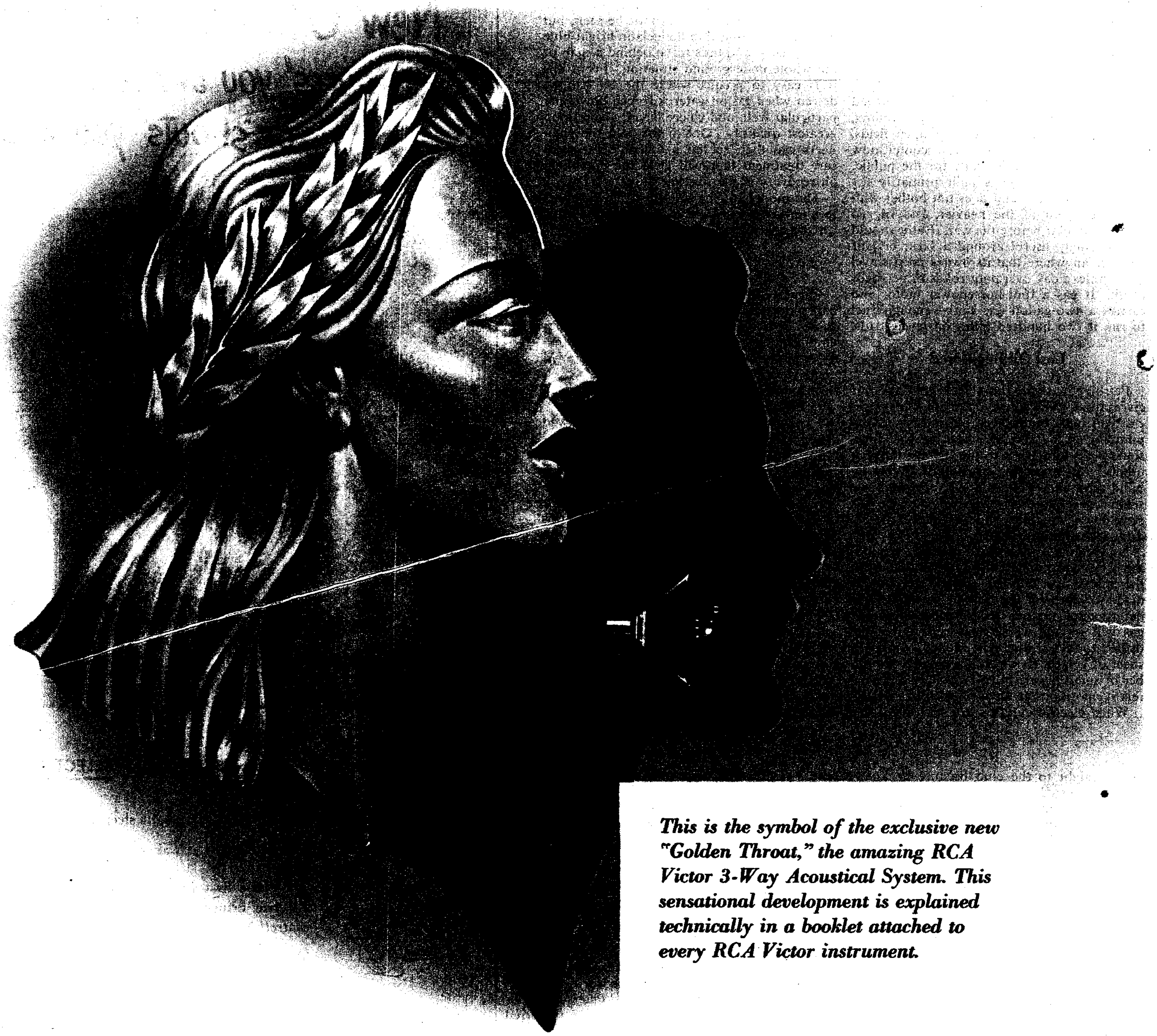

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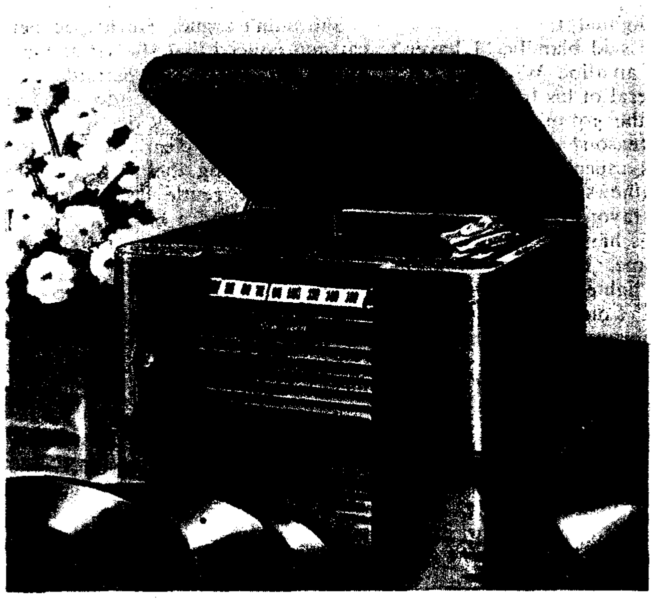

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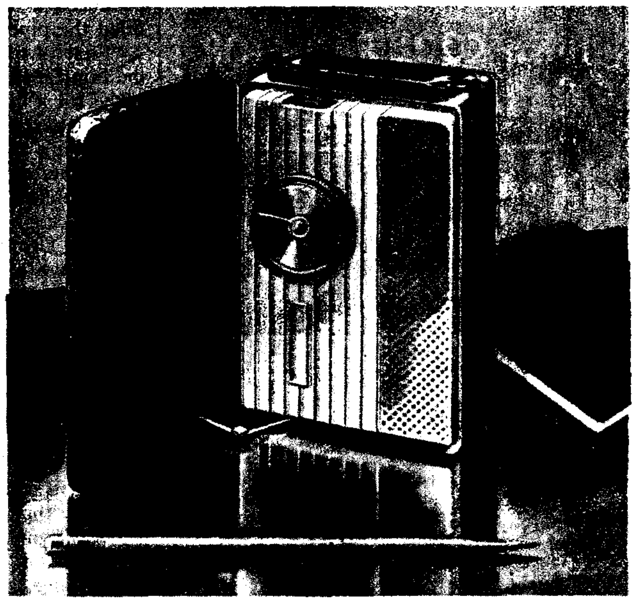

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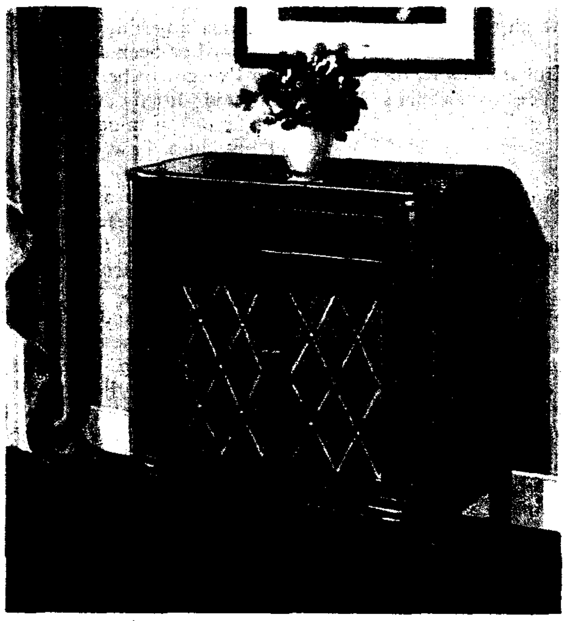

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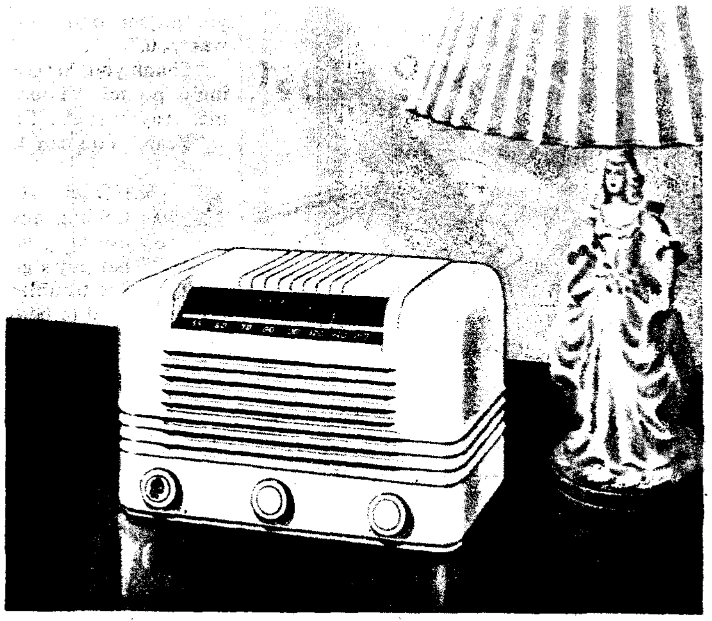

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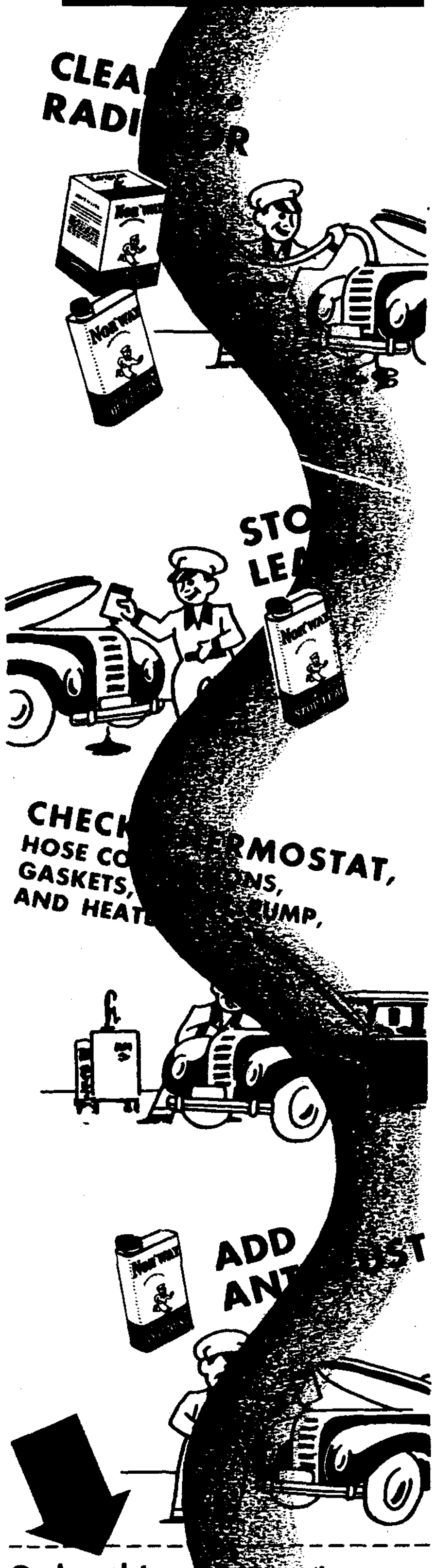

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wood. He dipped into his coat pocket and produced a tobacco pouch and a pipe. He filled the pipe and lighted it.

"First of all," he said blandly, "I haven't the faintest shred of an alibi. When Mathews asked for a lift, several of his friends offered. I was apart from the group, but I insisted on driving him. Reason? I was bored. I dislike stuffed shirts, especially when they've been drinking. Mathews wasn't too happy about accepting a favor from me, but apparently I forced his hand.

"I drove him home. Except for a downstairs light and two lighted windows upstairs, the house was dark. I didn't see anybody. I had plenty of opportunity to do anything I wanted to do. What actually happened was that Mathews thanked me, got out of the car, and started toward his front door. I drove off."

"Where to?"

Kinkaid smiled. "This is another part of my story that should make you happy, Sergeant. I figured I didn't want any part of the dance at the club. So I started for Valley View Lodge. I feel more at home there."

"So I've heard."

"But just before I got there, I changed my mind. I decided to go back to the club, after all. So I did. I can't prove any of this. If I had killed Mathews, I'd have had plenty of time to get rid of the gun."

"How did you know he had been shot?"

"Well, spreading unpleasant news seems to be a Cherokee habit. Besides, the dumb cop you sent to bring me here told me the whole story. He also told Cummings and Innes. I could see that things might look bad for me, except that I can't figure why I would have killed him. Maybe you know."

Peterson said, "You're playing it cute, ain't you? Smart slicker making a monkey out of a small-town cop. I bet you feel good. And I bet you ain't gonna keep on feeling that way long."

"Why, Sergeant! That sounds like a threat. Don't tell me you're thinking of taking me downtown and giving me a working over."

Scott Henderson was watching closely. He was thoroughly angry. He hated Kinkaid's arrogance, his soft-voiced coarseness. Scott was wondering about Kinkaid and Gail Barrie. He didn't say anything because this was his turn to keep quiet. But there seemed to be something unsaid. Kinkaid's tactics had saved him from a grilling. Kinkaid was smart. Scott wondered whether Peterson was keen enough to size him up correctly.

Peterson said, "I'm not making any charge against you, feller. But I'm busting with ideas. You got over to the Treadway house mighty quick the night Doris Treadway was killed. You had a neat chance tonight, provided you wanted to do anything. I got a feeling the two killings are tied up. I figure you in 'em some way. I'd watch my step if I was you."

"Thank you, Sergeant." Kinkaid was scathingly polite. "Your solicitude overwhelms me. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Yeah. You can scram."

KINKAID left. His exit was superb. If he was holding anything back—if he had any worries—he gave no sign. Bernie whispered, "That guy's good," and Scott nodded. That was the trouble: Kinkaid was *too* good. Bernie seemed to be thinking the same thing. He said, "Someday that guy will outsmart himself."

Two of Peterson's men came in and reported that they still hadn't found the gun, and that they hadn't located any shell. It didn't mean a thing except that if there wasn't a shell, Mathews had probably been killed with a revolver, not an automatic. Nothing much to go on there. Bernie left with Peterson. Scott Henderson went upstairs.

He knocked on the door of Gail's room. She opened the door. He could see that she'd been crying. He held her in his arms for a minute, and kissed her.

She didn't protest as he took her hand and led her through the downstairs hall and out onto the veranda. But when he started down the steps toward his car, she held back. She said, "Where are you taking me?"

"In my car. We're going for a little ride."

"No."

"Yes. I've got to talk to you. We can't talk here. Not the way I want to talk. Not after what's just happened."

She didn't argue. He helped her into the car and noticed that she sat as far from him as the width of the seat permitted. He stepped on the starter, slipped into gear, and drove slowly toward The Ridge.

The night was clear and hot. Pines stood motionless along the road, oak trees whispered in the gentle breeze. There were a million stars and a brilliant moon. Sections of the road which were not shaded by trees were as bright as day.

Gail was silent; and so, for a long time, was Scott. He didn't speak until they were on the crest of The Ridge, woodland on their right and the valley spread out below them on their left. His voice was as steady as he could make it:

"I'm going to say something, sweetheart. Before I say it, I want you to remember that I love you. No matter what has happened or why, no matter what happens in the future, I love you.... Nobody will ever quite understand what Fletcher Mathews meant to me. I won't even try to tell you. But I want you to know that he meant this much: I intend to find out who killed him. I'm going to see that his murderer is punished. I don't know who is going to get hurt, but no matter who it is—*no matter who,* Gail—I'm going to follow through. Do you understand?"

She said quietly, "You're talking about me, aren't you, Scott?"

"I hope not. I don't know."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I'm not just trying, Gail. I'm saying it. Even if it were *you.*"

Her body was rigid. Her right hand was clenched, pressed hard against her lips. She looked small and lonely and helpless. And terrified.

SCOTT understood—or thought he understood—what she was going through. He swung the car off the road into a little glade shadowed by oak trees. It was dark there. Only a tiny trace of moonlight filtered through the leaves. He cut off the motor and the lights. He said, "Don't hold it back, Gail. Crying will do you good."

Still she said nothing. There was so much about her that he didn't know and didn't understand. There was nothing he could do, nothing she would let him do.

She lowered her hand from her lips. She spoke, and he knew she was making a brave effort to keep from cracking up. She said, in a voice scarcely more than a whisper, "I didn't kill Doris or Mr. Mathews. A little while ago," she went on, "you said that no matter what happened, you loved me. I'm saying the same thing. I love you. I'll always love you. Try to remember that."

He nodded. "It isn't easy, is it? I've never been up against anything like it. I've never been hit so hard or been so confused. That's one reason I've got to be frank."

He hesitated briefly before continuing. "You're right in the middle of this, darling. I haven't any idea how or why. If you'd only trust me."

As though driven by a common impulse, they turned and faced each other. Then his arms went around her, tight. All the grief and fear she had been struggling to hold back boiled over.

The storm ended as suddenly as it had begun. She spoke from the shelter of his arms, without looking at him. She said, "I want to tell you everything. But I can't."

"But you can, dearest. I'm sure you know who killed Doris. I know where you must have got that bruise on your arm. There couldn't be any reason strong enough for you to keep it to yourself. If you don't want to trust me, then tell someone else. It doesn't matter who." He fumbled for another angle. "Surely," he said unhappily, "you don't deny having seen someone that night at Doris', do you?"

"I don't deny it, Scott. I don't admit it, either."

He was overwhelmed by a feeling of utter futility. He said, "I love you so much and understand you so little. I know you're not thinking straight. There isn't anything bigger or stronger than murder. There isn't anything that could justify your keeping to yourself whatever it is you know. If you're afraid..."

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She said, with quiet dignity, "I'm not afraid, Scott. Not for myself."

"Then who?"

Her voice trembled. "You!"

"Me?" He laughed. "Forget it, sweetheart. That doesn't even make sense."

"It makes more sense than you think." Her tone grew urgent. "Please, Scott, please—keep out of this."

Henderson said roughly, "That louse Kinkaid is mixed up in this. He's got some sort of a hold over you. That night at Valley View Lodge . . ."

She moved away from him, to the far side of the seat. She said pleadingly, "Don't push me any more, Scott. If I could tell anybody, I'd tell you. But I can't. If I told you any more, you'd try to help. And you can't help. You'd only make things worse."

"Worse than what has happened already?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes." Her sincerity almost convinced him. "Worse than anything that has happened. What's done can't be undone. I can only try to keep other things from happening. Nothing can bring back Mr. Mathews or Doris."

Neither of them heard the purring of a motor as another car poked out of the woods a few hundred yards south of them, and turned into the main road. They didn't hear it, and they didn't see it.

The second car crept along the broad concrete road without lights. The moonlight was brilliant. The car approached the spot where Scott was parked.

Suddenly the silence of the night was split by a sharp report, and then another. Two tiny orange flames spat out of the darkness. One bullet smacked into the body of Henderson's car. Another drilled a hole in a window.

The second car leaped ahead. It raced into the night and around a curve.

Scott and Gail heard the two shots. They felt the impact of the bullets. For a few seconds there was no sense of reality, no grasping of the thought that someone had been shooting at them.

Then Scott ripped open the door and looked down the road just in time to see a car without lights disappearing into the night. He jumped back into his car and started his motor. He slammed his gear into reverse and backed into the road, turning in the direction the other car had taken.

Gail said tensely, "No, Scott . . . *No!*"

He shifted into second. Into high. He knew he'd never catch the other car. It had too great a lead and there were too many roads branching off through Brookside. He hadn't even seen the car clearly. He didn't know whether it was a sedan, a coupé, or a convertible. But he jammed his foot down on the accelerator. Gail's voice came to him, "Please, Scott . . . No!"

"What does that mean?"

"I don't want you to catch up to whoever it was."

"Why not?"

"Please listen, Scott, please. That person tried to kill you."

He drove faster and faster, taking desperate chances. Then the significance of what Gail had said struck him. He spoke without taking his eyes from the road.

"Why did you say he was shooting at *me*, Gail?"

"It was . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"He shot at the car," Scott argued insistently. "What makes you think he wasn't shooting at *you?*"

"I'm positive he wasn't."

SCOTT knew he wouldn't catch the other car. He knew, too, that what Gail was saying was more important. He slowed down. He looked at her.

He had never seen such terror on anyone's face. Her eyes were big and round; she was trembling violently. He said, "You've got to explain that."

"I can't explain. I'll only say it's what I've been afraid of. It's because you're trying to find out things."

"Was that the man who killed Doris and Mathews?"

"I don't know. I—I . . ."

"You know, all right. Or at least, you've got a pretty good idea. Who was it? Tell me, Gail! Who was it? Who did you see at Doris' house the night she was killed? Who put that bruise on your arm?"

She was trying to hold herself in, trying to control the fear that showed in every word, every gesture.

She said, "If anything happened to you, Scott, I couldn't stand it." She shook her head. "You're making things so much worse—so terribly much worse. And I'm so afraid, for you."

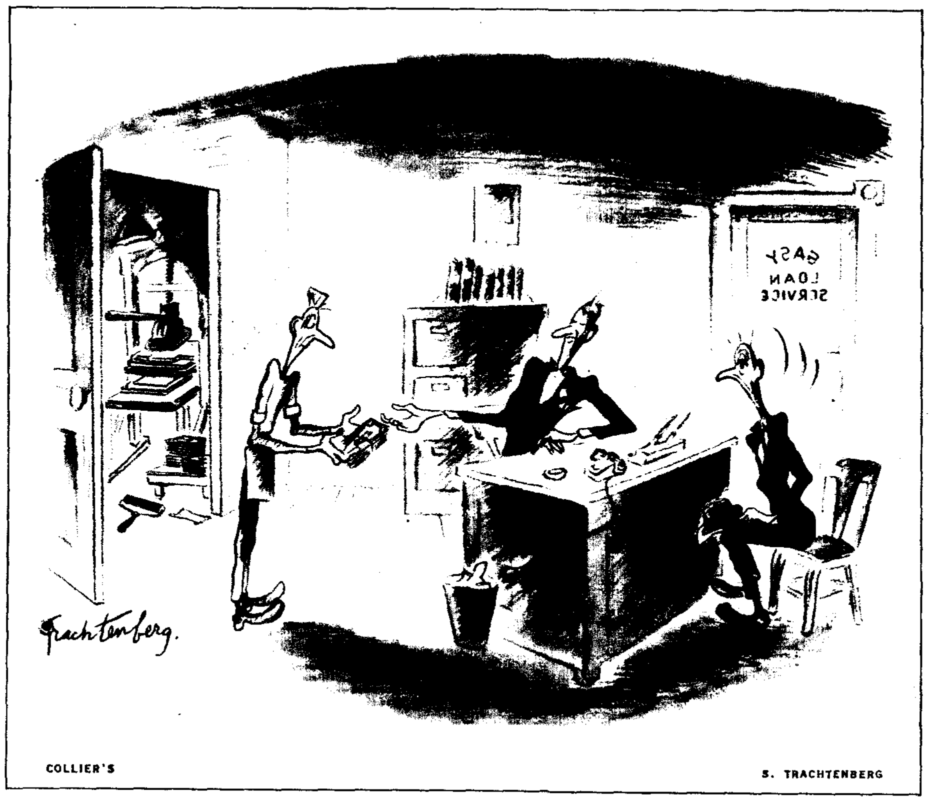
They pulled up before the Mathews house. He got out and held the door for her. He was badly shaken, and very angry. He said, "I'm not stopping with this, Gail. You understand that, don't you?"

"I understand." She stood looking up at him. Then she said, "I'm not stopping either, Scott."

He said, "What do you mean?"

"You're forcing me, Scott. You're forcing me to do something I don't want to do." She looked tiny and frightened. "Maybe someday you'll understand that I'm doing it to save you." . . .

The next morning was gloomy and miserable and wet. The hilly, curving streets of Brookside were washed with rivulets of dirty gray water. The lawns and gardens were soaked. Water hazards on the Country Club golf course became lakes and small rivers. The crest of The Ridge was capped with low stratus clouds. The downtown section of Cherokee was depressing; the streets were



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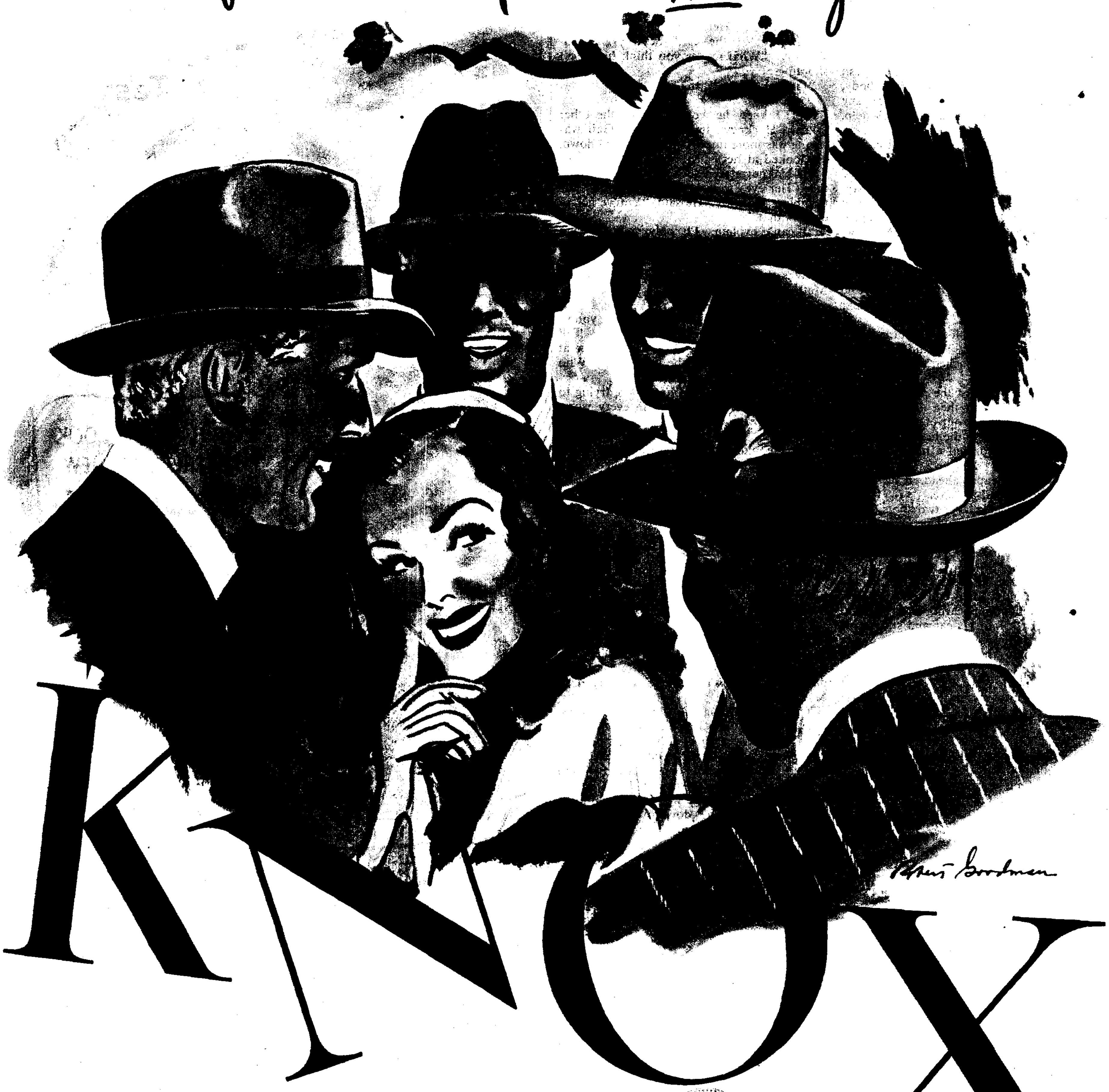

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shiny and black. On this black and dismal day, Fletcher Mathews was brought back to his home.

The inquest was quick and simple. Bernie Williams talked to Scott briefly on the telephone. He said that Mathews had been killed with a .25-caliber revolver. The technicians at the police laboratory said that the bullet had been fired from a revolver. Scott didn't ask how they reached that conclusion. He didn't care. The thought struck him that Doris Treadway had been killed with a .25-caliber gun. Not the same gun, of course, because the police were holding that. But it seemed that the killer liked little guns. Anybody could use a .25-caliber gun.

It was the sort of gun a woman would use.

TIME dragged slowly on Sunday. People were considerate, and eager to help. Businessmen speculated among themselves about the terms of Mathews' will. Mathews, Henderson & Company was the state's most important private banking firm. If things developed as expected, Scott Henderson would automatically become a powerful figure in the financial life of the city.

But Scott wasn't concerned about that. His thoughts were first of Barbara, and second of Gail Barrie.

Barbara rallied more quickly than Gail. She had been hit hard, but she was taking it beautifully. It was Gail who seemed stunned, Gail who needed help.

After the funeral, Scott and the two girls sat around all afternoon and all evening and talked. They tried to snap themselves out of it because they realized that this was the beginning of something. They didn't talk about the man who had left them.

Scott went home about eleven o'clock. He felt completely sunk. He undressed, put on a robe, turned out the lights and pulled a chair up to the window. He sat staring out across the stanch industrial city, the city which Fletcher Mathews had helped to build. He felt more alone than he had ever felt in his life.

On Tuesday morning he went to his office in the Cherokee National Bank Building. This was another step he had dreaded. The office help were all there: clerks, accountants, salesmen, financial experts, secretaries, bookkeepers, office boys. Their faces showed what they felt. Grief, and curiosity.

David Gardel of Gardel & Landsberg, the firm's lawyers, dropped in shortly before noon. He told Scott about the will. He said that Scott now owned forty per cent of the stock of Mathews, Henderson & Company, and that he had been placed in complete control. The firm—which now meant Scott Henderson—had been named as executor. Sixty per cent of the profits were to be given to Barbara. Scott, as an individual, was designated her guardian until she should reach the age of twenty-five. Gardel said that Mathews had left a lot of money; that the estate would be huge, even after deduction of taxes. He said Barbara was perhaps the wealthiest young woman in Cherokee. He said he'd be standing by if his help or advice should be needed. He got up and put his hand affectionately on Scott's shoulder. He said, "I know how you're feeling. We all feel that way. But you've got a job to do. Start doing it as soon as you can."

It wasn't easy. Routine business seemed absurdly unimportant. But there were things that had to be done. It wasn't until late afternoon that an odd thought came to Scott Henderson. It was then that he remembered the terms of the trust agreement and the will left by Major Barrie. Mathews, Henderson & Company were the trustees and executors. Today that meant Scott. It meant that, at least until Gail Barrie's twenty-first birthday on the seventh of September, he had complete charge of her affairs.

Tuesday night was less difficult than the previous night had been. The girls were trying hard to get back on their feet. Wednesday was still better, and from then on, the trend was in the right direction. The first shock was wearing off.

Barbara's courage was magnificent. Within a week she was back at her Red Cross job. Occasionally she dragged Gail with her. Both had sense enough to know that anything was better than staying in the house, brooding. And Scott's work at the office increased. He was probing into matters that had always been in the hands of Fletcher Mathews.

More and more, as the days dragged by, Scott's thoughts focused on the subject of murder. The police had accomplished nothing—no gun had been found, no arrest had been made. As far as Scott knew, nobody but Peterson thought of Gail in connection with Mathews' death, and no public mention had been made of Tony Kinkaid. Kinkaid's story advertised the fact that he had had the opportunity, but no one could figure a motive. Chris Peterson couldn't find a shred of evidence against Kinkaid, and he was too shrewd a policeman to make an arrest unless he was reasonably sure he could make it stick.

Ten days after Mathews' death, Bernie Williams dropped in to Scott's office in the late afternoon. He closed the door behind him, dropped his huge, muscular bulk into a chair, and lighted a cigarette. He said, "I figured it was about time you'd be wanting to talk to me, Scott."

Henderson nodded gratefully. "You're right, Bernie. I've been wondering whether they've got hold of anything that I don't know."

Bernie shook his head. "Not a toothpick. But Peterson isn't letting up."

SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES

When clothes come back all
cleaned and pressed,
I am no longer much distressed
To find, undimmed, a spot whose
size
And place I plainly recognize.

But though I am a patient man
And stand as much as any can,
I rage and curse at cleaners who
Return my clothes with spots
quite new.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"You still working with him?"

"Yeah." Bernie came to the point. "He still thinks Kinkaid and Gail Barrie know a lot. So far he hasn't been able to find anything that looks like proof."

"What do you know about Kinkaid?"

"Not much more than you do. We checked on him, of course. He seems to be a bad apple, but you can't prove it. He holds a new job every couple of years. The gals go for him hot and heavy, but that's no news to you. He has belonged to good clubs wherever he's lived, which is a lot of places. And he seems always to have had friends in what you nice, respectable mugs call 'the underworld.' "

"What does that add up to?"

"Nothing. Lots of guys get a kick out of that. They like to take friends into dives and introduce 'em around. You know: 'Meet my friend, Bloodygut Louie.' Makes 'em feel tough. All I know for sure about Kinkaid is that I think he's smoother than fresh butter. The way he shoved it into Chris Peterson the night Mr. Mathews was killed was smarter than you know. He got Chris sore, but he also made it look like he wasn't worried."

"If that's true," said Scott carefully, "what is Chris really thinking?"

"You want it straight?"

"Yes."

"Gail Barrie."

"That's ridiculous. What possible motive—"

"Chris is trying to figure that one. So far there ain't any answer. A good-looking gal with a million bucks! Brother, why would she ever want to do anything except go shopping? It's got him stumped. But I'm afraid he'll work something out sooner or later."

"What do you mean, 'afraid'?"

"Look, kid. In high school I wasn't too bright. But on this job, I'm a long way from a dope. I think what Chris thinks, that there's some tie-up between Kinkaid and Miss Barrie. And whatever it is, it's still on."

Henderson frowned. "Mind explaining that?"

"She's seen him three or four times recently. Twice, when she was downtown, they just happened to meet. Once, and maybe twice, he's been at the house."

"How do you know all this?"

"Hell, Scott, act your age. Cherokee ain't the sticks. We got a good police force. Ever since Mathews was killed, we've kept an eye on Kinkaid and Gail Barrie. Chris knows about that night at Valley View, for instance—the night you and Barbara were so surprised to see Kinkaid out there with Gail."

"Where did he get that?"

"Lots of people saw you."

Scott said slowly, "You're positive about Gail having been with Kinkaid several times recently?"

"It's right out of the feed box. What do *you* make of it?"

"Nothing. That's on the level, Bernie. I'm taking your word for what's happened since Mr. Mathews was killed. I know something of what went on before that. I can't figure any of it. But one thing I'd bet on: Gail hates Tony Kinkaid."

"I got that hunch, too, Scott. Which ain't so good. If Gail had fallen for him, it'd be simple. This idea makes a guy try to figure another angle. Except when I finish thinking, I'm always back where I started. The way the problem sets up is that you're trying to prove Kinkaid's making a play for Gail, because he'd like to grab himself a husband's slice of that dough. Only this comes out different. Somebody is awful dumb, and it ain't Tony Kinkaid."

Scott spoke without looking directly at his friend. "You understand that I'm really in love with Gail Barrie, don't you, Bernie?"

"Yes."

"But you believe if I turned up anything that connected her with Fletcher Mathews' death . . . that I wouldn't let my feelings hamstring me?"

Bernie grinned. "Let's have it, Scott. It's been on your mind ever since we started talking."

Scott said, "Several nights ago I went riding with Gail. We parked under the trees on The Ridge. Somebody took a couple of shots at us."

Bernie grew serious instantly. "You took your time about telling me. Let's have the whole story."

HENDERSON told him in the simplest way possible. "I didn't even see the car until it had almost disappeared. The moon was bright and the headlights were off, which meant the taillight was off, too, so there wasn't a chance of seeing the license number."

"What kind of car?"

"I can't answer that, either. It happened suddenly, and I didn't have time to think of details."

Bernie was silent for a while. Then he said, "Chris will be interested in this. He thinks Gail is in the middle of it. Now if somebody is trying to knock her off . . ."

Scott felt uncomfortable. He said, "That's the queerest part of the whole thing, Bernie. I'm not sure anybody was."

"You mean they were just shooting to scare you?"

"No. I have an idea they were trying to get *me*."

Bernie leaned forward earnestly. He said, "Give, brother."

"At first I was scared. Then I got mad. I started after the guy. There wasn't a chance. But while I was driving I talked to Gail."

"How did she take it?"

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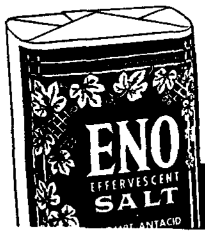

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"Bernie, I've never seen anybody so utterly terrified. She was as close to hysteria as a girl can be and not go over the edge. She was too frightened to choose her words carefully. And she said, two or three times, 'They were shooting at you.' "

Bernie frowned. "Just you, huh? Not her, too."

"No. I thought that might be important."

"You're damn' right it might. How's it add up to you?"

"Lousy," confessed Scott miserably. "I was pretty close to Doris' murder. Fletcher Mathews' death hit me harder than I've ever been hit before. I've said a dozen times that I intended to do everything I could to find the person responsible and to see that he got what was coming to him. That could be a good motive for wanting me out of the way, couldn't it?"

"Plenty good. You've even got me scared, kid. You're too good a guy to get popped full of lead." He drummed thoughtfully on the desk top. "You say Gail was scared?"

"Yes."

"But not about herself. She made you believe that she knew who was shooting at you."

"She begged me to keep out of it. She intimated that she'd been afraid there would be trouble. She let me understand that this wasn't the end."

Bernie sat silent for a moment.

"You got a gun?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Carry it. I ain't kidding. A gun can be handy sometimes." Bernie lighted one of Scott's cigarettes. "What gets me is how she could be sure it was you they were after."

"It gets me, too."

Bernie said, "Let me stew over it for a while. I'll want to take a look at your car. It probably won't tell me anything, but there's no harm looking. I'll be getting in touch with you."

He started to get up. He had just stretched out his big hand toward Scott when the door opened.

GAIL stood in the doorway. Bernie was amazed to see how white and drawn she looked. In the glance that she flashed at Henderson there was a betrayal of the terror Scott had just described. It was unmistakable. She hesitated when she saw Bernie. Then she said, "I'd rather wait until I can see you alone, Scott. It's very important."

Bernie moved toward the door. "I gotta be goin'. 'By, Scott. Evenin', Miss Barrie."

She looked after his huge figure thoughtfully. Then she sat down across the desk from Scott.

Twice she started to speak. Twice she changed her mind. He leaned across the desk and said, "Look, honey, don't try to pick the right words. Let's have it—whatever it is."

"Thanks. But it still isn't easy." She looked past his shoulder and through the window. "Did Mr. Mathews ever discuss Dad's estate with you?"

"No-o—except in the most general way."

"Did he ever tell you about something I am planning to do, something he thought was ridiculous?"

"No."

She seemed to be disappointed. "Then I'll have to start at the beginning."

"Sounds like a good idea."

"I'll be twenty-one on the seventh of September, Scott. Until then you will be acting as executor and trustee. But the day I'm twenty-one, everything belongs to me outright, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm asking you what I asked Mr. Mathews a long time ago. On my birthday, or as soon after as possible, I want the entire estate converted into cash and turned over to me."

Henderson blinked. He said, "Let's have that again."

She repeated it. He said, "Are you crazy? Do you know how much you're worth, Gail?"

"Mr. Mathews said it would be approximately a million dollars."

"And you want one million dollars in cash?"

"Yes."

He said, "I never heard of anything so absurd. What in the world could anybody want with that much currency?"

"That's how I want it, Scott. I know you can't convert it all into cash immediately. But Mr. Mathews said Dad's holdings were liquid; that they could be converted into cash quite simply. He promised some time ago to start doing it."

Henderson backed against the window. He said, "That's the most cock-eyed thing . . ."

She didn't say anything, and he went on slowly: "I've been looking things over these last few days. Mr. Mathews evidently *had* started converting your securities into cash. I couldn't figure why. I still can't. What's it all about?"

"Don't make it difficult for me, Scott. I've been over the legal side of it with your lawyers. Mr. Mathews had them here one day to talk to me. Legally, I can do whatever I choose with my money. I can make a bonfire of it if I want."

"But one million dollars in cold cash!"

"I know. I couldn't use it to buy things with." She smiled timidly and shook her head. "I don't mean you're to hand it to me in a package, Scott. But I want it deposited in my name. I want the bank notified that within a very short time I'll make large withdrawals against it."

SCOTT lighted a cigarette and puffed furiously. Then he asked, "Didn't Mr. Mathews try to argue you out of this?"

"Yes."

"And when you wouldn't give in?"

"He said he'd do what I wanted, that he had no choice. You haven't any choice, either, Scott."

He let that ride. Too many thoughts were crowding into his mind. He said, "What do you want with all that cash?"

"I can't tell you. But please believe me. I'm not as crazy as I sound. It's all part of things I can't explain to you. But that isn't the point. What I'm driving at is that as soon as I'm twenty-one, that money is mine. I can do anything I want with it. Nobody has a right to insist on knowing why."

"That's true. Except maybe I have more right than anyone else would have."

She said, "Let's not play that way, Scott. I came to your office because I wanted to keep this one thing businesslike, impersonal. I wanted to tell you, and then to ask you not to mention it again."

He said sharply: "Is it Tony Kinkaid?"

"I can't answer that."

"You know if he ever got his hands on your money— Damn it, Gail! What's that man *got* on you? What's the answer to all this? Why can't you trust me? Don't you know I want to help? Can't you understand what's going on in my mind?"

She made a little gesture of helplessness. "All my talking didn't do any good, did it?"

She rose from her chair. She came over to the window and stood close to him. But she didn't touch him. She said pleadingly, "Do what I'm asking, Scott, please. Don't keep asking questions that I'm not going to answer. There are a lot of things you don't understand. Keep away from them. Let me alone." She was talking swiftly, desperately. "Stay out of it. It's no good for either of us. If anything ever happened to you—"

He said, with calculated brutality, "Something almost did, the other night."

Her cheeks got white. "Maybe that's what I had in mind."

He made no effort to be gentle. He said, "They were trying to kill me, weren't they, Gail?"

"Yes." Her voice was heavy with fear. "I'm sure of it."

"Maybe it was you they were after."

"You're trying to corner me, Scott. It won't work. You accuse me of being afraid. All right, I am. But I'm repeating that it's fear for you, not for myself."

He said, "Nothing's going to happen to me. And what might happen to other people has already happened. I don't know why you want to do this crazy thing with your money, but I can guess. So I'll ask once more. Are you in love with Tony Kinkaid?"

Her eyes met his levelly. "You want to believe I am, don't you, Scott? You want to believe it because once you do, it will make other things plausible. All right, go ahead and believe it. Maybe thinking a few rotten things about me will help you."

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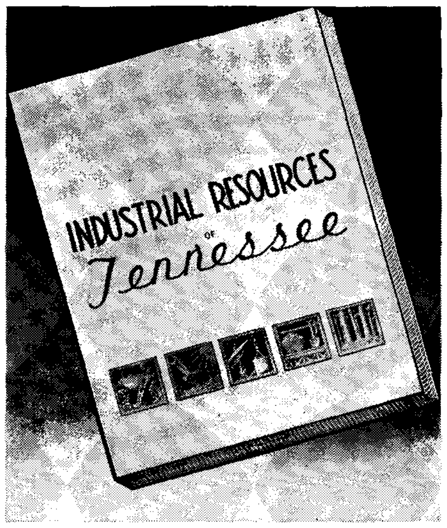

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Scott said, "I suppose you know the police are still interested in you."

Gail nodded, and looked at him steadily. "You could tell them about this talk, couldn't you?" she said. "That would make them sure of a lot of things that still wouldn't be true. It could cause a lot more misery."

"To whom?"

"To me, for one. To you." She sighed. "I can't stop you, Scott, if that's the way you want to play it. You can't make me tell you anything, no matter what you do. I've been over all of this with Mr. Mathews. You couldn't think up any argument that he didn't offer. We could talk all night and I'd still feel the same way. I suppose you would, too."

He sat tensely, waiting for her to go on.

"Because you don't understand everything, Scott, you won't concede a single point. I'm young, but I'm not that young. I know what I want to do, and I'm going to do it."

Suddenly she started to cry. She said, "Why does it have to be this way? We're making a mess of everything."

He was badly shaken. "Knowing only what I know," he said steadily, "I've got to play it my way."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm going to make it as difficult as I possibly can. I'm going to help you whether you want me to or not."

His words seemed to frighten her. She exclaimed, "Scott! You can't! You mustn't!"

"That's how it's going to be, Gail," Scott told her.

She turned wearily toward the door. She said, "I was afraid of this. I was more afraid of it than almost anything else that could have happened."

She looked at him for a long time. Then she said, "Let's leave all this in the office—if we can. But before we drop it, I've got this to say: I still want my inheritance converted into cash as soon as possible."

She turned abruptly. She walked through the outer office, past the rows of empty desks, and through the door into the hallway.

Scott Henderson stood rigidly, looking at the ground-glass panel which bore the legend: MATHEWS, HENDERSON & COMPANY —INVESTMENT BANKERS.

"Damn!" he exploded. "This is a thousand times worse than I thought it was."

For Scott Henderson the next forty-eight hours were maddening. He held endless consultations with Gardel & Landsberg, the firm's lawyers. He worried about everything; but most of all, he worried about Gail Barrie.

Worrying about Gail was easy. She was the perfect contradiction: the sweet, unsophisticated girl just out of high school; the intelligent, mature woman who knew all the answers; the trembling, frightened girl who was very much in love and didn't bother to conceal it when she was alone with him. He loved her, and he was furious with her.

She had demanded that he help her do something fantastic. One million dollars in cash! Not all in one lump, perhaps, but as soon as possible. That could mean only one thing: She was planning to transfer her fortune to someone. . . .

The police weren't getting anywhere. Scott was even a little sorry for Chris Peterson. He didn't like the man, but he agreed with Bernie Williams that Chris was a good cop trying to do a good job. He wished him luck, too. His desire to see the murderer of Fletcher Mathews caught and punished was greater than any other emotion. Greater even than his love for Gail.

PETERSON was not clairvoyant. All he could do was investigate patiently and tirelessly. When he had enough facts, when they fitted neatly into a pattern, he'd make an arrest. Scott believed that if he told Peterson everything he knew, Gail would be the victim.

He was willing to risk that. But only provided he could be convinced that she was the guilty person. So far he didn't have any such belief. She knew things about Doris' death that she wasn't telling; she'd had all the opportunity in the world to kill Fletcher Mathews. Mathews might even have had a talk with Gail when he returned suddenly from Washington. But that was guesswork. It couldn't be proved, except by Gail. Leander and Jessie had gone to the servants' house. Barbara had been out with her lieutenant. And the vital element of motive was still lacking.

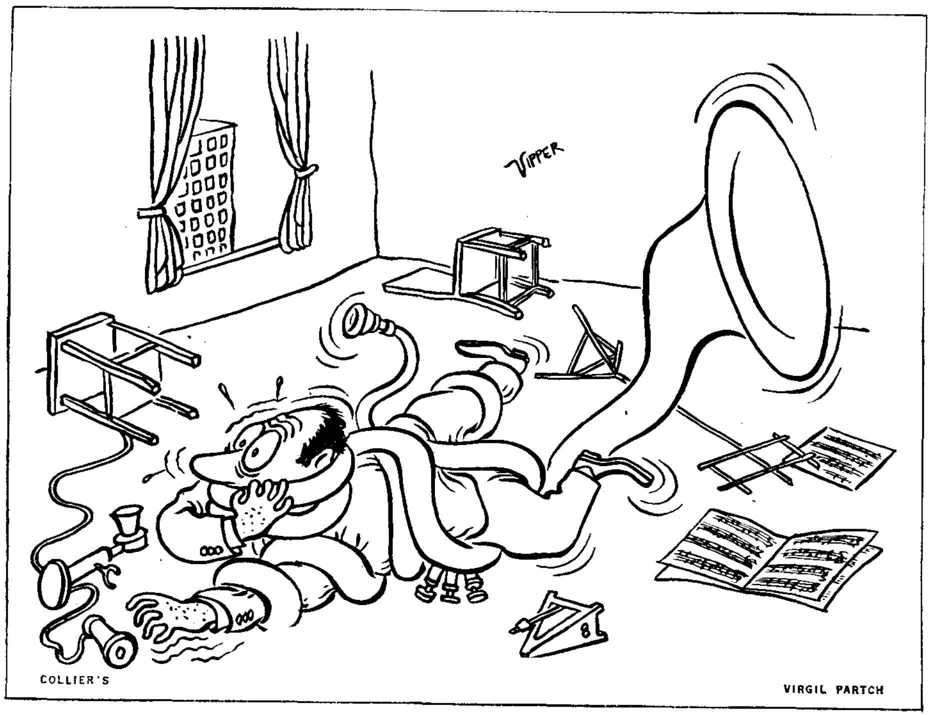
Or was it? Suppose Mathews had refused outright to become party to Gail's absurd insistence upon converting her fortune into cash? Scott shook his head. That didn't come out right, either. Inspection of the Barrie estate file showed that Mathews already had started the ball rolling. More than one hundred thousand dollars worth of liquid securities already had been sold and the money deposited to the credit of Gail's account in the Cherokee National.

So Scott didn't have any motive there, either. He didn't have anything.

There seemed to be only one other possible answer: that Gail actually was in love with, and under the influence of, Tony Kinkaid. Kinkaid might have dished up a yarn of imaginary trouble which had aroused her sympathy—provided she were in love with Kinkaid.

Proceeding from that basis, the conclusion was easy enough. Perhaps Kinkaid had killed Doris Treadway. There seemed to be no motive, but for a moment he forced himself to ignore motives. Gail might have known what Kinkaid had in mind. Her trip to Doris' house could have been to forestall the killing. When she arrived too late to prevent the murder, but not too late to identify Kinkaid, her love might have made her protect him.

And on the night of Mathews' death, it was Kinkaid who had driven Mathews from the Country Club to his home just a few minutes before the murder. That didn't look so good, either. Gail might have witnessed the shooting, or have drawn automatic conclu-



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sions. Having protected Kinkaid once, she could have protected him a second time.

And then there was the shooting episode on The Ridge. If there was any soundness to his reasoning, Kinkaid could have followed them, and could have attempted to kill him. If it were Kinkaid, then Gail's certainty that she had not been the target would be explained. Whether the man was actually in love with her or whether he had some sort of hold over her and was trying to get control of her money, it would add up to the same thing.

The fact that ever since that night Gail had been frankly terrorized gave him some small solace. That would indicate that her tie-up with Kinkaid was not one involving deep affection. But that was a forlorn presumption. It presented a greater problem. The important point was that Gail knew who had killed Doris Treadway and Fletcher Mathews, and also knew who had tried to kill Scott that night in the automobile. And the more he thought, the more certainly the answer seemed to be Kinkaid.

Logical. Sound reasoning. A lovely case against Tony Kinkaid, with Gail cast in the role of accessory. Everything fitted. It fitted so perfectly that Chris Peterson might swing into action if he knew it. But there were two flaws.

Scott could not make himself believe that Gail would play any active part in any murder, either before or after its commission.

And his instinct protested that she was not in love with Kinkaid.

If either of those beliefs were true, the theory washed out.

He didn't go to the house Tuesday or Wednesday nights. He telephoned and asked Jessie to tell the girls that he was too busy. That didn't sound like such a hot excuse, even to him. But Barbara might believe it, and Gail would understand.

ALL day Thursday he was unusually busy. A million little details crowded in on him, and shoved important things out of the way. The office force was working hard. At six-fifteen he shooed them out, despite their willingness to remain.

He walked into his private office. He didn't close the door between that and the main office. He dropped wearily into the club chair in which important clients usually sat, lay back and closed his eyes. Business facts, financial figures, personal problems, were all mixed up. They paraded through his mind without order or sequence.

The sharp ring of the telephone snapped him out of it. The voice of Barbara Mathews came to him, "Scott?"

"Hi, Barbara."

"Are you busy?"

"No."

"Can you come out here, right away?"

Something caught at him, frightened him. He said, "Anything wrong?"

"I don't know. But I want to talk to you."

"I'm on my way."

Barbara was waiting for him on the veranda. She was worried. She smiled when she greeted him, but it wasn't much of a smile. She didn't waste time. She said, "I might as well come straight out with it, Scott. Gail has gone."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me more," he said.

"She left here about an hour ago. I wasn't at home. Jessie saw her go out with a suitcase. She drove away in a car."

"Whose car?"

"Jessie doesn't know. She didn't pay any attention. She says it may have been a private car, or it may have been a taxi."

"Did Gail say anything?"

"No. Jessie says she was dressed for a trip. Suit. Hat. Nobody wears hats around here in summer unless they're going away."

"Have you looked upstairs?"

"For a letter of some sort? I've looked, Scott. In her room, my room, everywhere. Not a word. I thought maybe I'd get a phone call from her. That's why I didn't call you immediately."

"How has she been acting for the last couple of days?"

BARBARA answered carefully, "Kind of funny. Night before last, when she came from your office, she went to bed early. Said she had a headache. Steve Homer was here with me. After he left, I went upstairs. I heard Gail crying. I went into her room. She said she hadn't been crying, but that wasn't the truth. All day yesterday, all day today, she's walked around like someone in a daze. I tried to find out why, but she wouldn't tell me a thing. Did you two quarrel?"

He said slowly, "Not exactly. You couldn't call it a quarrel." He talked swiftly, telling Barbara everything that had happened in his office two days before. When he finished, she was staring at him.

"It gets crazier and crazier," she said. "I'm worried."

They didn't hear the telephone. Leander shoved through the screen door, beamed at Scott, and said, "Gen'leman on the phone ast was you heah, Mistuh Scott. I tol' him I'd find out. He says was you heah, he liked to talk with you."

Barbara followed him into the hall. Scott said, "Hello," and Bernie Williams' voice came to him through the receiver.

Bernie said, "Stick around a few minutes, will you, kid? I want to come out and talk something over."

The waiting was interminable. Gail walking off. Bernie asking no questions, simply announcing that he was on the way. No sense speculating about it, except that the two things were bound to be connected.

Bernie's car slammed to a stop at the curb. Bernie jumped up the steps to the veranda, said hello to Barbara, and looked around to make sure they were alone.

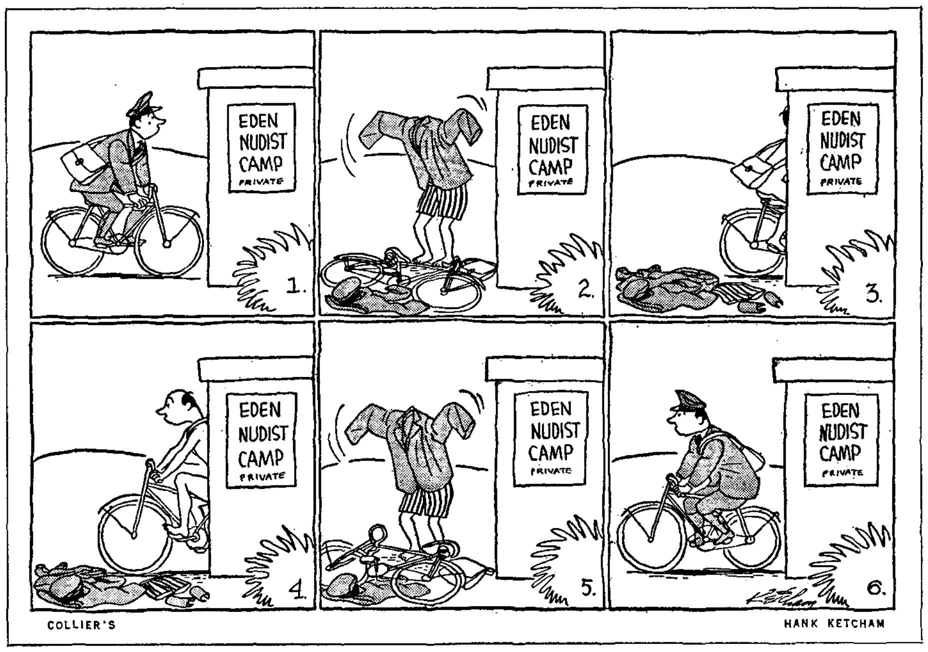
He said, "There's hell to pay."

Scott said, "Let's have it."

"Okay, kid." Bernie seemed to have difficulty getting started. Then he let fly.

"Gail Barrie and Tony Kinkaid are at the Cherokee Hotel," he said. "They got married an hour ago."

(To be continued next week)



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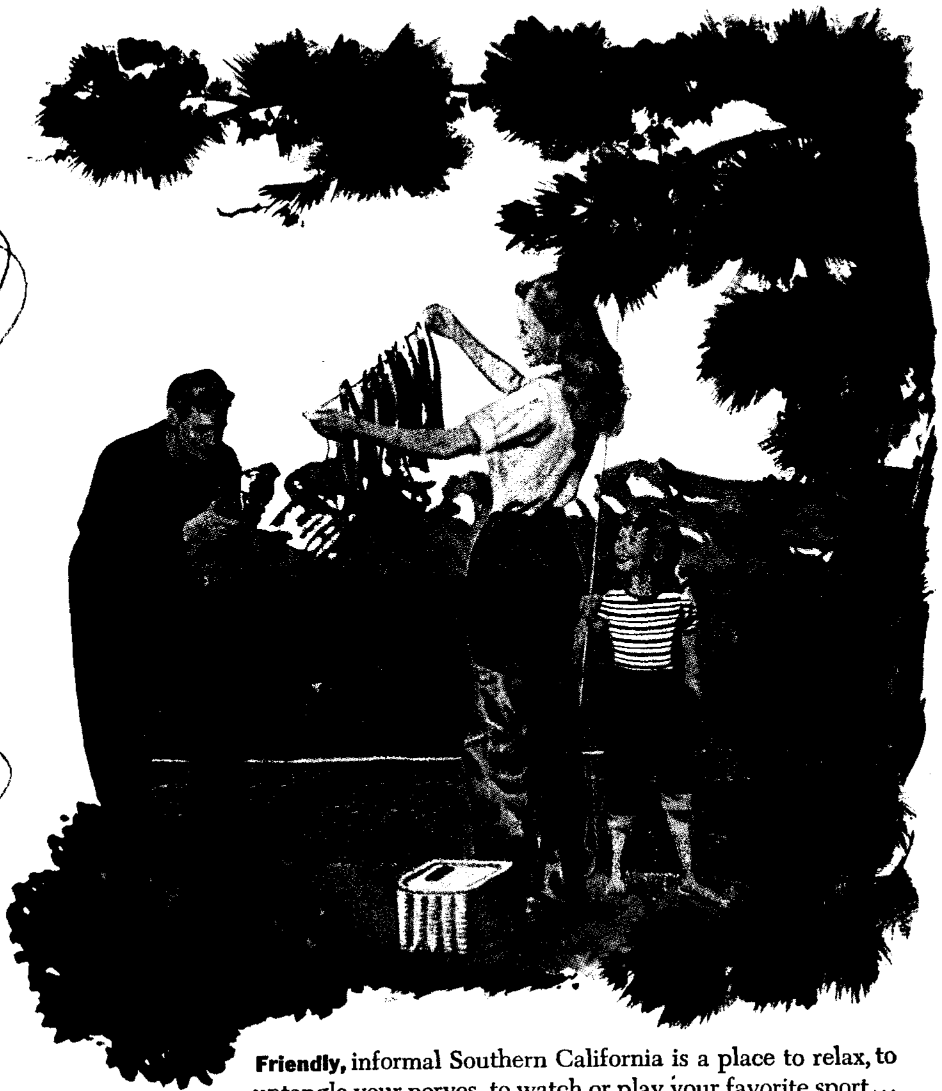

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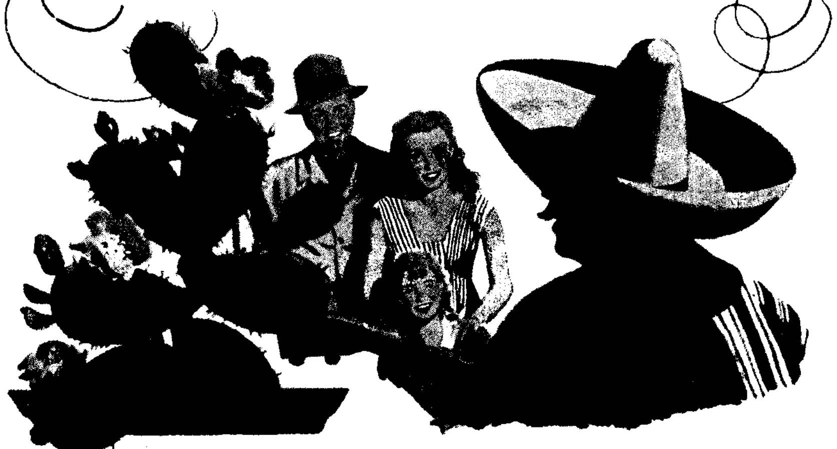

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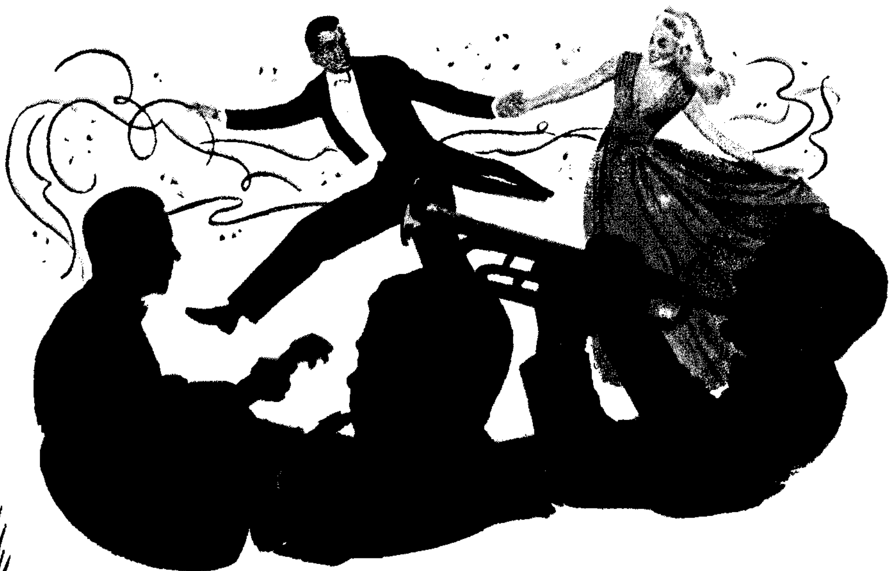

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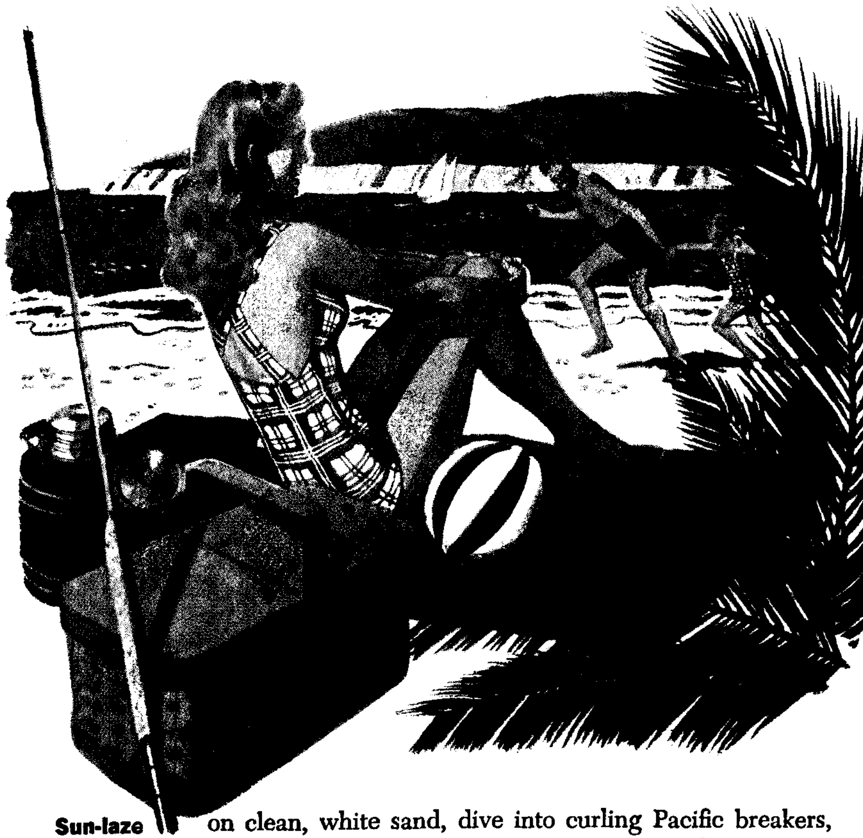

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PIPE TYPES . . . by Helen E. Hokinson

THE HESITATER. Whenever he goes visiting, he hesitates to light up his pipe because he thinks people might object. If he smoked Briggs, everyone would *beg* him to light up! What hearty fragrance . . . what mellowness . . . what rich tobacco! Whether you take a puff . . . or get a whiff . . . Briggs is great!

THE WORLD TRAVELER. Has picked up some strange pipes in the Orient and likes to demonstrate them. But when he wants to *enjoy* smoking, turns to his dependable old briar and Briggs. This grand tobacco is aged in oaken casks for years—*extra-aged* to bestow extra mildness, extra goodness. *You'll* like Briggs too!

Briggs
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Briggs

A LUXURY TOBACCO
AT A POPULAR PRICE

PRODUCT OF
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CO.

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

The Crooked Stick

Continued from page 36

Matthew Cooper himself had thundered out that the next man who wanted a loan would have to come to him personally and ask for it.

Stephen Hylinski, when they told him that, walked with determination into old Matthew Cooper's office and asked for a loan, and when Matt Cooper roared at him, "What for?" as stubbornly refused to answer. But Matt Cooper knew men, and a man who refused information while his eyes shifted from one spot to another was one thing and a man who looked at you steadily and refused information was another.

He sent for his niece and threw Stephen Hylinski's employment card across his desk to her. "This is your job. Find out why he wants that money. He's got a good reason. I can tell, but he's as stubborn as a mule."

Eleanor picked up his card and raised her eyebrows. "Midnight shift?"

"Well, what of it?" old Matt Cooper barked. "He's got a home, hasn't he? Get around there. Look the place over. Look his family over. Talk to his mother. See why he wants this money. He's been making sixty and eighty dollars a week. Lot of money for a young fellow. He ought to have some of it."

Eleanor said, "Ten years. . . ."

Her uncle bellowed, "What are you talking about?"

"He's been here ten years, and he's only twenty-six," she answered. "That means he was only sixteen when he came here. He's been here longer than I have."

ELEANOR hadn't been down on the old River Road since she was a child, and she hadn't remembered how poor and forlorn it was. She shivered as she left the car and went along the tight row of houses set above the road. They were expressionless houses, their windows empty and cold like the eyes of those whose minds are blank. She went along, slipping here and there on the ice, peering for a number. One of the windows opened suddenly.

"Who you lookin' for, lady?" a man called.

"Hylinski," she called back.

"Up around the bend," he said, and closed the window with a bang.

She made no effort to go back for her car, but walked on. Around the bend a group of children stopped their play and stared at her with round marble eyes. There was another row of houses exactly like the first one, and she stopped a woman coming toward her and asked which was the right one. The woman without a word indicated the second house from the end by a hunch of her shoulder, and then after Eleanor had walked on, called out, "Hey!"

Eleanor turned.

"You'll have to go around the back," the woman said. "We don't open up the front doors in winter on account of we hafta stuff paper in the door cracks."

Eleanor followed a hard-worn path around the end of the houses and snagged a good pair of nylons on a dead weed that hung across the path, and lost some of her concern for the occupants who had traveled that path all winter and hadn't removed that weed.

She had to pound hard on the door of the second house before it was opened, and then for a moment she was unable to speak because she felt completely lost. This, she thought, isn't America. It's Poland. She looked again. There was a kerchief around the woman's head, and her shoulders had the stoop that came from gleaning the fields after the reapers.

"Is this Hylinski's?" Eleanor asked, but the woman just stared. Eleanor could see beyond her into a small, dark kitchen that was almost filled by a big cookstove.

Eleanor said again. "Hylinski's?" And this time the woman answered, "Yah."

Eleanor took a deep breath and said, "Is your son at home?" and at the blankness of the woman's face said louder, "Your son. Stephen. Is he here?"

The woman said, *"Nie,"* and shut the door firmly.

Eleanor stared at the closed door for a moment, and then crossed the slippery bricks of the small yard and sat on a wash bench on which an empty tub had been upended. She was contemplating a pump in the center of the back yard, wrapped carefully in burlap against the weather, when a tall young man came around the opposite end of the row. He was neatly dressed but hatless, and his blond head seemed to have the golden gleam of spring which had been missing on River Road. She thought for a moment he was someone on an errand like herself, and then she saw a beginning of recognition of herself in his face, and she wondered in the moment that was left to her before he spoke how such a handsome man had come out of such a dark hole in the wall as the house she had seen. Then he said, "Good afternoon, Miss Dulaney. I didn't expect to meet you here."

"You're Stephen Hylinski, aren't you?" Eleanor asked. "I came to see you."

He looked hesitatingly at the door of the house as though he knew what had happened, as well as the reason for her being there. "My mother doesn't speak English," he explained, and Eleanor realized that her call was on a matter about which he did not want his mother to know, and that he was debating how much she would sense of what might be said between them, and was weighing it against any apparent rudeness on his part in letting her sit outside the house.

She said quickly, "I know. I— Suppose you sit down here with me a minute. I want to talk to you, and when there is a promise of spring in the air, I hate to go inside."

There was gratitude in his eyes as he dropped down beside her on the bench, and Eleanor said, "Let's come right to the point. You've been to the front office for money and we have to know why you want it. Can you tell me?"

He looked at her quietly for a moment, and Eleanor decided she liked his eyes. They were clear and steady. Then he looked away and Eleanor had a chance to study him. He was well-built and there was a vigorous quality about his shoulders. He gave the impression of great cleanliness, within and without.

He turned back to her abruptly. "I think I *can* tell you," he said. "I've been more than stupid, Miss Dulaney. I've gotten tangled up with some professional gamblers. I had lost half of what I had saved, which was what I had determined to risk in the beginning. I didn't learn from that though. I went back and lost the other half."

"And so," Eleanor said, "you'll know better the next time."

"And how! You can't beat a racket like that, but I had to find out the hard way. I was that dumb."

"I wouldn't worry about it," she said. "You've learned your lesson early, and if you're that wise at twenty-six, it is money well spent."

He laughed a bitter little laugh. "I'm that smart at twenty-five, Miss Dulaney. I'm a fake all the way through. I lied about my age to get in the mill. I had to. My father had just died. It was that or relief."

THERE seemed to be no answer to that. Eleanor couldn't say, "I admire you for that. I can remember what the depression was like even though I was safe and warm and well-fed. And I like you—for being straight and tall and strong, for being honest, when this is what you've come from." So she said, "You haven't told me why you need this money."

She saw him hesitate, and then he plunged into speech like a swimmer plunging into an icy stream, and Eleanor knew that what he was about to say was something that he would rather not tell. "Do you wonder, Miss Dulaney, why I'm not in the Army? I'm deferred. I have my mother and sister to care for until my sister is old enough to take over. Their needs are small and simple, and I . . ." He got up and paced the bricks before the bench. "I've got to be in there some way, Miss Dulaney. I'm putting half my salary each week in bonds. I know I sound like one of those sound trucks telling about Mrs. X from the Navy Yard, but it's all I could do. And I won't stop. I'll have to do without plenty to repay the old man—excuse me—Mr. Cooper. But I can do it."

He added in a rush of words like a small boy making a confession, "I gambled because I thought I could double what cash I had, and then it would be enough to take care of Mom and Mary until Mary's through school."

Eleanor said quietly, "If you go up to the front office tomorrow, they'll have your money ready for you."

She got quickly to her feet, and slipped on the damp surface of the bricks. Instantly his arm was under her elbow, and he said, "Steady, there," and smiled down at her.

Eleanor had seen admiration in too many men's eyes not to know what the little gleam was in Stephen Hylinski's. She said quickly and definitely, "You're a nice boy, Stephen. I admire you," and so established the difference in years between them.

He dropped her arm and said, "Thank you, Miss Dulaney," and she felt bad because she knew she had also established between them the distance between River Road and Elm Hill, where she lived.

He said courteously, "I imagine that was your car I saw down the road. I'll walk down with you."

Eleanor started back the way she had come, and as she came to the dead, frozen weed, Stephen stooped down and broke it off. "Most of us," he said, "use the path at the other end of the row. It's shorter. Though I don't know why we hunt the short way home."

All the way back to the mill Eleanor alternated between being glad that he was not the kind to step over something in his path and being annoyed with herself for thinking of him. But, she told herself, it justified her faith in him.

Her Uncle Matt bellowed at her, as she knew he would when she told him that Stephen Hylinski should have his loan, but she wouldn't tell him why he needed it. "Didn't you find out?" he demanded.

"Of course, I found out," she said, "but I'm not going to tell you. But I'll underwrite the loan."

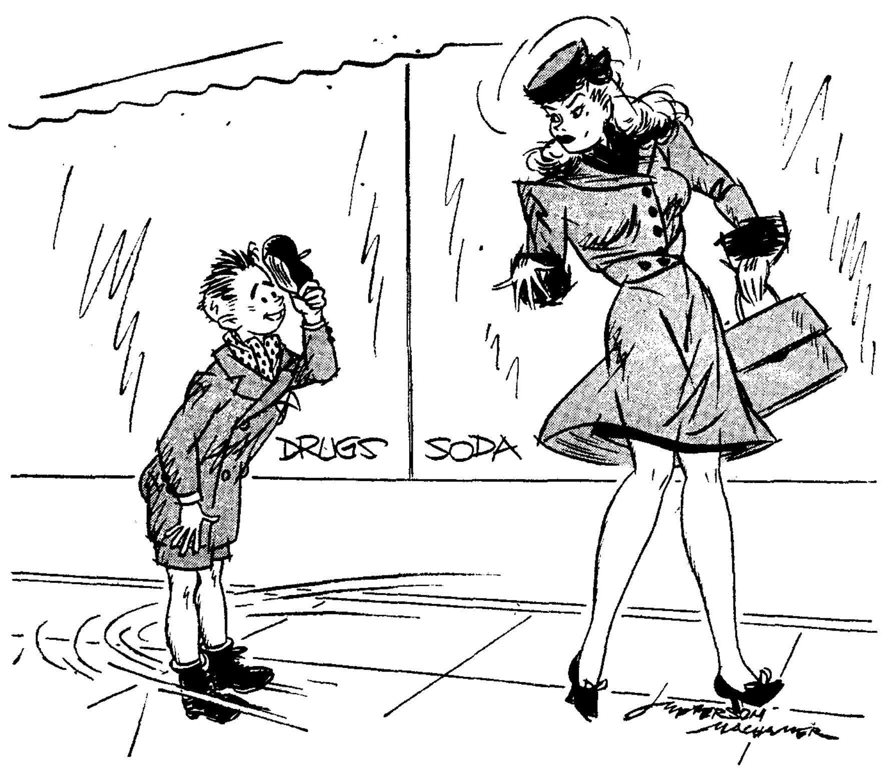
He humphed a few times and then called the bookkeeper and authorized the loan.

IN DUE time the bookkeeping department reported the loan repaid, and then Eleanor heard no more of Stephen Hylinski until one morning the pay-roll department put a list on her desk of those whose names should be added to the mill's honor roll. Stephen Hylinski's was halfway down the list.

Then one day there was a letter in her mail from Stephen telling her he was now in the Navy, and how much he appreciated her interest and trust in him. He wrote that he was determined to come through the war and make something of himself afterward. Because there was a note of self-reproach for his previous stupidity running through it, she answered the letter, reminding him that wise men learned from their mistakes and commending him on his ambition. She read it over carefully to make certain that it was exactly the kind of letter an older woman would write to a young man, and she signed it carefully Eleanor Cooper Dulaney. Her letters to the brash young men she signed Eleanor, or even Nell, but all her letters to Stephen she signed with her full name. For there were many letters. In one he told her that he knew he lacked training in many of the finer things of life, so that he had watched carefully in the movies men like Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall so that he would know the right kind of clothes to buy and the little courtesies that he knew were necessary. That was a difficult letter to answer, but she finally managed to convey that he was a gentleman because his courtesies were not put on like a suit of clothing but came from within, regardless of his thinking he had acquired them.

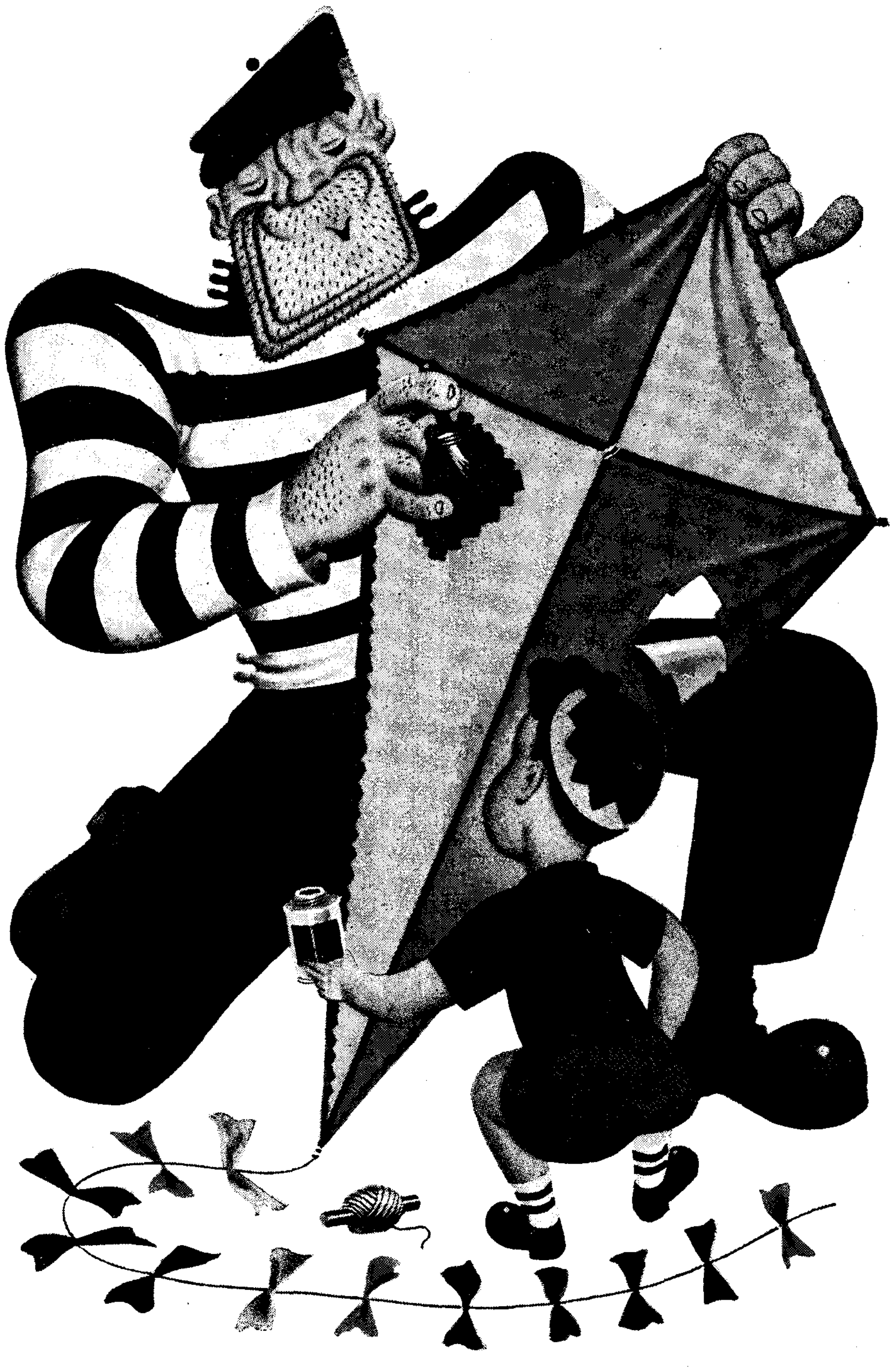
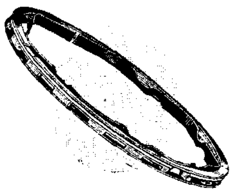
He asked her if he might write her frequently and if she would point out to him any errors in grammar or punctuation in his letters. "I'm determined," he wrote, "to catch up on the things I missed by leaving school at fifteen." So she advised him to read—everything and anything he could get his hands on. She sent him books and magazines, explaining carefully that she was doing this because his ambition was commendable and these would help him. She definitely established the time and distance between them with each letter, and even though each of his letters began "Dear Miss Dulaney," there was something about them that made her a bit uneasy.

But when the letters stopped, she was, if anything, more uneasy, and she kept on writing. There seemed to be an obligation on her part that she was unable to explain even to herself. Then a letter came from a naval hospital—a letter so official-looking that womanlike she stood with it in her hand for a long time before she opened it. It was from a doctor who told her frankly that he was not writing as a naval officer but as a physician who was deeply interested in a patient—one Stephen Hylinski—and completely baffled by him. He was responding favorably as far as his physical condition was concerned, but there was no corresponding improvement in his mental attitude. He had had no visitors, had not communicated with anyone when given the opportunity of telephoning, so the doctor had checked on his mail and found the only letter Stephen had received since being in the hospital was one from her, and that had been forwarded through the Fleet post office. Apparently she knew nothing of his condition, but in an



"Pardon—tomorrow is my big brother's birthday and I'd like to give him your phone number"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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THE RAILROAD'S MAIN LINE TO *LIGHTNESS*

effort to help him, could she, and would she, come to the hospital?

It was the sort of letter to which she could not say no. So she answered the doctor, but on a letterhead of the Cooper Machine Works, and she signed it carefully Eleanor Cooper Dulaney, Personnel Director, and made arrangements to make the five-hour train ride to the hospital.

The doctor was as formal and as businesslike as her letter had demanded. When she was taken into his office, he had hesitated for a moment, as though measuring her and trying to figure out where she fitted into the picture. Then he plunged into the case history of Stephen Hylinski, trapped with eight other men in a compartment of an aircraft carrier when it was struck by a Jap suicide plane.

HE HAD found his way out through a ventilating shaft, and then in spite of burns which had been extensive had returned and brought out the other men, one at a time, all badly burned. Several of them were unconscious and it had required an almost superhuman effort to inch his way through the space available dragging another man with him. He had been terribly burned and his eyesight had been affected. While the burns were healing and his eyesight, they knew, was almost normal, the doctor had hesitated to remove the bandages because of his patient's lassitude and indifference, fearing a kind of hynotic blindness.

"Stephen," he said, "is entitled to the Silver Star of the Navy, but whenever it is mentioned, his mental condition becomes very bad, and yet I am certain there is no neurosis. I'm baffled. That's why I have sent for you. I had hoped . . ."

He stopped and Eleanor finished for him, "That I was more than an employer?"

"Frankly," he answered, "yes."

Eleanor frowned. "Well, in a way, perhaps I am. Stephen had some difficulty before he went in the Navy, and I was able to help him a little then. I think he thinks of me as a friend—a good friend. Since his home life is practically nonexistent, suppose I see what I can do."

She knew the doctor was watching every move she made when they stopped at Stephen Hylinski's side. His entire head was still swathed in bandages, and she had seen the doctor watching her for reaction to the mummylike appearance of the figure in the bed. It annoyed her, but she kept her voice firm and clear as she reached down and took the hand on the sheet. "Hello, Stephen," she said. "I've come to see you."

His fingers tightened around her hand, and he said, "It's Miss Dulaney, isn't it?" While she looked quickly across at the doctor, she couldn't tell whether or not he was disappointed. There was, as he said, a lassitude, an indifference in Stephen's voice.

She said, "I would have come sooner, Stephen, if I had known." She saw the doctor's face register approval, but as she felt Stephen's hand tighten around her own, she was a little frightened. He seemed to be holding to her.

But she went on determinedly, "And I'm coming back, Stephen," she looked at the doctor, "when they take the bandages off and you can see." Evidently she was doing all right, for the doctor merely nodded, but Stephen clutched her hand convulsively, almost clawing at her sleeve with his other hand.

"I was afraid, Miss Dulaney," he cried. "You know I was afraid, don't you?"

"Of course, I know you were afraid, Stephen," she answered calmly, although his voice and the clutching hand on her sleeve were shaking her. "They all were. Particularly those men you got out."

"I got out myself. Because I was afraid, I got out myself."

Eleanor said steadily, "But you went back. Your finding a way out was animal instinct. Naturally fear drove you. But you didn't have to go back, Stephen. It's like everything you have done. You didn't have to lie to get work in the mill; your family could have gone on relief. You didn't have to go in the service; your job in the mill and your dependents would have kept you out. You made a fool of yourself once, trying to beat a racket, and you didn't have to admit it, but you did. You're strong, Stephen, and I admire you for it. And you're brave and you're honest." The fingers clutching her sleeve were relaxing and she covered them with her other hand. "I'm glad you're back, Stephen. We need men like you."

The doctor, who had been watching closely, said, "Miss Dulaney has stayed long enough this time."

Eleanor let go of the hand she had been holding. "But I'll be back, Stephen." She saw the doctor's lips moving and watched them closely. "Next week when they take off the bandages and you can see me."

She went back the next Saturday, and as she watched the doctor's nimble fingers unwinding the bandages while she chattered to Stephen, she remembered the tall young man who had taken her elbow one spring day, and she knew what she was going to see in his eyes, and she was frightened.

Afterward, walking down the corridor with the doctor, she said, "I cannot come again." It was as much a matter of thinking aloud as making an explanation.

The doctor looked her up and down carefully and she knew he was seeing the well-cut suit, the expensive hat, the carefully groomed woman.

"Of course not. You are a very busy woman," he said coldly.

She wanted to cry out, "No. That isn't it. Among other things, I'm thirty-two, and Stephen is many years younger." But she couldn't say it because you couldn't call Stephen Hylinski young. He had lived—in actual experience—much longer than she had. He had known what it had meant to be cold and hungry and desperately in need of work; he had known poverty of the drabbest kind; and now he knew what death was like when it breathed on the back of your neck, and he knew fear. She couldn't say, "He's in love with me, and I don't want to hurt him. There's nothing suitable about it—his age, my age; his background, my background." For she knew that if she said that, the doctor would merely think her vain. But that was not true, for if she were vain, she would let this man fall in love with her just for the satisfaction of knowing that she could stir him. She would not think of the hurt to him. And she knew she could never do that.

They were at the end of the corridor, and the doctor held out his hand. "Thank you for your assistance," he said. "I think we can get Stephen on an even keel now." They shook hands but the look in the doctor's eyes made Eleanor feel as though he had taken her by the shoulders and shaken her.

SOMEONE, she supposed it was the doctor, sent Eleanor a copy of the press release on the award of the Silver Star to Stephen Hylinski. She made certain that the local paper had it and that it was featured in the Cooper Machine Worker. She sent copies of the papers to Stephen, for she continued to write regularly although he did not answer. Consequently she was quite unprepared for him when he telephoned her at the office and told her he was discharged and asked if he might come to see her.

She said, "Certainly, Stephen. Come see me. We'll arrange for your old job just whenever you want to come back."

His answer confused her for a moment. "I don't want my job back, Miss Dulaney. I would like to call at your home. There are some things I have in my mind for the future. I'd like to tell you about them."

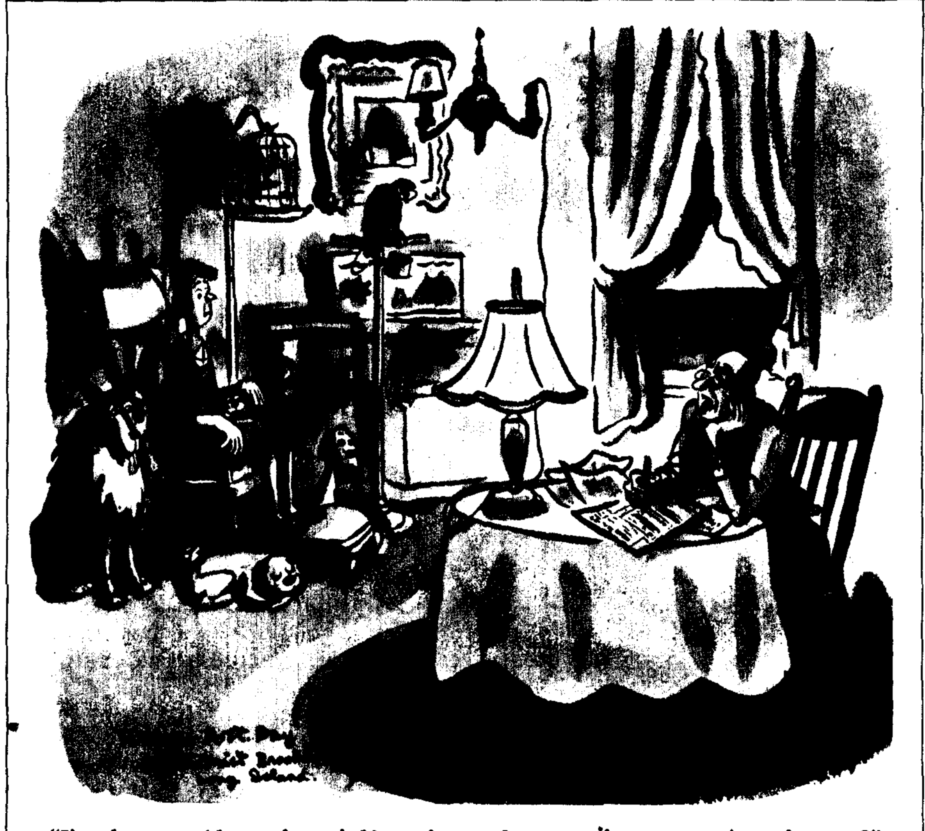
"But, of course, Stephen," she answered. "Say Thursday evening at 8:30. I shall be glad to talk to you." And she felt that once again her tone had established the years between them and the distance between River Road and Elm Hill.

He was in civilian clothes when he came to call. Eleanor, looking at him, thought: We've been caught by a common denominator so that we are the same. He should be young, and life has taken him and been hard and cruel and made him older. I'm growing older and life has taken me and made things soft and easy and let me stay young.

She was annoyed at her thoughts, as she took him into the room that had been her grandfather's library, but was her living room in the winter months. The big, old double parlor on the other side of the hall was shut off to save fuel, and Eleanor passing the closed door remembered the closed-off "front rooms" on River Road—they were closed, too, to save fuel.

The library was a beautiful room, book-lined to the high ceiling and its furniture was the envy of every collector of antiques in the town. As Stephen sat there, outlining his plan to Eleanor—and it was a feasible plan—she thought to herself: He doesn't belong in a room like this. It is old. It is polished and finished. He is like raw wood. He is the new. The pioneer. As she watched him, the idea of the pioneer became even more plausible. He had the broad shoulders, the stanchly held head of the men who had gone out to conquer frontiers. The sleeves of his coat seemed to be too short, and his sturdy, broad wrists kept showing. He *is* the pioneer, she thought. These men coming back, starting in new fields, new endeavors, finding their way in a country that must rebuild and reorganize—these men are the pioneers.

He talked well of the plan he had for opening an agency for the things that the



"I'm down to 'dependents.' Now then, what was that suggestion of yours?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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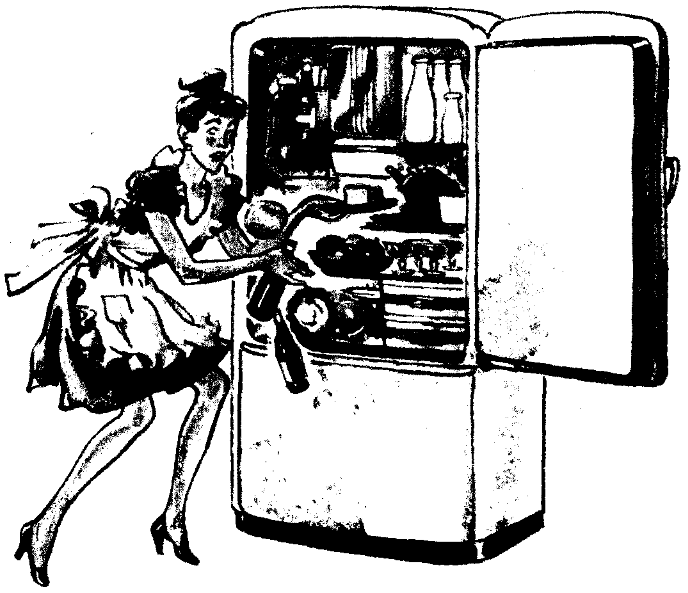

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All this plus the *practical* SHELVADOR* that makes food "juggling" old-fashioned.

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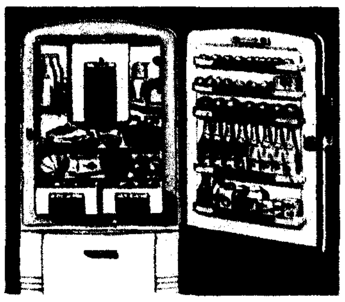

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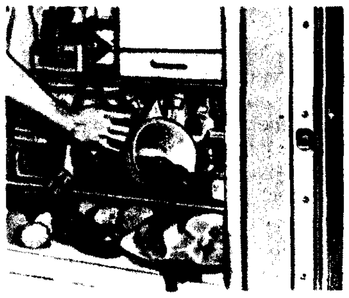
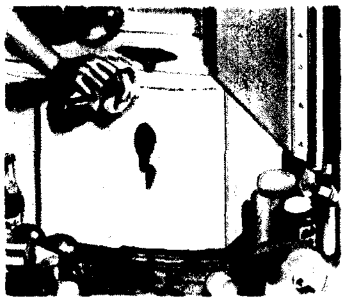
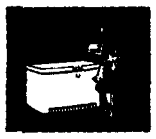


SHELVADOR* avoids much of the food shuffling and chances of tipping and spilling because it puts the foods most often needed in front row space—at your finger tips.



THIS ELIMINATES many a clean-up job occasioned by tipped-over foods. Every clean-up costs time and money plus the loss of cold air through the open door.

RANGES



HOME FREEZERS

LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

KITCHEN SINKS AND CABINETS

RADIOS AND COMBINATIONS

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REFRIGERATORS : HOME FREEZERS : KITCHEN SINKS
AND CABINETS : RANGES : LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT
RADIOS : RADIO PHONOGRAPHS : FM : TELEVISION
SHORT WAVE : ELECTRONICS : RADAR
HOME OF WLW—"THE NATION'S STATION"

farmers and merchants in and around Feather Gap would need and want—from washing machines through deep-freeze boxes to airplanes. A man he had met in the Navy had most of the money. "And," he said, "the background and the front to talk to the manufacturers and get us what we want, while I—I can run the mechanical end and talk the language of the little people who will buy."

Once he spoke of his family. To his mother he had always been a grave disappointment, because he was not Polish as she would have him be—of old Poland as she had known it. "My mother," he said, "is not young. She lost many children before my sister and I were born. She cannot change."

He was not living at home now because of this unbridgeable gap between them, but was boarding in the town. Until the war took him away, he had lived as she wanted him to live, but now he could not go back to it. Eleanor thought: There's no going back for a lot of these men.

His sister, he explained, was going to marry—a young man his mother could understand. He would help her financially and she would be happier that way. "She clings to the Old World and old ways," he said, "and I'm of the New."

WHEN, at the end of an hour, Eleanor saw that their conversation was leaving the safe channels of business, she hastily asked if he would like a drink. On her way to the pantry to mix it, she slipped quickly up the backstairs to find Cousin Sara and insisted that she come downstairs and join them. When she came back into the library with a tray with the highball and two glasses of sherry, one for herself and one for Sara, Stephen rose to his feet, and she noticed he looked first disappointed and then amused as she said, "Cousin Sara, this is Stephen Hylinski. Remember, he is the one to whom we sent the magazines and you said you hoped to meet him someday."

But Sara had her cues mixed as, Eleanor thought, she might have known Sara would, and instead of relaxing and becoming a part of the conversation, sat on the edge of her chair, ready to flee at the slightest indication from Eleanor that two were company and three a crowd. It was so obvious that Eleanor was not surprised, only ashamed, when Stephen rose to go.

At that point Sara abandoned her completely, and she was left to see Stephen Hylinski to the door alone. He picked up his hat from the hall table and stood turning it slowly in his hands, looking down at her while she held the door open for him. She held out her hand to say good night, but he ignored it and just stood smiling at her rather wryly.

"I guess," he said, "I thought the war was going to make things different. I guess I thought that if you were an American, there was nothing you couldn't aspire to. That's the way it used to be; I guess I thought it was going to be that way again." Before she grasped his intention, he bent his head and kissed her lightly. "I guess I'm still an awful fool." He closed the door gently behind him.

She went back into the library, and wandered aimlessly about, straightening a book here, a piece of china there, and telling herself she was absolutely right. It was preposterous that he should entertain the ideas he did. It was between them as it was between him and his mother. He was the new; she was the old. She rubbed her hand lightly over the back of a chair that had belonged to five generations of Dulaneys. Here there was background; the Coopers and Dulaneys had ceased to be pioneers two hundred years before. This man was different—she wasn't a snob—but his background—his ideas— He was Polish and she was as American as Bunker Hill.

She talked to herself in that vein very patiently for a month. A month in which she did not see or hear from Stephen Hylinski and didn't get over being shaken by a light kiss. Talk as she would, the nice logical mind on which she had always prided herself would inject some completely annoying fact into her thoughts. If she slipped quietly into the library to stand before the fireplace, one foot on the fender, watching the flames, she remembered that the fender and the andirons had been brought by her mother's grandmother from her family home in England when she had left it to come with the first Jeremiah Cooper to start a machine works in Feather Gap. They had brought their first machinery with them, and she had worked side by side with her Jeremiah in the little shop they had rented.

If, to lose her thoughts, she busied herself dusting carefully the dozen fine pieces of jade which had been her father's grandmother's, she remembered that that indomitable woman had marked each trip she had made around the Horn with her husband by a piece of jade brought back from far-off China. A dozen pieces of jade. A dozen trips in all.

The Dulaneys, she thought rebelliously, have been here for generations, and had to remember that the original Dulaneys had been French Huguenots who had fled to a new world, and that her great-grandmother Dulaney had been brought to America by a Prussian father, who had rebelled against wars and had had to leave his country, and her Grandmother Dulaney had been read out of meeting for marrying outside her faith, although she had remained a Quaker to the end of her days.

THEN, one night out of a clear sky, Cousin Sara said, "Eleanor, remember that nice blond man who was here one night? Do you know, I haven't been able to forget his bony wrists sticking out from under his cuffs, and all I could think of was my mother telling me about seeing Lincoln once—I think it was at Gettysburg—but all she could remember of him really—she was only a little girl—was his bony wrists sticking out from his coat sleeves."

Eleanor said, "Cousin Sara! *Really!*" And had not bothered to apologize for her petulant tone even though she saw from Sara's face that she had hurt her.

So she hadn't seen Stephen Hylinski for a month, and there hadn't been a day when she hadn't thought of him and wondered what he was doing, if his plans were working out or tumbling down around his ears. Was he trusting the wrong people? Was he afraid?

Then the brash young men began to return from the war. The first one back came to see Eleanor in his uniform, and kissed her soundly, and said, "I hung onto this suit just so I could do that. That was the one nice thing about it, Nell. You could always kiss a pretty girl."

But then because he was the serious young man and his wife had waited patiently and faithfully for his return, he said, "Not married yet, Nell? I'd hoped you'd find that right guy while I was away."

Eleanor wrinkled her nose at him and said, "I can imagine that is all you thought of during those lovely evenings in Hawaii."

He said, "Look, dopey. I'm the one who was in the Aleutians. Remember? You're a fickle wench, Nell; can't keep your men straight, and I don't believe you'll know that guy when you do meet him. You know the one I mean." His impudent face was very serious. "The one who needs you."

Eleanor started to say lightly, "Certainly I will." But she never finished it. Instead she stared wide-eyed at the young man opposite her and much to his bewilderment said, "Of course, that's the answer. He needs me. That was the one thing I didn't think of, and all the things I did think of really don't matter."

The brash young man said, "What *are* you talking about, Nell?"

But Eleanor got up from her desk and reached for her coat. "Will you excuse me, please?" she asked. "There's something I have to do right away."

SO THE whole town's talking now about Eleanor Dulaney—or, that is, Eleanor Hylinski.

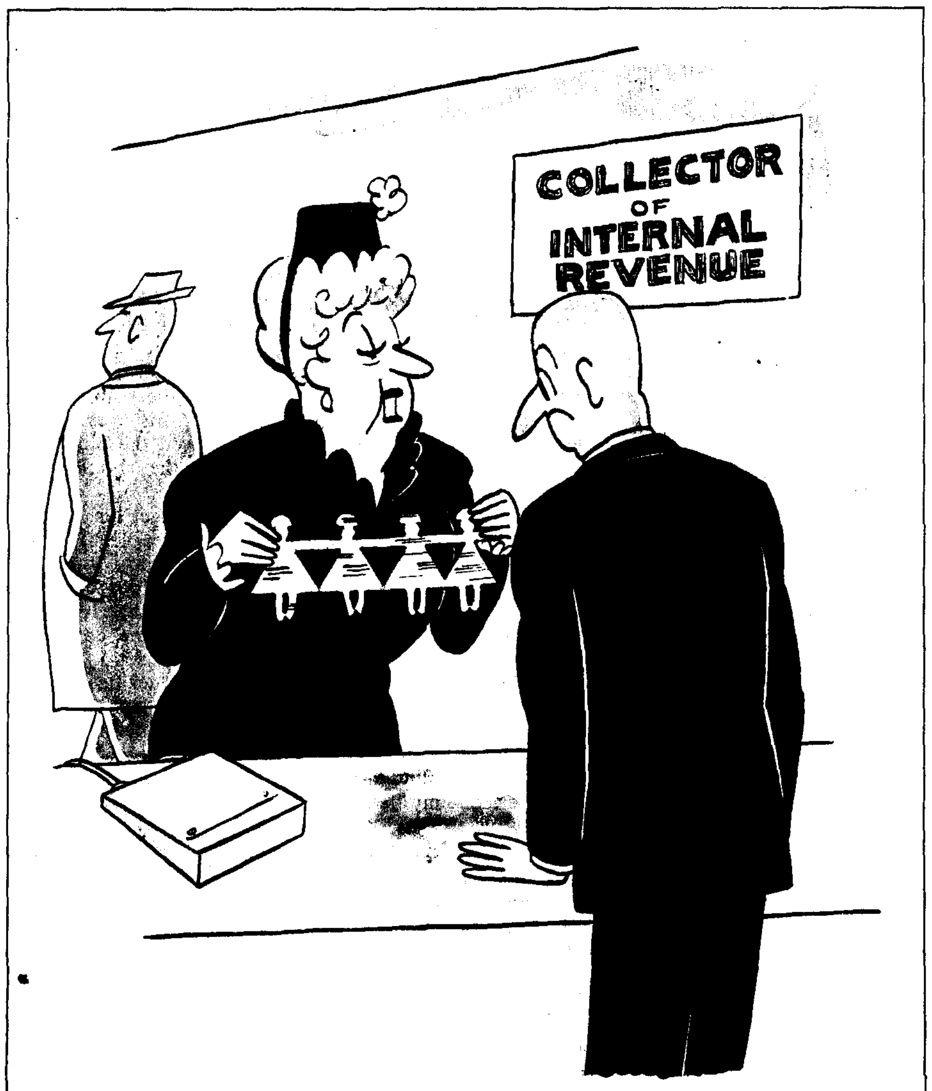
"Mind," they say, "she gave up that good job she had and is keeping his books for him.

"Didn't we tell you," they ask, "that that one would go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick?

"Well, it won't last." they say. "You wait and see. They're too different."

But then the whole town always has talked about Eleanor Dulaney, and it has always been wrong.

THE END



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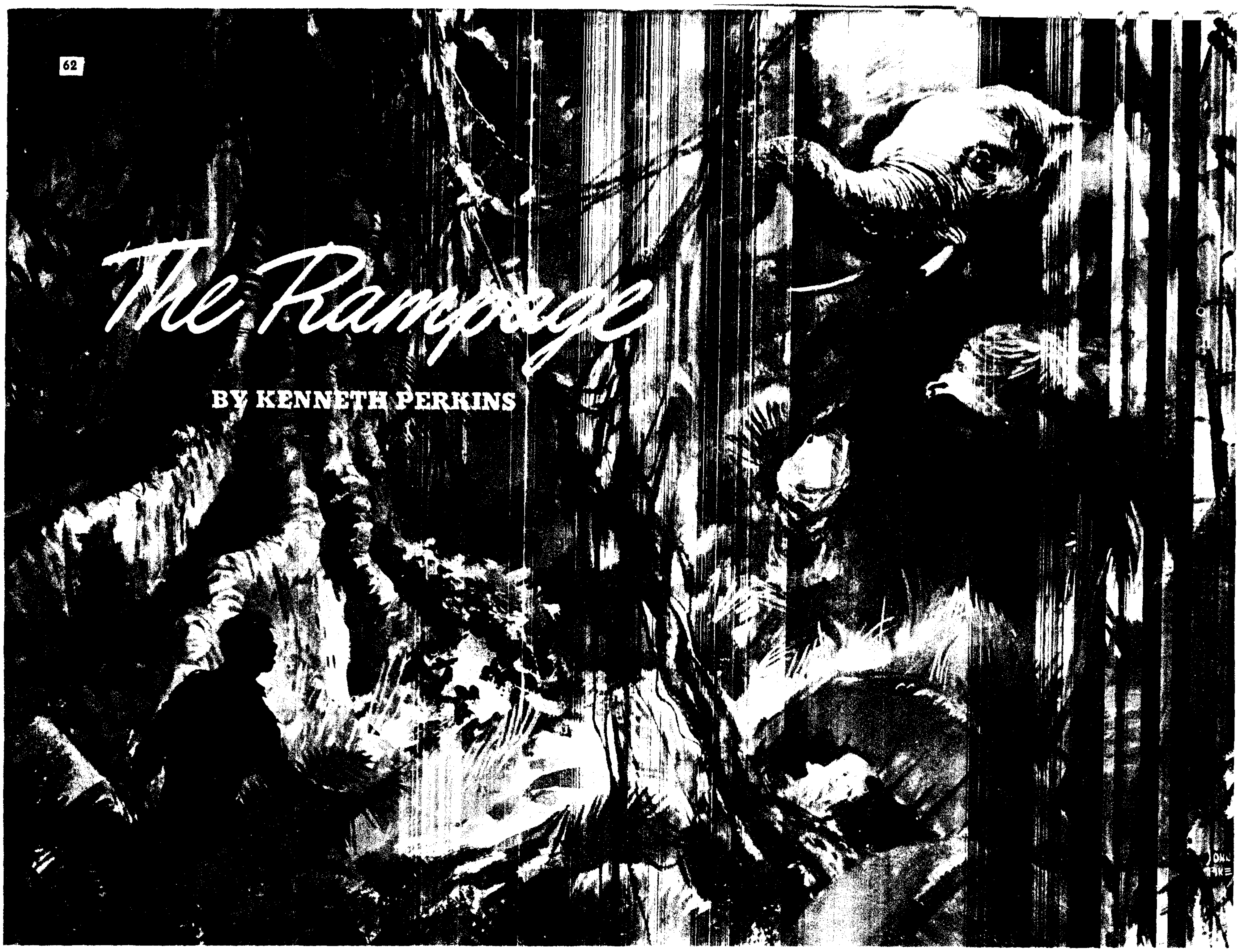
The Rampage

BY KENNETH PERKINS



In panic Gordon leaped, found a clump of mud, threw it. The tusker reared up on hind legs, raising his front ones as if in a gesture of astonishment

Of course the elephant will never forget Gordon. But Gordon, being only human, might like to forget the elephant!

A STRAY elephant came to Gordon's tent and thumped on the ground, chirruping and cooing to attract his attention. Frightened frogs and insects stopped their chorus but the snores in near-by tents went on unbroken. After a day's work installing a manifold valve system in the new pipe line it would take more than an elephant to disturb this camp, and only Gordon, who had stayed up drinking beer, cursing the Burmese heat and writing a letter home to Davenport, Iowa, was still awake.

A night watchman, with the understanding that peace and good will had come to the jungle, dozed while the tusker passed right behind him. A whole herd of elephants, they say, can pass through a jungle tract without so much as crackling a twig. Besides, if any truck drivers on the Ledo Road had seen the elephant they would have concluded that he belonged here; there were a lot of them used by the teak men under contract to supply the U.S. Army engineers.

That was the reason why Gordon was not especially startled, even though the intruder came right up to the open flap of the door. Doubtless he had come snooping for food, like the monkeys. The way his trunk weaved and stretched, probing into the tent, was just like the circus tuskers back in the States begging for peanuts. But then the lantern lighted the corrugated hide and glittered on a wet black streak. Obviously the elephant had been wounded.

The reason for this visitation was clear now. Late that afternoon one of the mechanics had dropped a length of four-inch pipe on his foot and had been brought here for first aid. The smell of drugs still clung in the dank air of the tent, and these timber elephants knew what drugs were for. They associated the smell with the soothing of saddle sores, the relief of toothache, the syringing and dressing of thorn or rock wounds. With this obvious explanation, Gordon let go his held breath and felt better.

He went to the door. In the band of lantern light he could see the full height of the beast, which was well over nine feet. Obviously he was of the first-grade Kumeria type generally used for ceremonials instead of timber work. Gordon had never seen him before, else he would have remembered that stump of a broken tusk, the ragged ears and the torn-off tail—all of which meant that this was a habitual fighter.

The wound was not from fighting other elephants, however. Black drops oozed from a little hole and chased one another down the off forefoot while the trunk kept pointing at the spot, pecking and nibbling. Apparently it bothered the bull so much that he had rolled on the ground, for his side was covered with brown dust.

Gordon was not sure whether it would be safe to doctor him even though he had once seen a teak man lance an abscess without eliciting more than a hoot and a squeal. As it happened he had no choice, for the elephant's head was lowered and thrust into the tent's door, his little eyes as red as fire.

It might be risky to swab out the wound and pour in sulpha powder, but there was greater risk in turning and trying to dash under the back flap of the tent. Such a show of panic, in fact any unnatural movement, might excite the tusker and provoke him to action. Gordon got his first-aid kit.

The elephant, although a fighter, could not be dangerous else he would be wearing a silver bell as a warning to everybody to keep a safe distance. He stood there at the tent door as docile as an old dray horse while Gordon poured cold water in a basin, sopped some cotton waste and washed the hide around the wound. The dust seemed to be clotted thick, but he was afraid to scrub too hard for the elephant was getting fidgety. This might have been due to the sound of a car rattling to a stop out there on the road. A man had jumped out and was running, then stopping suddenly, then running again. It was the kind of nervous, jerky rhythm of footsteps that would make anyone uneasy.

"Oh, Captain Gordon, sir!" a voice cried. "Is everything as it should be, sir?"

Gordon tried not to betray any nervousness in his answer. He called back softly, casually, "I'm just doctoring an elephant. Nothing to get excited about."

"I was thoroughly excited for the moment, sir. A wild tusker is on a rampage and just killed some buffalo herders a few miles from here." The man came out in the glare of his own headlights and Gordon recognized him. He was one of the officers of the Indian battalion that was cutting the way for the pipe line. "The headman of the village tried to stop him with a gas-pipe gun. Worst thing he could do, of course—to shoot him without killing him. He'll be back for his revenge, no doubt."

There was a silence and then the officer went on, "Naturally I thought for a moment—but no, of course not! You've got a tame elephant there, quite obviously."

Gordon had stopped on the point of pouring in the sulpha powder, his eyes fixed on the rough hide. He noticed the blood rivulets still coursing down the shoulder—but from another wound.

His first thought was to get his holstered gun from its nail on the tent pole. That is to say, it should have been hanging on the pole but he had slung it on the foot of the cot when he first came in that night. It was still there, at the wrong end of the cot, almost under the elephant's chin.

His mind raced. What could he do with a gun anyway? Shoot the elephant in the mouth? Shoot that hairy triangular lip? Put a slug in that wall of frontal bone? "I could blind him in one eye, then what? He'd tear my head off my neck!"

In a tight soft voice he called out to the officer, "Have you a gun there—on your hip?"

"Have I a—a gun? Then you *are* in trouble! It is—can it be—Vishnu protect me! He's the wild one!" The officer jumped, almost losing his turban as he whirled. A moment later the car started banging, the gears rattled. The Hindu did not stop to turn the car. He just kept going.

"I scared him, asking for a gun," Gordon mumbled through lips that had begun to sweat. "He thinks I'm in trouble, but I'm not in trouble." He said it aloud, keeping up a toneless chatter as one will when bridling

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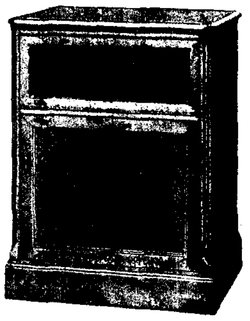

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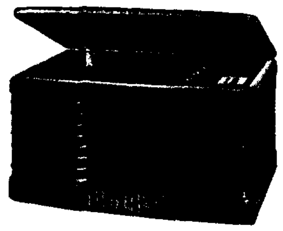

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a skittish horse. "You're a tame elephant but that Hindu thought you're wild."

He had sopped some cotton and was washing the second wound. But he could not rub the dust from the hide, he discovered slowly. There was no dust; he was trying to rub out the color of the hide itself. This was not the hide of a tame elephant that has been blackened with brush and oil; it was the brown of the wild herds.

He tried to raise his voice but it came in a choke, "I need help! You fellows snoring! Wake up!"

A truck roared by on the road, drowning his call. He took a breath to shout but checked himself, noticing the red eyes fixed on him. The trunk was weaving slowly like the leg of a mule with the weight shifted so it can get in a good kick.

Instead of shouting, Gordon kept talking. "A wild elephant wouldn't come to a tent to have his wounds dressed. A tame one might but I wouldn't even believe that—except that it's happening to me. Only teak men and their herders would believe it." He gibbered, giggling as he swabbed and worked. "I see it happening but there's no such animal." His hands were shaking when a reckless, desperate impulse gripped him. He saw the lead slug in the wound embedded in the hide like a marble dropped in tar. He stuck in both fingers and screwed it out.

He sank back on a camp stool, shaking and sick, while the elephant rolled up his trunk and blew in his own ear—a sign of extreme pleasure.

THIS was the moment to make a break! It was safer to sneak out than to reach for that holstered gun under the elephant's chin. Gordon backed off the stool and, in a sitting position, started to walk. He picked up the basin and pretended to sop a wad of cotton. He reached the back of the tent, a distance of several yards, then squatted lower to the ground and with his free hand groped behind his back for the canvas. He caught it, pulled it up so he could have just room enough to slide out. He kept gibbering and talking to keep the elephant's attention from what he was really doing. "No such animal. It's a joke. Don't believe it." He was afraid to turn his back until the very last moment when he could slide through.

He leaned as low to the ground as he could, his feet stretched out before him, his seat almost touching the ground. It was not a stance from which to leap, or even to turn. It was a ridiculous, helpless position.

The tusker was watching fascinated, his triangular lower lip jutting out in a sort of idiotic grin. The one good tusk was well inside the doorway, pointing toward the ludicrous man squatted there.

"I've got to be natural. I can't do anything awkward. Got to act the way you do with a frightened horse. Be natural."

He dug his heels into the ground and shoved himself back inch by inch until the tent wall bellied behind him. He was in a knot now—a web. And the elephant was watching with eyes that were practically twinkling, the trunk stretched out examining this curious travesty of a man. Then reaching across the full length of the tent, the trunk nosed along the man's head, which was bowed over the knees. The prehensile lip of the trunk ran across the bared, sweating scalp.

Gordon jumped then, twisted like a caught fish, ducked under the flap.

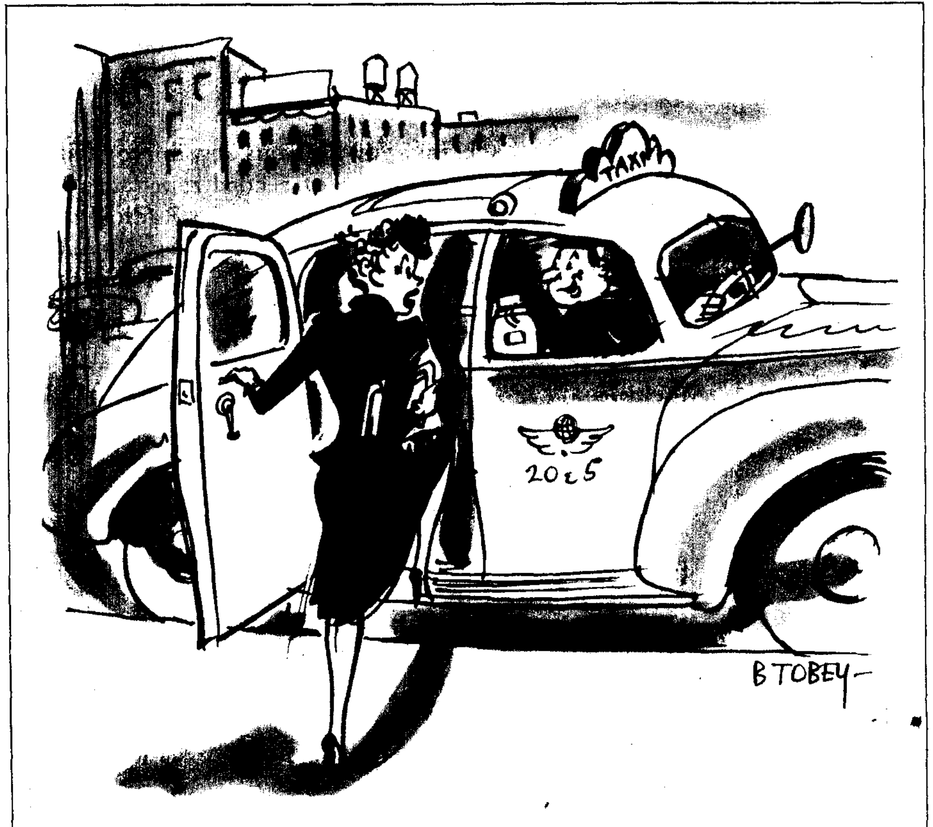
He was out in the free air at last.

As he leaped from his knees to sprint he felt, rather than saw, a black shadow slipping around the side of the tent. The trunk reached out and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

He tried to believe that this was all a joke. He was like a man who, knowing he is dreaming, tries desperately to wake up. He had fallen asleep while writing that letter home, he told himself. He was writing about something that had frustrated him—something very lovely. He had met an English girl, a Wren from Rangoon, but she would not look at him. He lacked the glamor of hundreds of other men in Burma. When he talked about petroleum distribution, she talked about shooting grouse in the Mandalay rice fields, or deer in the Mokong Valley. He had never shot anything, not even a Jap.

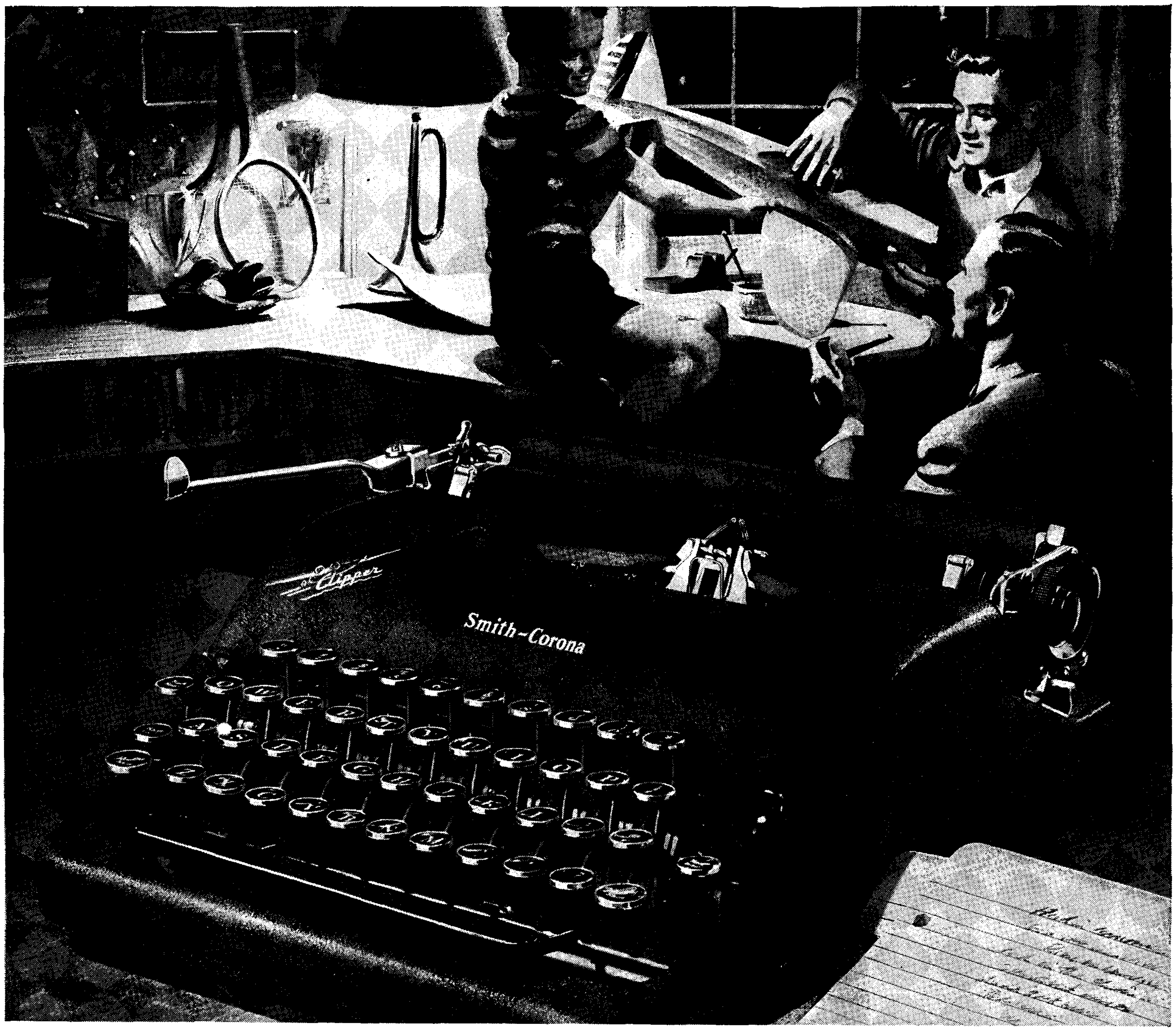
And that was why he was dreaming about shooting a wild elephant. It had every earmark of a nightmare, especially that one universal twist—the gun that was just beyond reach! "I'm asleep and snoring like everybody else in camp." But he added, "What's the use kidding myself? I was never so wide-awake in my life!"

He said this aloud as the elephant led him like a small boy collared by a schoolmaster. He was led around to the door of his tent and this gave him time to collect his senses. If he finished his work doctoring those wounds, his captor might be thankful and reward him with his freedom; it was the logical outcome according to every legend since Androcles. But he realized that this was the same psychology of a man trying to shake off a nightmare. He realized it even while he dug out that second slug. The *gunda* was a dangerous fighter, that much was certain. If he was tame then he was in musth and should have been fettered till the musth period passed;



"The Public Library, please."
"Why?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



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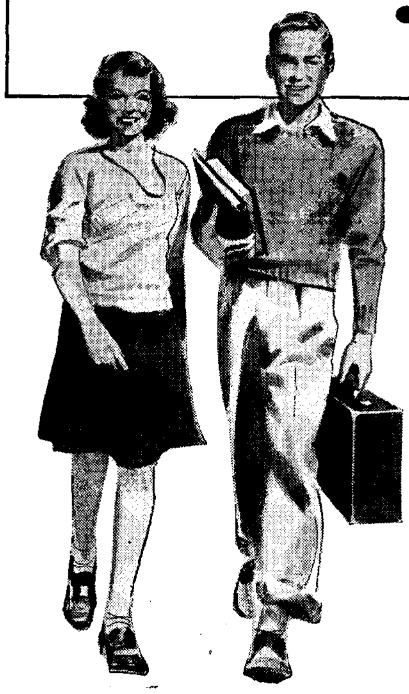

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but he was not tame—not with that brown hide. He was a wild rogue that had gone on a rampage in a village, trampling men to death, goring them with one tusk.

But why would a rogue come to a tent to be doctored? Had he come, perhaps, following the same instinct that prompts a dog to rub his ear against a worm on the ground? A dog smells the medicinal value of a dead cow and rubs himself against the carcass. A wild elephant knows the effect of rotten tamarind leaves and he might know the effect of the medicaments scenting the air about this tent. Gordon was certain of it now: Here was a rogue elephant—the enemy that all the jungle fears most!

Again he tried to yell and this time his voice sounded above the roar of trucks on the road. But as he should have expected, the elephant reacted before the sleepy mechanics in the other tents. The trunk, instead of holding the prisoner by the scruff of his neck, curled around his throat, then slipped down over his chest and under his armpits.

"I'm on his back!" Gordon muttered crazily. "What does he want of me? He wants me to go on dressing his wounds, but what can I do up here behind his ears?"

The elephant gave the answer. While men scrambled, grumbling, out of their cots and came to tent doors, the elephant loped off toward the pitch-dark edge of the clearing.

"Hi, Captain! Where are you? What's happened?" voices shouted as the tents began to light up.

Gordon answered from the black wall of jungle. "I'm here! An elephant—I'm on his back—he's holding my leg! For God's sake, shoot him!"

Guns blazed, aimed high in the air. Men ran, yelling for flashlights. Someone jumped to a parked truck, turned on the headlights but these, shooting in the wrong direction, merely blinded the searchers. Meanwhile, the elephant complacently tore away the overhanging boughs that might brush his prisoner off, then plunged into the solid jungle wall.

Sometime in his past this tusker must have been a pad elephant or timber worker who knew how to protect the herdsman riding his head. Otherwise why would he tear away those vines? Perhaps it was because all elephants instinctively fear vines and creepers that might snag them. To an elephant, as *gopalas* say, every vine is a noose.

Gordon followed his own instinct and jumped. He lay in the high grass frozen and still except for the dripping of sweat down his face and the steady slugging inside his chest. The elephant lumbered on for a few strides then the huge shadow poised in the air, the trunk thrust high and whoofing. It sniffed first at the spot where the man had been riding, then at the thicket on either side. With incredible speed for such a clumsy hulk, the beast swung around; his trunk dragged aside a branch, uprooted a sapling with pompous indifference and tossed it aside.

In panic the man leaped to his feet then into the mass of vines and leaves. He groped for a rock, found a clump of mud, threw it. The tusker reared up on hind legs as if raising his front ones in a gesture of astonishment. The clod whizzed through the intertwined screen of thicket, bursting harmlessly on tough vines.

THE tusker gave a little squeal, almost like a chuckle. Gordon had whirled but the jungle growth clutched at his ankles, his thighs, his arms, and he fell headlong. Instantly another tougher but more pliable creeper wound itself about his waist. It was like something growing there, softly, easily. It dragged him upward.

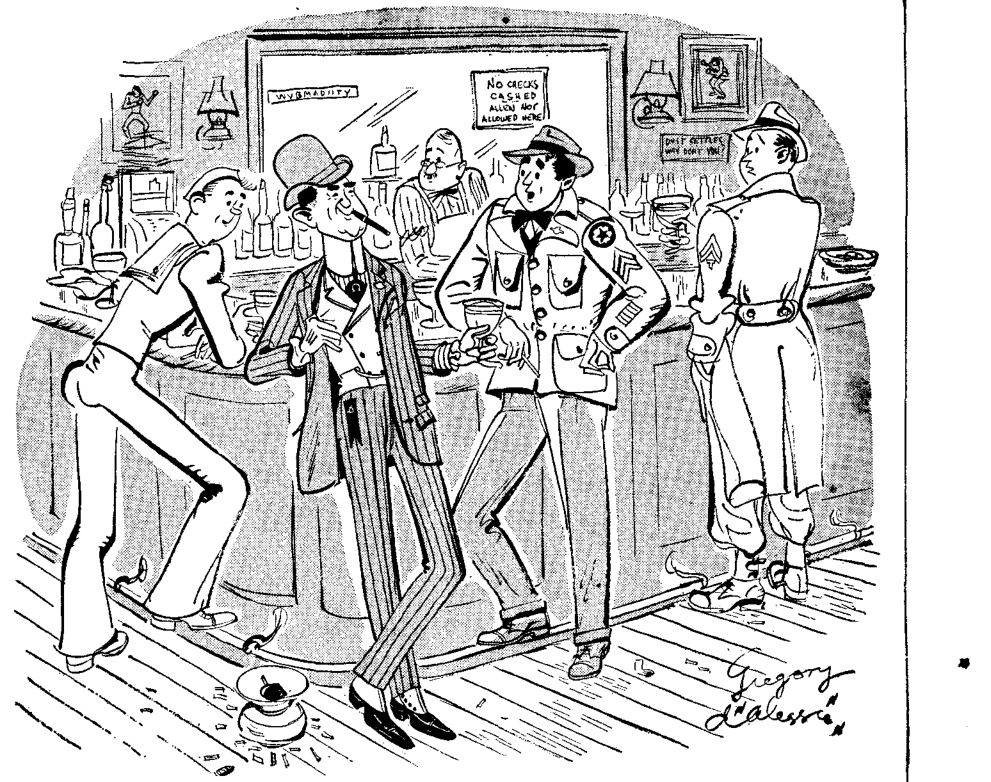
He pounded at it madly. His fists were ridiculous weapons against that thick hide but he knew that a trunk was sensitive to any touch. It brought a snort, whether of rage or monstrous humor he did not know. He only knew that he was hurled in the air as if to be brought down from a great height and dashed to pieces on the ground.

But instead of crashing he hung there like a sprawling Hindu who performs the rites of *garak puja* by dangling from a hook in his back. Kicking and pommeling, he remained suspended, and then found himself swung backward and set squarely behind the elephant's head.

He sat there dazed. What did this beast intend to do with him? Carry him to some other place of execution, or play with him and torture him as a part of his revenge? Somewhat to his surprise, he found that he still had his breath. The pythonlike grip had not crushed his ribs as he thought. Instead, he found himself sitting behind the flapping ears, being carried back out of the brush and into the open trail. There was moonlight now but not enough to see the ground. It was like leaping into a black abyss. Nevertheless, he leaped.

But this time the huge shadow merely wheeled about and the trunk fumbled with awkward certainty like a blind man feeling for something he knows by experience is in its place. The trunk curled firmly around his waist, and he was sitting on the head

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO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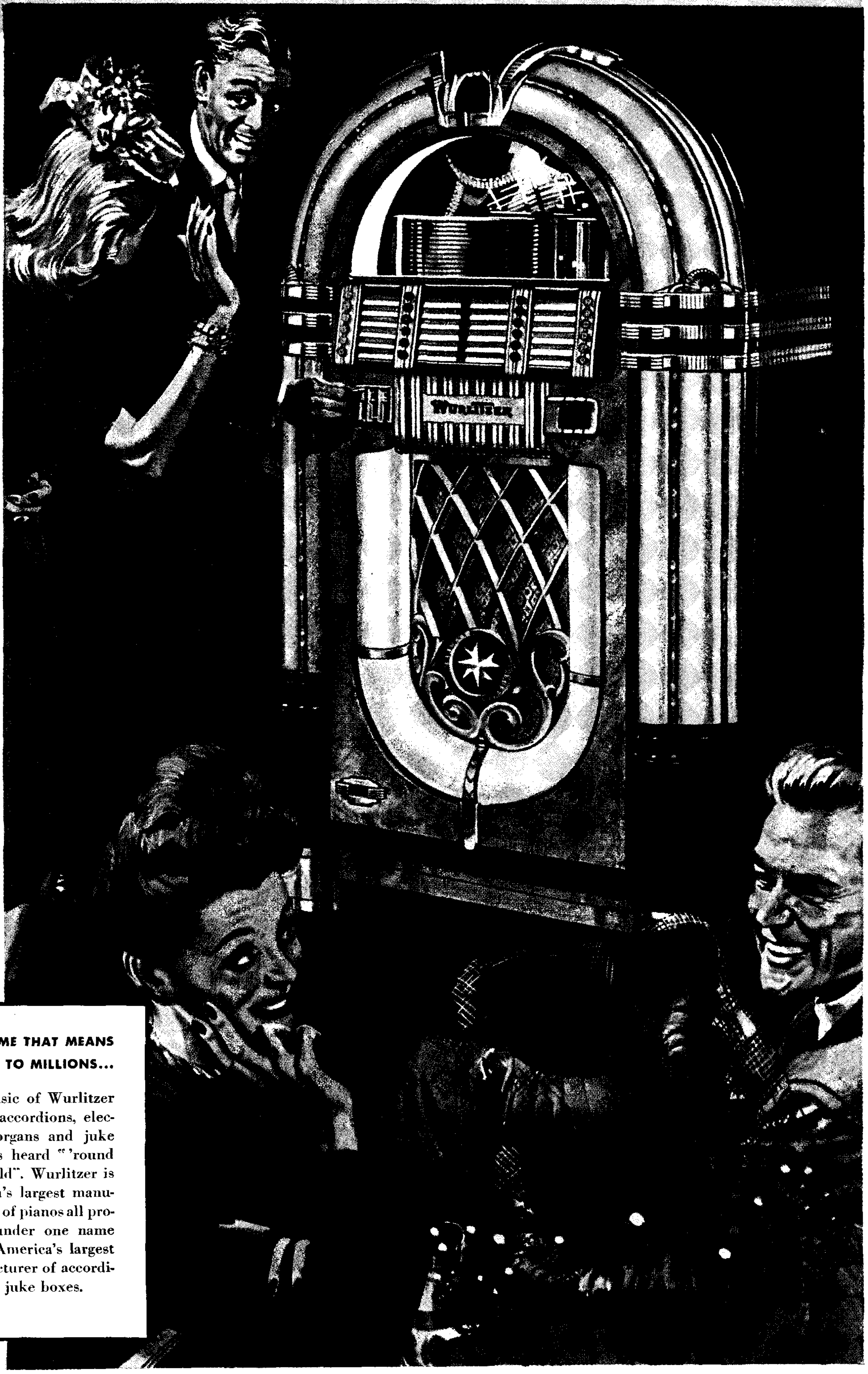

Look for this
SIGN OF THE MUSICAL NOTE
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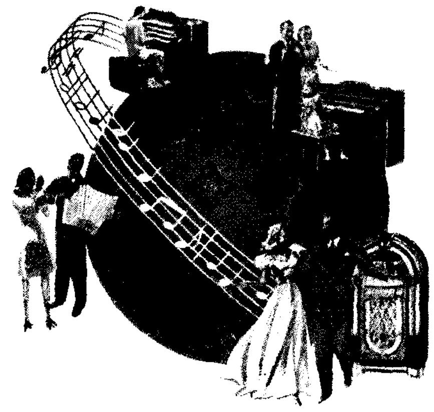
Whenever you step out, go where you can enjoy Wurlitzer Phonograph music. There, for a nickel a number, you can select your favorites from a musical menu of 24 tunes.

What's your pleasure? A rhythmic new hit-parade tune? A haunting, hill-billy number? An old favorite of by-gone days? They're all there ...all played by the best bands in the land.

Nowhere can you have more fun for less money than where you see the *Sign of the Musical Note.* There you can enjoy Wurlitzer Phonograph Music—"America's Favorite Nickel's Worth of Fun". The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.



THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS...

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, electronic organs and juke boxes is heard "'round the world". Wurlitzer is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name ...also America's largest manufacturer of accordions and juke boxes.

again. It seemed to be the old game of the cat playing with the mouse.

There was no use jumping any more, Gordon knew. That last leap in the dark had twisted his ankle, the next might break a leg. This devil elephant would not let him out of reach anyway. "I'll leave it to you," he said. "What's your next play?"

Feeling the snug knees of his captive, the tusker started to shamble along the hard-packed trail. It was the trail of the wild herds which led to an open plateau and to more light. Just where they were going was a mystery but the motive for this strange abduction was clear enough now. The tusker had been scared away from camp because of the shouting and the blast of guns. He had fled, taking his nurse along with him. This man had stopped the throbbing of his wounds, hence he was a good nurse. He was not an enemy, but a friend to have and to hold. Any animal, a horse or dog or stupid water buffalo could reason that far.

THERE was some doubt, however, about the success of Gordon's doctoring. The elephant had begun to limp. The trunk still scratched and probed, then suddenly weaved high in the air and trumpeted furiously. But this wild call might have meant something besides sheer pain. He might be trumpeting a call for help to his companions in the forest. Gordon wondered what it would be like to be the captive not of one old elephant but of a wild herd!

Not much chance of that, he assured himself. This was a solitary bull, a rogue, the kind that always avoids the herds. He had not been running with a herd when he killed those men at the village. He was an outlaw. He was a *gunda.*

The elephant's wounds were dragging him now. He lurched forward like a ship sinking, caught himself, staggered another step or two. Then he was down on his knees.

Here was Gordon's chance to flee. But the very moment he shifted his weight the trunk curled back and gripped his ankle. The old tusker was craftier than ever now that his prisoner had a chance to escape.

The prisoner waited, hoping. This wounded giant might die. The great head was still held up, but that was the way he would hold it even in death. Gordon had seen a bad bull that had been condemned sitting just like this after his execution—a sort of Chinese idol crudely carved, head held high in defiance of the gods.

He would sit like this for hours, Gordon knew, for an elephant takes incredibly long to disintegrate. But he was not dead. After a rest, his trunk blew a ring in the dust, his weight heaved, he scrambled up, a mountain was born.

The next time he rested it was in the natural sleeping posture of an elephant shifting his weight from one foot for a while, shifting it from another, from a third, from the fourth. It was sunrise when once more they were on their way jogwogging through the jungle.

But a little later on, the tusker stopped again and breakfasted on wild sugar cane, tore a clump of grass, shook the dust from the roots, stuffed it in his mouth. Gordon, meanwhile, was on the ground with the sun beating murderously on his bare head. He might have slept, he might have had a touch of sunstroke but here he was stretched out, gazing at the vultures circling above him.

They circled low as vultures will when they think a man is dying, but then they flew off with a shriek and flap of wings, and the *gunda* trumpeted at them. Later when it was dark again there was a snarl in the brush; some beast was there waiting for the hoped-for carrion. But the tusker went after it, charging wildly. The beast, whatever it was, did not come again. The man was safe because his captor decreed it, protecting him from the vultures in the daytime and the jackals and the great *bagh* at night.

Time did not matter now. Without food the prisoner was too lightheaded to tell morning and evening apart. In the middle of the day he saw no sunlight at all, for his captor protected him from it, hating the Burmese heat as all elephants do, and seeking the shade for his own comfort.

Several times where the wild elephant trails led through thick jungle the captive had a chance to jump, but he was too weak to run now, and too wise to try. He no longer cared or knew where he was. He knew only that this *gunda* had adopted him, that he was keeping him close and protecting him. Back home in the States, Gordon remembered, a bad circus elephant can sometimes be calmed by tethering a pony near his foot chains. Gordon was the pony now. He had a feeling that this beast was going to keep him a prisoner forever.

But there was an end to the journey and in the end he could still hear the trucks of the Ledo Road. It was a shift in the wind that brought the sound to him from a great distance, and it broke a spell. He realized for the first time that, except for hunger and deadly heat, nothing had hurt him. This old tusker had been gentle even when he caught him by the nape of the neck and curled his trunk under his armpits. He was a rogue and all the forest was afraid of him but he wanted a man near him. He was lonely. Perhaps that was why he had gone into that village not far from the roaring trucks and bulldozers of the Road. They had shot at him with a homemade gas-pipe gun. They had peppered him with slugs and almost killed him. But he had killed them first.

Then a new vision brought Gordon suddenly awake. "I'm driveling, I'm raving!" he thought desperately. "He's a wild rogue and a killer! He's brought me into the forest to turn me over to a herd of wild elephants!"

THIS seemed for the moment to be true. There were elephants breaking out of the thicket in a wide circle as they do when beating for big game. Gordon saw them coming toward him slowly as he sat behind the ears of his captor. But they were not wild, for each one had a mahout. They were beater elephants, and one or two with howdahs and riders moved cautiously into the closing circle.

"Is it possible that you have tamed this earth-shaker?" a voice exclaimed.

Gordon could not help laughing then, although he tried his best to stop. He focused his glassy eyes on the turbans bobbing around him and noticed that they were above him now, which must mean that he was sitting on the ground. He had come out of a momentary faint and was staring around stupidly trying to find out what had happened to his captor.

The shikari who had led this search party for the lost American was talking excitedly: "We knew from first report this might be a State tusker of the Sawbwa of Kalat. Indeed he is easily identified. The Sawbwa valued him above all others in his stables, fighter and troublemaker though he is."

Gordon took a drink and his eyes focused. He saw the earth-shaker now with two pad elephants on each side of him. A very old elephant *bomo* was standing in front of the giant spitting betel juice on his forehead and singing charms and mantras in a doleful wail.

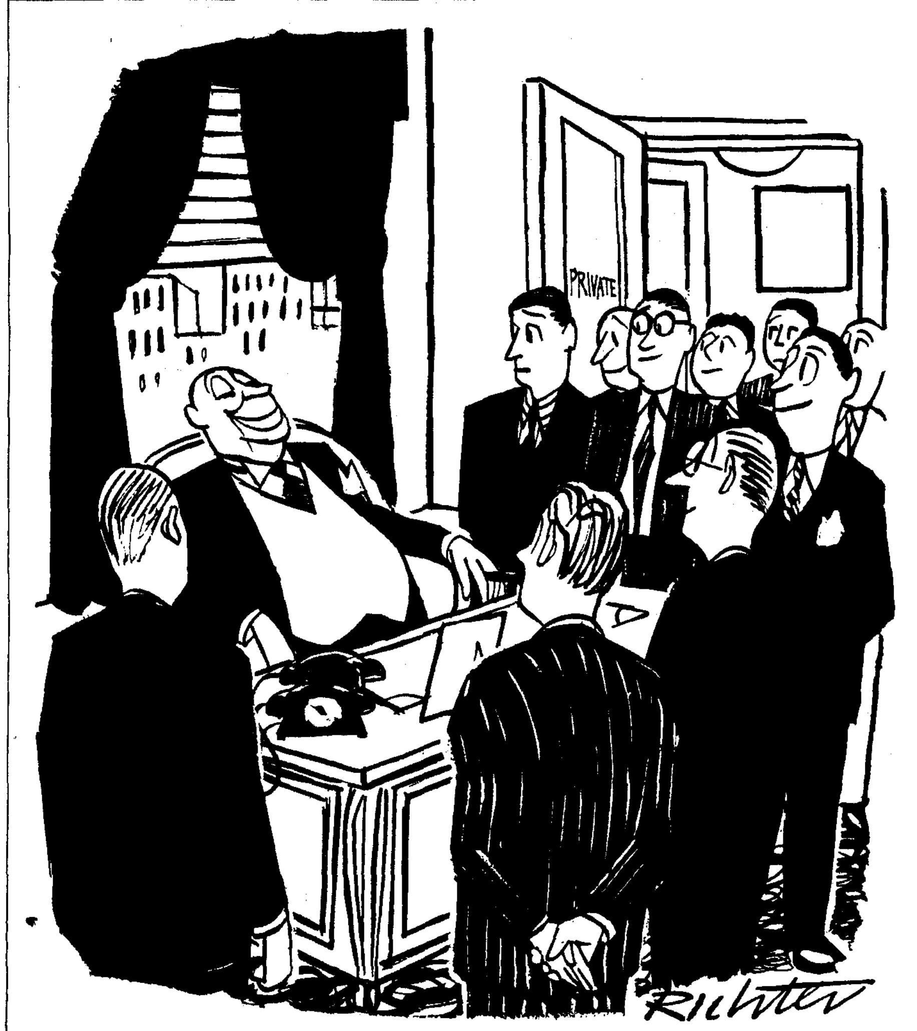
"It was known that the Japonay took him for their elephant convoys," the shikari went on, "but he went on a rampage, killing many of them because of their cruelty. Thus for three years he roamed the jungle as an outlaw, greatly feared by men and beasts alike. It is to be hoped that the government will not condemn him, for his provocation was great. And great likewise was your courage in capturing him!"

Gordon took another drink, shook his head groggily. "Courage you call it?" He wanted to laugh again. "I wonder what that Wren from Rangoon will call it. She liked to shoot grouse in the rice fields. She liked to hunt game." His mind was on fire. He felt dizzy. He felt as if he were dancing. "I've shaken off the bad dream. I'm awake! I can think of her now! A little beauty! Wait until I talk to her!"

He was not talking aloud any more. He was pretending to listen to the shikari. "Although the Sawbwa offered increasing rewards, no one would dare go into the jungle to hunt this badmash. But observe now how submissive he is to the goad! He bows tamely! He returns to the friendship of men! You have wrought a miracle taming him. Your name as a hunter will be known in this country from the Himalayas all the way down to Rangoon!"

Gordon saw the tusker's red eyes blink cannily. The clownish hairy lip grinned as if at a huge joke man and elephant were enjoying together.

THE END



COLLIER'S "We're all equal in the Bernett Company: just one big happy family. I want you all to call me chief" MISCHA RICHTER

IT MUST HAVE BEEN somethin' I ET!

A familiar phrase for a familiar feeling. It happens to us all. When you have that queasy, uneasy upset condition, be gentle with your stomach.

Take soothing, pleasant PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

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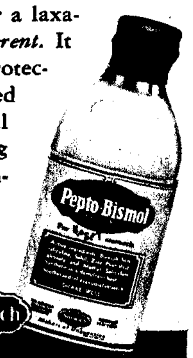

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"The Golden Gate Bridge," painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Robert A. Johnson.

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The Marx Menace

Continued from page 24

added Gummo and Chico. And thus The Four Marx Brothers were launched . . . and so were the endless gags about Hart, Schaffner and the Marx Brothers. As the years passed, Gummo was to be replaced by Zeppo, the kid brother of the family, and finally he was to drop out to become an agent, leaving only three in the act.

For some years now the three have been making their last movie. The excuse for making Casablanca was that Harpo and Groucho had to do something to keep Chico away from the racetrack—which was as good an excuse as any.

Today, the Marxes' idea is to pile in so many gags that it doesn't matter if the laughs overlap. People can look at the picture and still have a good time if they miss a few guffaw-getters, or if Number 23 comes on before they've stopped laughing at Number 22.

When the Marxes announced A Night in Casablanca as the title of their new one, somebody in Warner Brothers' legal department wrote Groucho a formal note, pointing out that Warners had made a picture titled Casablanca and objecting to its further use. Nothing could be done legally, because a title can't be copyrighted, much less an African town name.

Groucho was equal to the occasion. As spokesman for his trip he wrote a polite letter to Warners, arguing that if they prevented his using the word Casablanca, he would object to the use of their word "Brothers" in the firm's title. He pointed out, with unassailable logic, that the Marx Brothers antedated the Warner Brothers and hinted that, to him, it looked like a nice case of mild copycatting. This ended the argument.

The brothers, in fact, have been known under that title since they were in their teens —a reasonably long time ago.

The Marx legend is full of stories. At one time in their early years Chico and Harpo looked like twins. Chico was a good piano player; Harpo a poor one. Chico would get a piano-playing job and turn it over to Harpo, going back to his own. Harpo would last a few performances and add a few dollars to the family purse, which was pretty thin.

Groucho, who used to sing a sweet tenor, got his start in a Gus Edwards musical act, into which Mother had battered her way after a six-months siege of booking offices. From this he went into a singing combo known as the Leroy Trio and was in Cripple Creek, Colorado, when his voice broke. He was heaved out of the act bodily and drove a grocery wagon for some weeks to get fare back home to Mother.

Harpo got his start playing with a harp his uncle, Al Shean, bought for forty dollars and gave him, or which was his grandmother's in Germany. The stories differ. He not only can't read music, but his private method of harp tuning is such that no other harpist can play it. Harpo once bought a thirty-minute lesson in harping and spent it showing the teacher the Marx Method, with some success.

The brothers always have been artists first and businessmen afterward. When, in 1918, they opened their own show in Battle Creek, Michigan, they had merely an idea: No script, no advance billing, no light plot for the electrician and no photographs of themselves for the lobby. The last problem they solved by placing a six-foot blowup of Miss Theda Bara, a vamp of the period, in the lobby. But even with Miss Bara—who some customers may have imagined was part of the act—the box-office take was just twenty-eight dollars. They starved around the circuit—and finally got home, once more, to Mother.

A Marx legend is that Winston Churchill was watching their Night at the Opera when the news was brought to him that Rudolph Hess had landed in Scotland—and that the Prime Minister refused to leave until the picture was finished. A wire story at the time quoted Churchill as saying: "I wouldn't leave if Goebbels, Hitler, Goering and Hess all landed by parachute; they couldn't possibly be as funny as this."

The Marx boys have thought over this quote quite a bit—and are still wondering whether it's high praise to be judged funnier than the four former top men of Nazidom.

The Marxes' best friend probably is the regimentation of modern life and their refusal to accept it. They do, on the stage and screen, what millions of people would like to do but are prevented from doing by law, custom or the menacing shriek of conscience.

How Not to Be Frustrated

"Every man," says Harpo, "wants to chase a pretty girl if he sees one. He doesn't—I do. Most people at some time want to throw things around recklessly. They don't—but we do. We're a sort of safety valve through which people can blow off steam. People all have inhibitions and hate them. We just ignore them."

As everyone knows, Harpo has been doing the same sort of thing for fifteen or twenty years without speaking a word, and he gets as many laughs as ever. In Casablanca, Producer David Loew offered Harpo fifty-five thousand dollars more to speak one word: "Murder!" It sounds like a lot of money, but the novelty value would have been great; "Harpo Speaks" in ads and on billboards would have brought in dough at the box office.

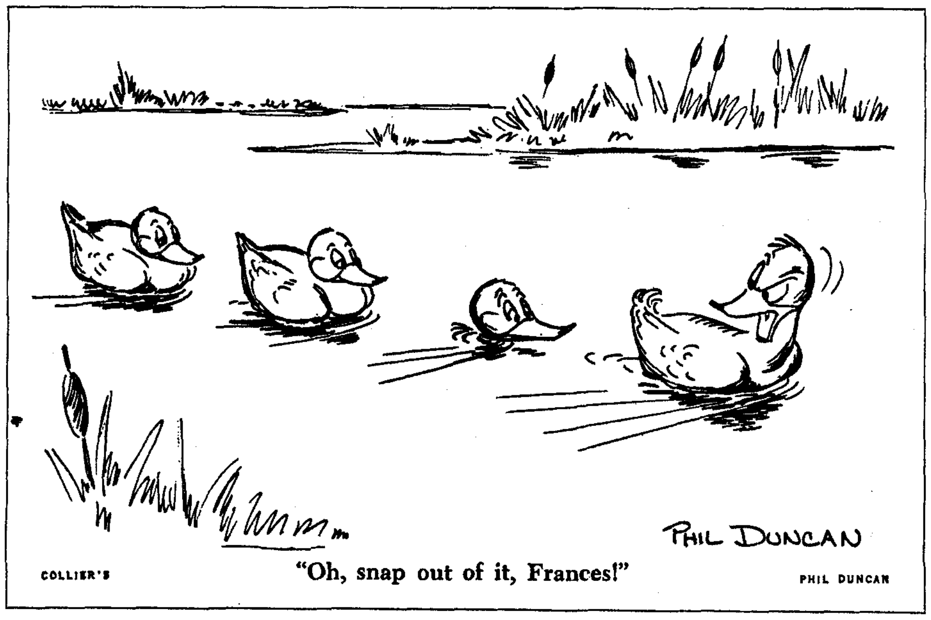
Harpo, who likes a dollar as well as the next man, thought it over and turned it down, with a headshake instead of a "No." Why break a tradition? Let history remember Harpo the Mute, not Harpo the Gabbler.

A character is hard to build—but you can always go out and get fifty-five thousand bucks somewhere. That's Harpo.

Groucho, though, is apt to be a trifle satiric about the long march of the Marxes; he has few illusions about their product.

"This new picture," he says, painting on the oblong black mustache, "is quite likely to be the opening gun in a new world-wide disaster."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, snap out of it, Frances!" PHIL DUNCAN

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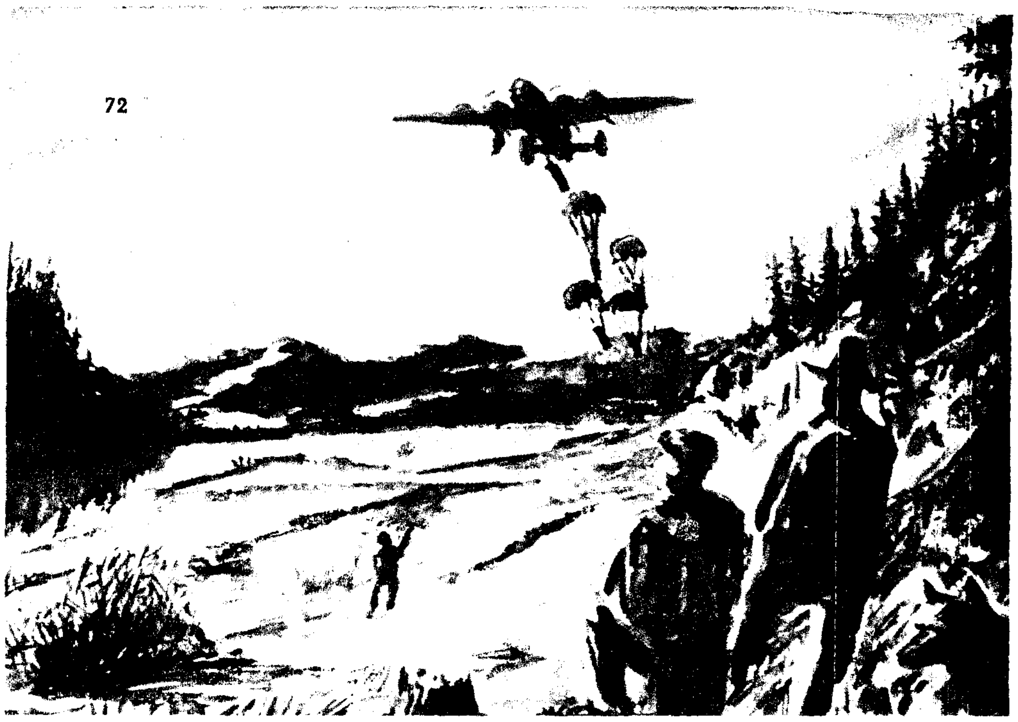
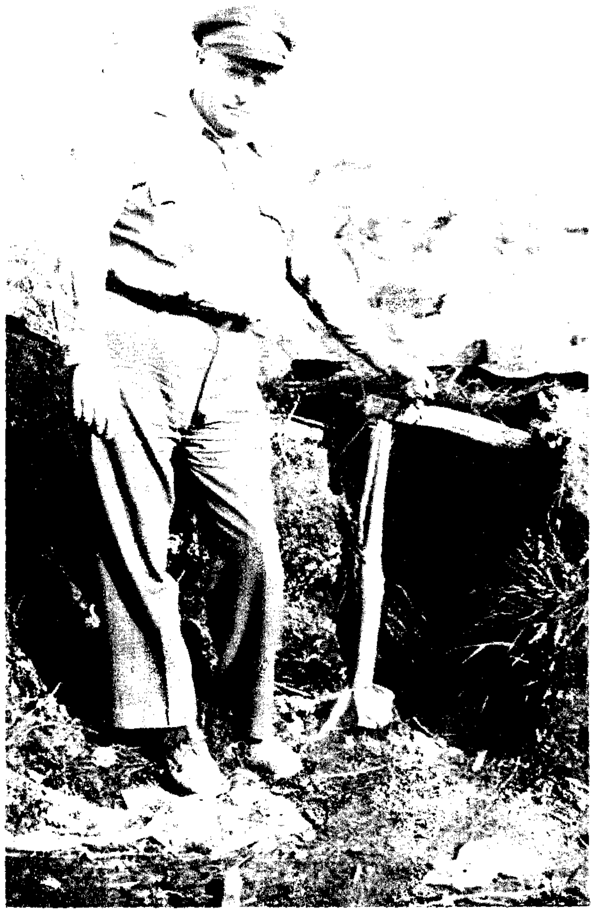


A Liberator bomber, flying slow and low, dropping agents and supplies for the Norwegian underground behind German lines. Drawing was made by Colonel Balchen

OUR SECRET WAR IN SCANDINAVIA

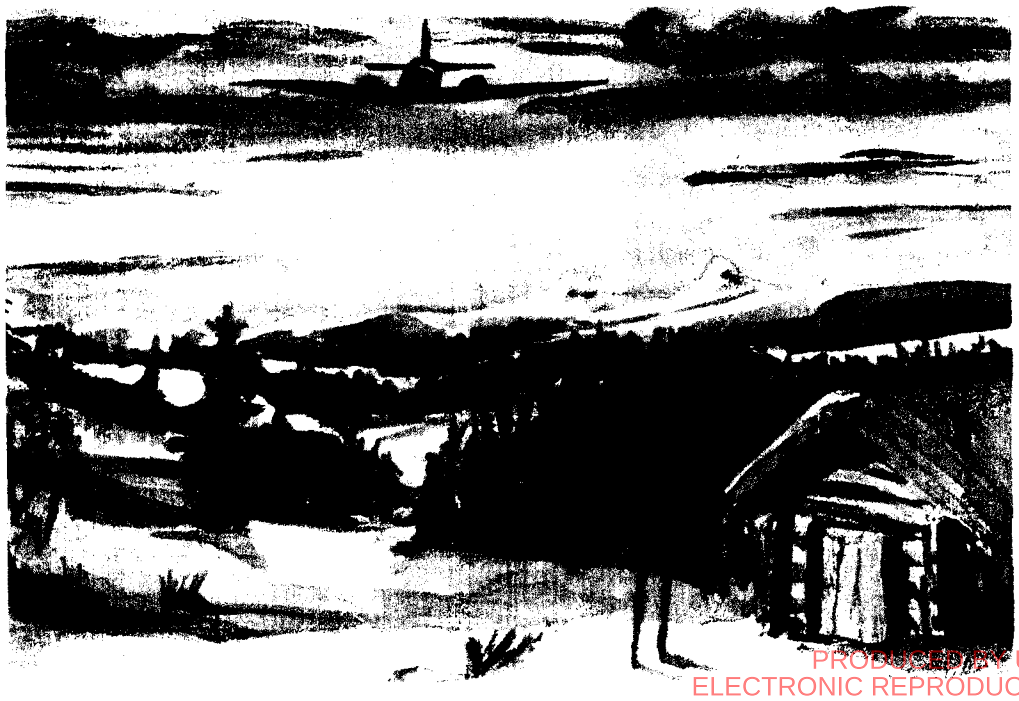
BY COLONEL BERNT BALCHEN
U.S. Army Air Forces

In his concluding article Colonel Balchen tells how the Allies were able, with the co-operation of the Swedes, to supply the Norwegian underground, and to harass the Germans from Swedish territory



Colonel Balchen inspects a hut occupied by Russian prisoners of war. Made of clay and peat, the shelter was about eight feet long, six feet wide, and two and one-half feet high. It held about fifteen men

Another drawing by Colonel Balchen. Here the Liberator has made a drop and is hurrying back to its base. Supplies were dropped from an altitude of 400 feet



IT IS incredible how dumb the Germans were in guarding the border between Norway and Sweden. We could run supplies and people back and forth by train or truck whenever we chose. One reason for our success in these operations was the peculiar nature of the border, which runs along the ridge of a low mountain range, and, with the exception of a few towns, is just miles and miles of forests and mountains. Not only was it difficult to guard such a border, but the guards seemed to get bored with their isolation and to become careless.

Of course, we had the willing aid of the Swedes. Many fleeing Norwegian patriots with the Germans at their heels were saved by soldiers of the Swedish border patrol, who took them to Swedish headquarters and gave them food and instructions for further progress. Once one of our agents was wounded in a running fight with the Gestapo. The Swedes had watched his progress for some time; he would drop to the ground and fire at the Germans, then get up and run a bit farther before falling and taking another shot to slow up the pursuit. He was within half a mile of the border when he was wounded, and could run no more.

That was too much for the Swedes. Some of the patrol went across the border and took the fugitive away from the Germans at the point of the bayonet. The Germans made a protest to the Swedish commanding officer, but little attention was paid to it.

Throughout the German occupation of Norway there were convoys running into Sweden over all the roads. Goods had to be shipped back and forth, and it was easy for the Norwegian underground to put two or three empty trucks into a convoy. Then, at a certain point, these trucks would drop out and others, packed with refugees and covered with tarpaulins, would take their places. All the Germans did was count the trucks. I think we lost only three trucks during the whole war.

In the central part of the Swedish-Norwegian border there is a great lumber district, which is partly on the Norwegian side and partly on the Swedish. Trucks carrying lumber were always going into Sweden and returning with supplies for the Germans, and it was very easy to stow guns and ammunition, and even a courier, in one of the trucks. The Swedes at the border would notify us when a good-natured German guard whom they could control would be on duty, and when we heard the way was clear, the truck would go rumbling into Norway, where the underground agents met it and took charge of the cargo.

The Swedish air patrol which watched the northern border was stationed at Kiruna, a town of some 10,000 population in the northwestern part of the country. It was more of a rescue patrol than anything else, for during the winter of 1944-45, when the Germans were being pushed back through northern Norway, taking with them the Russian slave laborers and the Lapps and Norwegians who lived in the area, there were many escapes over the border.

Sometimes the refugees could not quite make it, and would fall exhausted, with frozen feet or legs. Hundreds of these unfortunates were seen by the Swedish flying patrol, and the pilot would either land and pick up the refugee, or notify a ground patrol where he was, which was often inside German-occupied territory. Swedish ambulance planes were constantly engaged in this work, and they saved more lives than we will ever know.

Many of the refugees were Russians in miserable condition, and their desire to get away from their captors was easily understood when we flew into Banak, a big airport in the north of Norway on the polar sea, where the Germans had had their northern headquarters.

Never have I seen such living conditions as the Russians had. There were nearly 10,000 of them in prison camps, working on roads and bridges and airfields, and shut up at night behind electrified wire barricades. Two of these camps were in swamps, where even in the dry season the water was over our boots as we walked around. One can only imagine what it was like when it rained. Their houses were of earth, roofed with sod, with no heat, although sometimes the Russians managed to make a stove out of tins.

The Elements Add to Misery

But the thing that shocked me most was the way they let 2,200 Russian laborers fend for themselves about three miles northeast of Banak. These men had been dumped there sometime in the spring of 1944 and told to make themselves homes. The only possible way they could get shelter was to dig into a clay bank with their hands. The front of the bank was pock-marked with holes where men had clawed their way into the clay to find some shelter from the rain and sleet and wind of the Arctic. They had a few bits of wood to shore up the sides and roof, and where they needed more protection they covered the entrances or roofs with turf. They had no heat, no way of cooking except with empty tin cans, and no sanitation facilities.

It must have been horrible in the summer, for anybody who has been in the north knows how punishing the mosquitoes and flies can be. But in the fall, when it rained and sleeted, it must have been even worse. In a space ten by fifteen feet, at least twenty men would cram themselves, hoping to keep from freezing to death by mere physical contact. They were sick, suffering from scurvy and all sorts of filthy diseases. At least fifty per cent of them died.

We found their bodies, and even their skeletons, for if their own people did not bury them, the Germans let them lie where they fell. Helping to drive out the Germans who destroyed that area was worth all the dangerous flying we did.

The Norwegians who fled from Norway into Sweden, often with the aid of the Swedes, had to leave their possessions behind. During the war, at least 60,000 Norwegians escaped in this way. They were registered at Stockholm by the Norwegian legation, and taken care of at Kjeseter in central Sweden. Many were young men who wanted to join their countrymen fighting on the outside, and it was from their ranks that a large Norwegian force was trained by Swedish and

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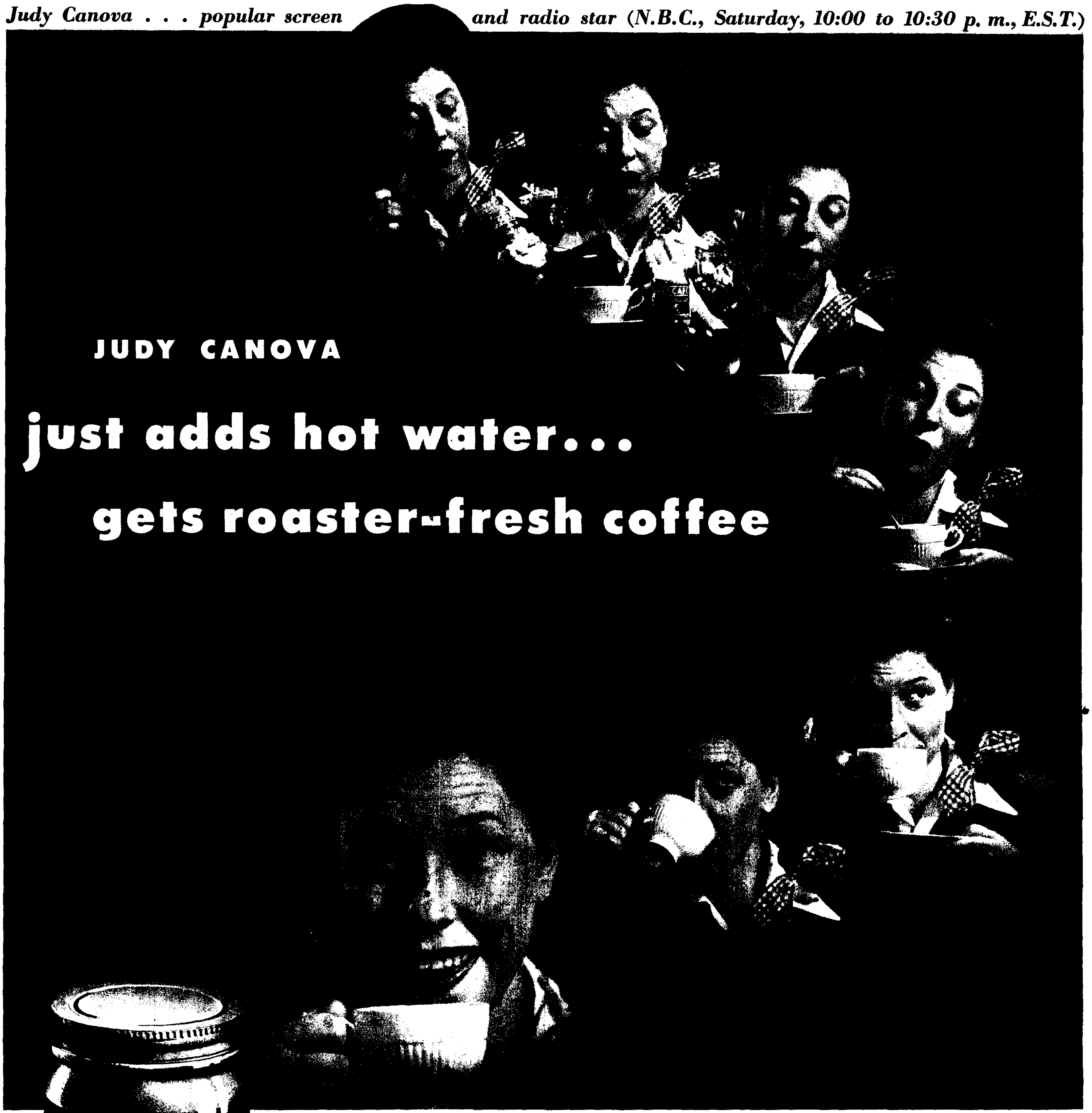
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Norwegian officers for eventual action in Norway. These training camps were started as early as 1942, and in 1945 there were 15,500 well-trained Norwegian troops in them. Their equipment, uniforms, supplies and ammunition all came from the Swedish army.

Between 200,000 and 250,000 people from Norway, Denmark, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania found sanctuary in Sweden, escaping slave-labor camps and sometimes mass executions. The activities of the Swedes also extended outside their own country. In Oslo alone they fed 50,000 school children every day in the latter years of the occupation, and in Finland 70,000 children were fed daily through the Swedish Red Cross.

One of the most astonishing by-products of Swedish neutrality was the handing over to England of the first undestroyed V-2 bomb —the bomb that caused such terrifying destruction in southern England. These bombs began falling in London in October, 1944, as I well remember, because I was there occasionally when they came down.

Those Mysterious Big Boxes

One day in the latter part of July, 1944, I got a telephone call from London asking me to fly over some big boxes, of which they gave me the dimensions. They were at Bromma flying field at Stockholm and weighed about two and a half tons. What was in them they would not say; it was very secret. I found that the boxes were too large to get through any opening in our Liberators, so we got an old C-47, with no special navigation equipment on it, just enough radio to get around England.

Lieutenant Colonel Keith Allen made the flight to Sweden, loaded the boxes, and got back to Leuchars, in Scotland. The plane had no armament; Colonel Allen and his crew had to depend on good navigation and our information to dodge fighters and flak, but they made it. Then I flew the plane down to Farnborough, the biggest aviation testing ground in England, comparable to our Wright Field, and turned the boxes over to Professor Alexander, who was in charge of research on guided missiles. He confirmed my belief that the cases contained a V-2 without a war head, which had landed in Sweden while on a test flight.

Our "Where and When" project was the final test of Swedish co-operation. As the name suggests, it was not a dependable operation. The idea was to fly Norwegian soldiers from Kallax in northern Sweden to Kirkenes and other points in northern Norway.

The Germans were being driven back by the Russians, and the Norwegians wanted to play a part in the battle. The only way we could get troops in there was to fly them, and the only way they could be supplied was by airplane. We also dropped agents and radio apparatus and food.

The weather was unusually vile. Temperatures were frequently lower than 40 degrees below zero, and there was a great deal of fog and icing. Day after day, flights had to be canceled. Nevertheless, we dropped 1,442 men, and 2,456,000 pounds of supplies were carried out of Kallax to Kirkenes, to Banak, a northern Norwegian airport, and to Bodo, after the capitulation. It was mostly military equipment, although some cargo was for civilian relief in Finnmarken. We carried everything from fishhooks to sectional houses, hay and oats.

At least 92,000 pounds of material were dropped by parachute, using the paper parachutes made by the Swedes, which worked very well. Even the shroud lines were of paper. We found that hay in bales of 200 pounds, if tied together with a steel band, could be dropped from almost any altitude without chutes.

On one occasion we had to take in a heavy radio set and food, and because of the weight of the radio it could not be landed by parachute. We wanted to drop it at Banak, close to the German lines, and the venture didn't look very promising. But it had to be done, because we had to know what the Germans were doing. I decided to take a C-47, having sent a message before to put branches of trees on a river so that it would be possible to pick the landing place. We frequently took off and landed in a foot, or a foot and a half, of hard-packed snow, but we managed to keep the plane from turning over. However, this time there was a two-foot snow on the river. I got down all right, and the plane stopped rolling in fifty yards, so deep was the snow.

A Tough Job of Snow Shoveling

Getting off was another problem. Fighting was going on less than two miles from Banak, and the 100 men who cleared a runway kept rifles near them all the time they were shoveling a space about 1,000 feet long by sixty wide. They were eating in sod huts, cooking reindeer meat, and brought their guns in with them and kept them handy. The weather was beautiful, not a cloud in the sky, and a sort of half twilight. A thousand feet of snow-covered ice isn't much of a runway, but by using half flaps, and with a side wind, we got off while going only sixty miles an hour. Of course, we were light. But we sure poured on the coal to get altitude, and when we turned we were right over the firing line.

The Swedish air force helped us out again during this series of battles in the north. Some Norwegian soldiers were digging up mines in the Lapp settlement of Karasjok. The whole northern area had been burned out and destroyed by the Germans, and the only building left in the town was the church. In most places they did not even leave the church. One of the larger mines exploded and killed twenty-two men and injured nine. All of the latter needed immediate medical attention.

I telephoned Dr. Carl Semb, chief of the Norwegian Army Medical Corps, and he arranged for another doctor and a nurse to fly to Karasjok. It was impossible to land there, so they would have to be dropped by parachute. The town lay in a bend in the river, with high land on either side, and the drops had to be made while the plane was in a slight bank. The nurse, a plucky woman, had never been up in an airplane before in her life, and here she was being asked to go up for the first time and then jump. She did not hesitate.

When the plane reached Karasjok, the doctor jumped, and then the nurse, and when it became evident that more than one doctor was needed, Colonel Semb, not a young man, also jumped. The emergency operations were performed in the church half an hour later, and all the lives were saved.

During most of the time, we had two concurrent operations over Norway and Sweden. One was flying out Norwegian air cadets and Allied fliers who had been interned. The other was supplying the Norwegian underground with arms, munitions and medicines, and dropping agents and radio equipment. We flew armed when we went over Norway to make drops, and were unarmed when we flew into Sweden. Because of the high hills and bad weather, these flights were regarded as the most dangerous in Europe.

The need for our flights to Norway became known to me as soon as I reached Stockholm on my first flight there to make arrangements for our operations. I had not been in my hotel half an hour before an old friend, Dr. Otto Dahl, one of the leaders of the underground movement in Norway, came to my room and told me of the urgent need for supplies.

When I returned to Scotland, I reported Dr. Dahl's request, but it was not until July, 1944, soon after the Normandy invasion, that we could begin to give the underground what it had asked. For these operations I had the choice of six war-weary Liberators, retired bombers that were of no further use to the Air Force. They were sent to a depot where the machine guns in the nose were removed, and the bombardier's compartment was changed to give him better visibility.

Fitted for Action

The bomb bay was fitted with static lines to release parachutes on the containers when they were let go. The ball turret in the floor was removed, and a hole was made through which agents, or "bodies," as we called them, could be dropped. We kept the top and waist guns for protection. The crews were men who had flown with me before, or had been on missions to France where they had learned how to make drops. Those who didn't know were sent to a training school.

Dropping involves a different sort of flying from anything else in the Air Forces. The drops are made at a low altitude, bodies being dropped from about 500 feet; and supplies, which are not so easily damaged, from 400 feet. The speed of the plane is kept as low as possible. We flew our Liberators at about 125 miles an hour, with wheels down and with full flaps over the dropping area, just about at the stalling point. We flew nights, many times down in valleys below the tops of mountains and along their sides. The records show that we dropped 120 tons of supplies on Norway and flew sixty-seven missions, of which forty-one were successful. The others were not completed because of bad weather.

The drops were all co-ordinated with Norwegian sabotage, and it is a revealing fact

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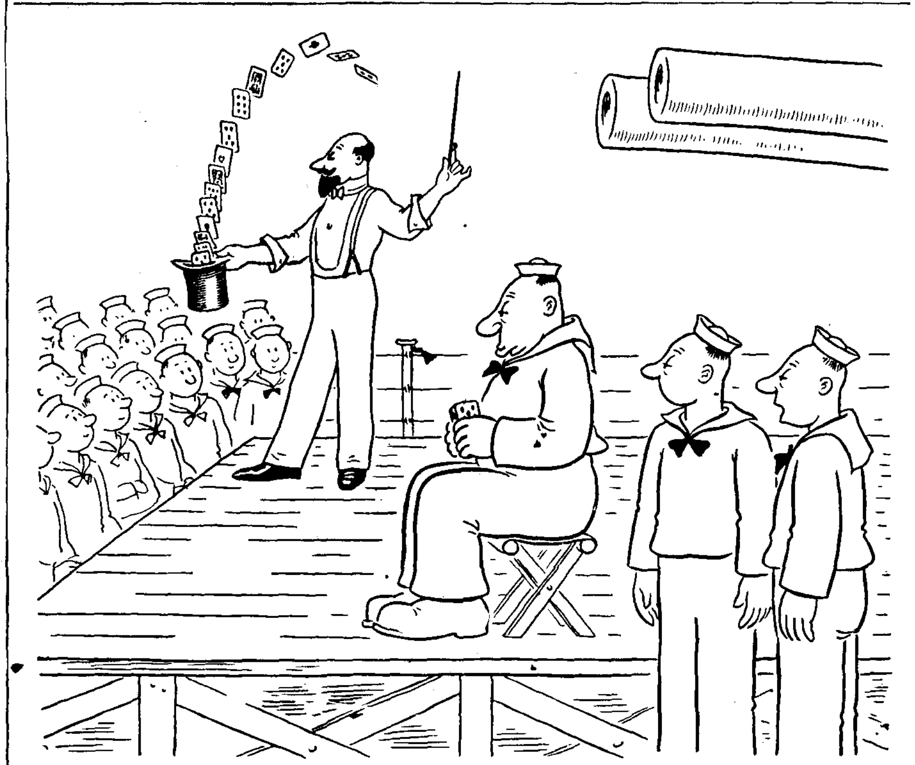

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that not a single act of sabotage was committed in Norway except on command from London headquarters. The whole system was beautifully integrated. Here is one example: The first American bombing in Norway was at Kjeller Field, just outside Oslo, which the Germans used for a maintenance depot. The bombers destroyed the barracks and the engine assembly plant, but did not get the spare parts. These were moved to a big warehouse on the edge of the city of Oslo.

We heard from our agents in Oslo that the parts had been moved, and they asked for instructions. The area could not be bombed, because the target was too small, and the section was well populated. When the problem was put up to headquarters in London, it was decided that the saboteurs should do the work.

They had sufficient explosives, and one day, when people living near by had been warned to leave their homes, the warehouse full of spare parts for German airplane engines went up in the air.

The system by which this was done was worked out carefully. We had our central headquarters in Stockholm, and there was a direct means of communication with the headquarters of Milorg, the Norwegian name for the underground in Oslo. It was largely by means of personal contact, through agents smuggled across the border. For quick action, Oslo was in radio communication with London, and London with us in Stockholm. There were only three men in the Oslo headquarters—shifted all the time. One was in charge of communications, one in charge of propaganda, and the other had control of the action group, the "dynamite boys."

Each one of these dealt with another group farther down the line, but only through an intermediary. The man in Oslo, for instance, who passed on word as to what bridge or railroad was to be blown up, did not know the man who would transmit it to the group that would take action. Between the man in Oslo and the group which translated orders into action was a man or woman who knew both. If he, or she, were caught, the line of communication was broken, and there was no danger of the Germans finding out the names of the agents at the top or bottom of the chain.

Foolproof Operational System

The system never really failed. If it were advisable to blow up a bridge because of German troop movements, the agents in Norway would get in touch with headquarters in Oslo. They, in turn, would notify London. It would be decided whether there were sufficient explosives on hand, and, if not, the underground would requisition them. Then we would decide whether the explosives should be sent in by truck, over the Swedish border, which could often be done because of the constant traffic between the two countries; or, if there were need for haste, we should drop the explosives by airplane at a point designated by the B.B.C. broadcast from London.

Our positions for drops were charted on the maps, and each was given a code name, such as Goldfinch, Bear, Perch, Apple, etc. At the headquarters of the Office of Strategic Services in London we had a big map with all these locations marked on it, and when we decided a drop was to be made, orders went out over the British Broadcasting System. "The Goldfinch has laid an egg," in Norwegian, would mean that the receivers at Goldfinch could be prepared to receive one drop that night. If two eggs, two drops.

When the time came for our first flight to drop supplies to the underground, it happened that King Haakon of Norway and Crown Prince Olav had come to Leuchars to inspect our Norwegian air squadron. I was seated next to the crown prince at dinner and told him that we were going on our first dropping flight to Norway that night, and asked him if he would write a note to the men at home. He did so, and so did the king, and I wrote a brief note telling how I had received the messages.

When I left the table and asked His Majesty to excuse me, as I had an important duty to perform, he winked at me.

It was about eleven o'clock when we told the control tower we were ready to take off, and the field was lighted ahead of us. In a few minutes we were clear of the coast, and the gunners fired their guns to clean them. Every hour we got weather reports from Leuchars, sent blind because we could not reply. The weather was fine with low clouds underneath, and about 75 miles north of the Shetlands we set our course for Norway. The cloud cover disappeared completely, and we could see the Norwegian mountains ahead. We could see Sogne Fiord to the south, and one of the islands where the Germans had a radar station. But we had a safe passage in, because this was one of the few places where the Germans had no antiaircraft guns.

We flew low over the mountains, thus avoiding the German radar, because mountains distort it, and whenever we could we stuck close to the ground. That also made it difficult for fighter planes to attack us, because they could not dive and pull out before hitting the ground.

The Scene of Tragedy

We were flying along the north side of the largest glacier in Norway, Jostedalsbreen. Deep fiords cut far into the country, and there I saw at Loen the marks on the mountainside from an avalanche that fell into the lake below and caused a tidal wave that washed away a whole community and buried 130 Norwegians, not an uncommon misfortune in this wild country. This happened several years before the war, and I was on the relief party that flew in. Below us was some of the roughest country in Europe, with dark chasms between the mountain peaks, and snow on the tops of them.

Then we changed our course for our target, Bollho, which is a peak to the east of a long, narrow lake, high up in the mountains and away from any habitation. I heard a voice on the interphone:

"Ten minutes to go. Can anybody see any lights?"

Everybody was staring ahead, and then we heard from the tail turret:

"Lights on the ground below the mountaintop at nine o'clock."

We lowered the landing gear and flaps, the bomb-bay doors were open, and then we felt the jerk on the plane as the containers left.

"Oh, boy, this is perfect," somebody said. We got up our wheels and flaps and took a turn over the dropping place. In the twilight we could see the chutes lying close to the first light. One of the men on the ground was sending the V-sign to us with his flashlight.

We always had to be careful in getting away from one of these dropping places so as not to disclose the locations. The reception committees had enough trouble with the quislings and Gestapo without our complicating matters. So we turned and followed a route back to the south of the glacier by which we had entered Norway. The sun had come up and the mountaintops were golden. The glaciers were shining, white, blue and green. The fiords were still black down in the shadow of the valleys.

When we got back to Leuchars, I went to bed after debriefing, and was awakened at 9 o'clock. Our Liberators were lined up outside the hangar for inspection by King Haakon, six black ones for dropping to the underground in Norway, five green ones for flying Norwegians from Sweden to Scotland. I was very proud of them.

At ten o'clock King Haakon, Crown Prince Olav and Admiral Riiser-Larsen, commanding officer of the Norwegian air forces, and their staff came to inspect us. When I saluted the king he asked me:

"How did you make out last night?"

"Messages delivered, Your Majesty," I answered.

He shook his head.

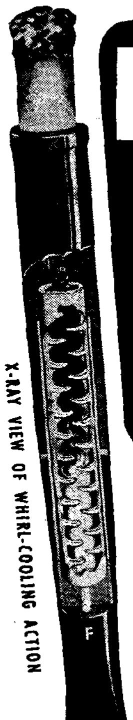
"It's unbelievable. Last night we had dinner together; since then you have been in Norway, and now you are here again."

During luncheon a courier came with a message for me which said:

"Everything, also message, received. Thanks to the Yanks."

I gave the message to the king. He looked at it a long time.

THE END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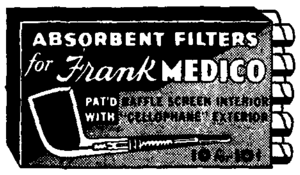

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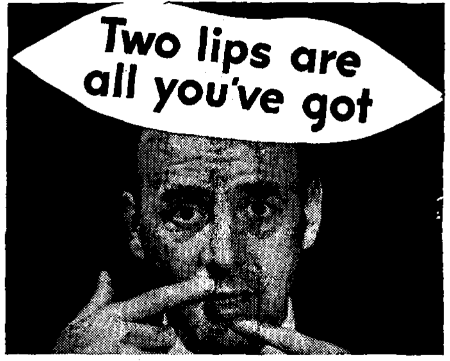
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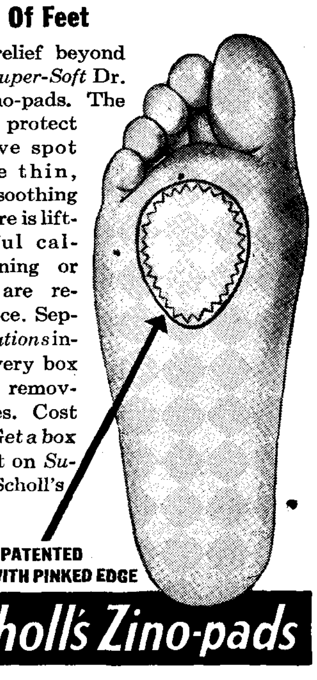

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Picket Lines in Politics

Continued from page 13

lack of a spectacular figure like Wendell Willkie, who, they go on, would be a natural in 1948.

"Four years under Bricker," says Morse, "would produce such a swing to the left that it would make us liberals in the Republican Party look like reactionaries. The party would be pulling a Samson act. Anyone wanting to save the private-enterprise system, as I do, would not support such a move. The Socialists are hoping for just such a development so that they may take over."

Several bags of applauding mail from twenty states greet Senator Morse's words. In the Senate both Democrats and Republicans nod in approval—Republicans Tobey, Aiken, Austin, Smith and Wilson for example. And so does Bob La Follette, whose Progressive Party in Wisconsin has collapsed and who must run for re-election as a Republican if he wants to retain his seat. Perhaps not all of these Republicans may be regarded as stanch liberals. Not all of them stand with Morse in a solid front. And yet none warms to the reactionary smugness which seems to rule tradition-blanketed National Headquarters.

Over in the House, Representative Charles Marion La Follette, Republican from Indiana, has declared a one-man strike against Old Guard rule in his own state. He has started something which may be emulated by other dissatisfied Republican members. He is a cousin of the Wisconsin La Follettes which, say the hard-shells in National Headquarters, explains everything. But Mr. La Follette is an idealist. He has courage. He would have no noticeable trouble being re-elected to the House of Representatives this fall. But he has preferred to announce for the seat of Republican Senator Raymond E. Willis, a stiff-necked conservative.

This amounts to declaring war on most of Indiana's Republican bosses. In his state, nominations are made in convention, the conventions being controlled by the Old Guard. But Mr. La Follette intends to stump Indiana asking the Republican voter which way he proposes to go, "backward to nothing or forward to something." Mr. La Follette does not share his National Committee's apparent belief that the Republican Party is certain to capture the House of Representatives next fall simply because "the trend is in that direction."

Mr. La Follette sees hope for the Republicans next fall and in 1948 if they modernize their principles and open their doors to the younger, progressive voters who, according to political polls, are still Democratic.

In the House, too, thirty-nine Republicans rebel against the efforts of party shellbacks to pervert the Pearl Harbor investigation, as well as war investigations to come, into smears of Mr. Roosevelt and hunts for campaign issues. They end their declaration, reproving their poverty-stricken platform writers: "Only if this investigation is conducted fearlessly and without favor, prejudice or partisanship, will the effort be justified and the findings accepted." These thirty-nine include such boss-shy members as Bennet of New York, Herter of Massachusetts, Judd of Minnesota, Phillips of California and Stockman of Oregon.

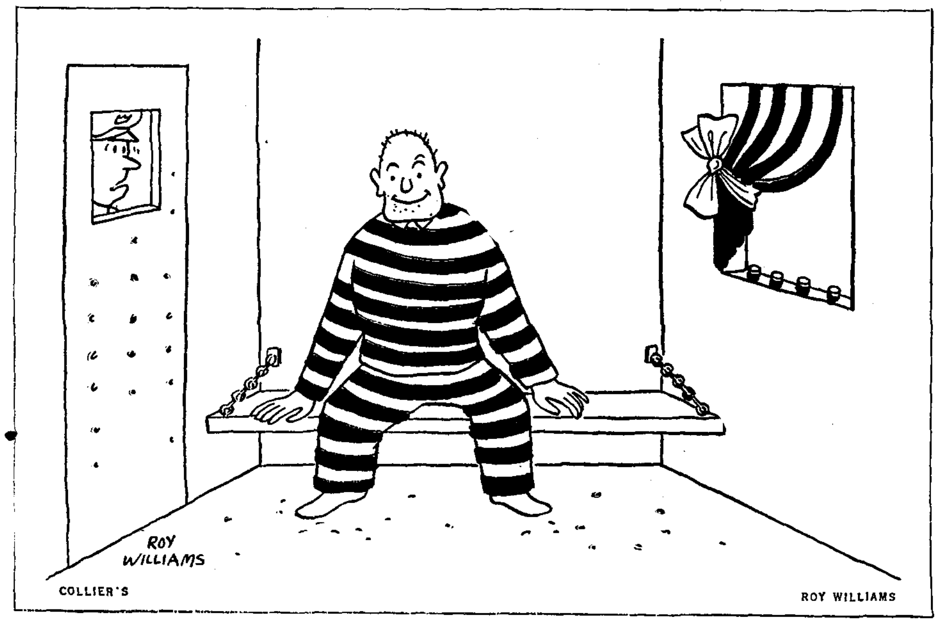
They go on to say that peacetime military training, for example, is "not an issue for partisan thinking and action." And "Congress should consider all the evidence, afford full opportunity for debate, decide questions solely on their merits. And this is what we propose to do."

No Sign of a Third Party—Yet

Sixteen freshman senators, Republicans and Democrats, repudiate the right of their party managements to dictate how they shall vote on international questions. They're able men like Donnell of Missouri, Magnuson of Washington, McMahon of Connecticut, Morse of Oregon, Saltonstall of Massachusetts. Of themselves these declarations of independence are not revolutionary. There is at present no sign in any or all of them of so doubtful a movement as a third party. But they're most important in that they show that the control by old hands in both parties is slipping. These are the manifestations of discontent that worry Mr. Hannegan and Mr. Brownell. These intraparty strikes are not boldly organized affairs—yet. They haven't come to the walkout stage although some of the younger members of Congress are accusing their Old Guards of lockouts. The chief complaint involves working conditions, the almost insuperable difficulties hoary tradition in both party managements has erected against modern theory.

Few nights pass that groups of representatives and senators with more fluid imaginations do not meet to decry the old and plan the new. There's more than a hint of a Youth Movement. They applaud Senator Hart, Republican, of Connecticut, who, at sixty-eight, says that he will not stand for election in November because "for years men of too advanced age have held seats in the Senate." Senator Capper of Kansas (80), Senator Green of Rhode Island (78), and Senator Bankhead of Alabama (73) are offended by Hart's announcement. But the younger members, while admitting that such old-timers have ability, protest against the efforts of such older minds to formulate party policies.

These particular members sometimes talk a bit wildly and are not quite so bold in their bids for publicity as the groups mentioned above. But they say they want no dictation from party bosses and will accept none. Leaderless, they declare that as individuals they won't be party stooges, that they're sick of party-hack direction. They tell you that neither labor leaders nor spokesmen for management will be welcome in their offices. They'll make no promises to pressure groups. They are on a sit-down strike. At least that's



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their temper as these paragraphs are written.

The Democrats in Congress too are getting along with a minimum of harmony. The war and Mr. Roosevelt's superior political acumen and his personality held them together for twelve years, but they are now demonstrating all their party's ancient gifts for internal squabbling.

Not even the blackest of Republicans hated the Roosevelt era with the intensity of the Southern bosses. These Southerners had no alternative to supporting Mr. Roosevelt but they did so with active reluctance. Now that a less resourceful, less aggressive politician *is* in the White House, the controlling element of the Democratic Party—the Southern members of Congress—has taken over.

Rebukes from Southern Senators

When an important Democrat like Senator George of Georgia, known in Congress as a senator's senator, is moved to deplore the party's present program, Mr. Truman and Mr. Hannegan have something tangible to worry about. When the FEPC legislation appeared among the bills first on Mr. Truman's schedule, Mr. George said: "If this is all that Harry Truman has to offer, God help the Democratic Party in 1946 and 1948." And Senator Eastland of Mississippi seconded Mr. George: "If it is Truman's idea that this (FEPC) is a measure that should be taken up first in this critical hour, then I don't think that he is competent to handle the job he holds today."

And neither Mr. Truman's fact-finding proposals nor his outspoken belief in the wage demands of organized labor (particularly the C.I.O., which is bitterly detested in the South) has been welcomed by the Southern members. As for Mr. Truman's belief that fact-finding committees should have powers to subpoena management's books to ascertain ability to pay—well, that's about as popular with the conservative Democrats as it is with the Old Guard Republicans.

We have it from one prominent Democrat that "Mr. Truman is a very inferior imitation of Mr. Roosevelt." He says that Mr. Truman is "trying to imitate his predecessor by choosing his personal advisers without consulting his party's leadership in Congress, and is making a mess of it." Another simplifies the lack of unity between the White House and Congress by saying:

"After all, Harry Truman was just one of us not long ago. He was a good senator, but no standout. There are at least twenty Democrats in the Senate who regard themselves as better authorities on foreign relations and domestic management than Harry Truman. Also, he's still Harry down here—not Mr. President. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt insulated himself from us by choosing his own personal advisers without consulting us, but whether we liked them or not, they were men of ability. Harry Truman's personal, unadvised selections are not consistently of that caliber."

Nobody in Washington regards it as a secret that Mr. Truman's party managers—Senator Barkley, Speaker Rayburn, Senator McKellar, Representative McCormack and even Mr. Hannegan—have a minimum of respect for most of the men with whom Mr. Truman has fortified himself in the White House. Whatever their talents may be, however valuable their services are to the beset Mr. Truman, George E. Allen, Edwin W. Pauley, W. Stuart Symington and John Wesley Snyder are not names spoken enthusiastically on Capitol Hill.

Both Democrats and Republicans confide to you (as if it were a secret) that the fundamental trouble is that Mr. Roosevelt robbed both parties of their identities, almost obliterated party lines. While this is not worrying the ordinary voter to a noticeable extent, it frightens the Old Guard of both sides. They regard it as a threat to the two-party system. At least, they go on, there is a greater possibility today of a realignment of voters than there has been since the Whigs, Know Nothings, Anti-Nebraska Democrats, Free Soilers, Abolitionists and other political odds and ends formed the Republican party in 1856.

The Democrats are as apprehensive as the Republicans, saying that should the latter collapse in defeat in 1948, a really radical party will arise and will leave them, the Democrats, to become the conservative party and, as such, next in line for oblivion.

On one thing the reactionaries in both parties agree: Mr. Roosevelt was responsible for today's political strikes. If it hadn't been for F.D.R., they tell you, certain most disturbing rumors would not now be haunting both national headquarters. And the most upsetting of these concerns Henry A. Wallace. There is every reason to expect that Mr. Wallace, in the Cabinet or out, will carry the banner for Mr. Truman in 1948. But, they go on, if Mr. Morse's gloomy forecast of what may be expected if Mr. Truman is succeeded by Mr. Bricker comes to pass, it may be Wallace or at least someone very like Wallace in 1952.

That's looking quite a distance ahead, much further than the Old Guards are accustomed to looking. But then the New Deal will have returned—a New Deal with the latest and most radical equipment. And the conservatives wish that there were some way to make these whippersnappers in Congress see the possible consequences of their strikes.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

she bought a dress with it and we are still in a trailer."

HERE'S an ad in the Bridgeport, Connecticut, Post: "Attention, General Electric Workers. This is a good opportunity to file your income tax." And Mr. Roger M. Keeney of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, says that he can just see G.E.'s striking workers deserting the picket lines saying: "Gosh."

ALL the eating places in Norman, Oklahoma, have posted the notice: "This establishment approved for patronage by personnel of the armed forces." Of this we're assured by Mr. John A. Lynch. But one proprietor posted a sign of his own making: "This establishment approved for patronage by civilians, also." Mr. Lynch further informs us that in the Veterans' Assistance Manual issued by the University of Oklahoma there is this heartening paragraph: "Provision is made for the payment of Confederate pensions to any person who enlisted and served as a soldier or sailor in the Army or Navy of the Confederate States of America . . ."

AND the Rev. Thomas D. Arends of Little Rock, Iowa (not Arkansas, mind you), comes through with a perfectly dandy idea for another completely inconclusive Congressional investigation. He and his Aunt Emma are advocating the use of atomic bombs "to blow the tops off the Rocky Mountains permitting rain from the Pacific to fall in abundance on the Great American Desert, which will then blossom like a rose garden." His Aunt Emma, Mr. Arends says, will be very pleased to appear before Congress and answer any questions.

WHILE not precisely optimistic, Mrs. J. R. Habrowne of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is nevertheless happy that in the coming elections she will not be called upon to decide between liberal and conservative candidates. "We're back politically to where we were before 1932, thank goodness," she exults. No ideologies separate the parties. Just a good old-fashioned hack fight. You pick the candidate with the least evil odor and vote for him. Peace, it's wonderful."

MR. GEORGE BAKER BAXTER of Santa Monica, California, isn't at all sure whether he is "at wits' end" or "at sixes and sevens." He might be, he admits, on the horns of a dilemma. His trouble is, "Before the war I knew where I was. Now I just don't know where 'was' is." . . . W. D.

Billions from Millions

Continued from page 30

was handled through securities dealers and bankers affiliated in the so-called Victory Fund Committees.

Again, when the Second War Loan organizational chart was announced, Gamble's field offices almost fell apart. State administrators were not ignored, but the drive was laid out on the lines of the twelve Federal Reserve Districts, which sometimes cut willy-nilly across state lines.

Board chairmen in each district headed the War Finance Committees. A successful foodstuffs executive, William Robbins, was named national sales director. Gamble, Harold N. Graves and Peter H. Odegard remained as advisers and as a sort of consolation choir to sing hymns and whistle in the dark to cheer up the old Defense Savings Staff people. The Second War Loan rolled up more than $18,500,000,000 in sales, or 142.7 per cent of quota.

The Resignation Changed Hands

Robbins, it is said, then went into a conference with Secretary Morgenthau, carrying in his pocket great plans for the future and the customary signed resignation. Before he left the room the resignation had changed hands, giving rise to the maxim that in the Treasury Department nothing could be so swiftly disastrous as success.

This statement Gamble was to belie in the next six War Loans, where he not only met and beat quotas, but played his hand in firing appointees originally approved by Secretary Morgenthau. After his appointment as National Director of War Finance, almost his first act was a whirlwind tour of the country, visiting various state offices, with accent on the weak spots.

Slight and boyish in appearance, smoking a large cigar with the feverish diligence of a college freshman attacking his first stogie, Gamble proved to be no amateur at harvesting resignations. He returned with a sheaf of them in hand and a list of recommended replacements. A Republican, he boasted the men were chosen with total disregard of party, and even without the advance knowledge of their own senators.

The War Finance Division was then ready to tackle the Third War Loan, which quickly revealed the trend of Gamble's intentions.

Since the Treasury was opposed to all sales by coercion, social pressure, intimidation or even the suggested mode of compulsory savings, Gamble reasoned that only sincere leadership could bring success to a voluntary program.

This evangelical spirit was widely shared by his staff, which badgered radio stations, newspapers, advertisers, retail stores, unions, bankers, ladies' aid societies, trade associations—indeed everyone who represented anything—with the persistence of converts pursuing a passel of sinners.

But the hero of the entire organization was the volunteer solicitor. As his volunteer army increased in size and skill, the records of sales to individuals grew proportionately.

In the Third War Loan, for example, 52,500,000 individual pieces of Series E Bonds were sold. By the Seventh, the tally passed 92,000,000 E-Bond units. In the Second War Loan, sales of all types of securities to individuals accounted for 17.7 per cent of the total. In the Third, this jumped to 28.4 per cent, was never more than a fraction lower thereafter, and in the Seventh reached a peak of 33 per cent.

Gamble could say that "nearly three fourths of the dollar volume (about $30,000,000,000 in E Bonds outstanding) is in the hands of people making less than $5,000 a year."

Where 50 per cent of government borrowing was done at the commercial banks in 1942, only 35 per cent of federal loans came from that source by the first half of 1945. If some of the banking fraternity resented this change, it is not evident in records showing that 25 per cent of bank employees devoted all their time to War Bond business during national campaigns—the banks receiving not a nickel of compensation.

Banks Were Not Discredited

Neither the Treasury nor Gamble had discredited the position of banks as a source of government loans. Gamble committed his forces to sell securities of modest interest; to put sales to individuals first, sales to corporations and other nonbank investors next—after designing a "basket" of issues fitted to their investment needs.

In 1941, a Congressional committee published a statement that the millions of people in the country making $1,250 or less spent more than their incomes—they were "negative savers." A short time before he left office, Gamble had upon his desk a survey indicating that 13,000,000 nonfarm income receivers with annual incomes of $1,200 or less owned about $2,900,000,000 in E Bonds—approximately the same amount as the entire public holding of Baby Bonds in 1940.

As he left Washington to return to his own pursuits and profits, Gamble could report that "About eight of ten persons who have owned bonds want to go on buying, many saying they would not save as much money if bond sales were discontinued. This attitude is particularly strong among people buying through pay-roll savings."

The War Loans have passed into history, and all but a nucleus of the War Finance Division is dissolving. This small and thoroughly indoctrinated staff will inherit the job of maintaining sales among the "eight out of ten" who were sold under Gamble's sway, and stayed sold on the idea of saving with Uncle Sam.

THE END

According to the above-mentioned survey sixty per cent of farm-income receivers now own bonds, holding an average of $490 each at purchase price.

Seventy-five per cent of nonfarm-income receivers have bonds, holding an average of $610 each at purchase price. There are approximately 43,300,000 income receivers in the nonfarm group alone, and here is the breakdown of their holdings by income groups:

E-BOND OWNERSHIP, NONFARM*

Annual Income	*Number Receivers*	*Holdings*
$1,200 or less	13,000,000 persons own	$2,900,000,000
$1,201-2,200	13,000,000 " "	$4,800,000,000
$2,201-3,200	11,000,000 " "	$8,300,000,000
$3,201-5,000	4,000,000 " "	$5,400,000,000
More than $5,000	2,000,000 " "	$4,800,000,000
	43,300,000 nonfarm "	$26,200,000,000

*Figures do not add exactly, due to rounding.

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Accent from London

By Henry L. Jackson

IN THE clothing field, London is to men what Paris is to women, and the British metropolis is once again setting about its ancient business of turning out the best-dressed men in the world.

But it is all being done with due respect for British tradition and ceremony. The well-dressed Englishman knows what he is supposed to wear on all occasions, and he wears it, without question and with scarcely any innovation. A graduate of Eton, for example, wears his old school tie, which is black with a narrow blue stripe, and he'd rather be caught dead than wearing a navy tie with a double white stripe, because that belongs to Harrow. Members of various regiments and clubs may also be identified by the colored stripes of their neckwear. In this country, the bewildered Englishman is apt to find his old school tie decorating the shirt front of anyone from an office boy to a bank president. Sometimes it's very confusing.

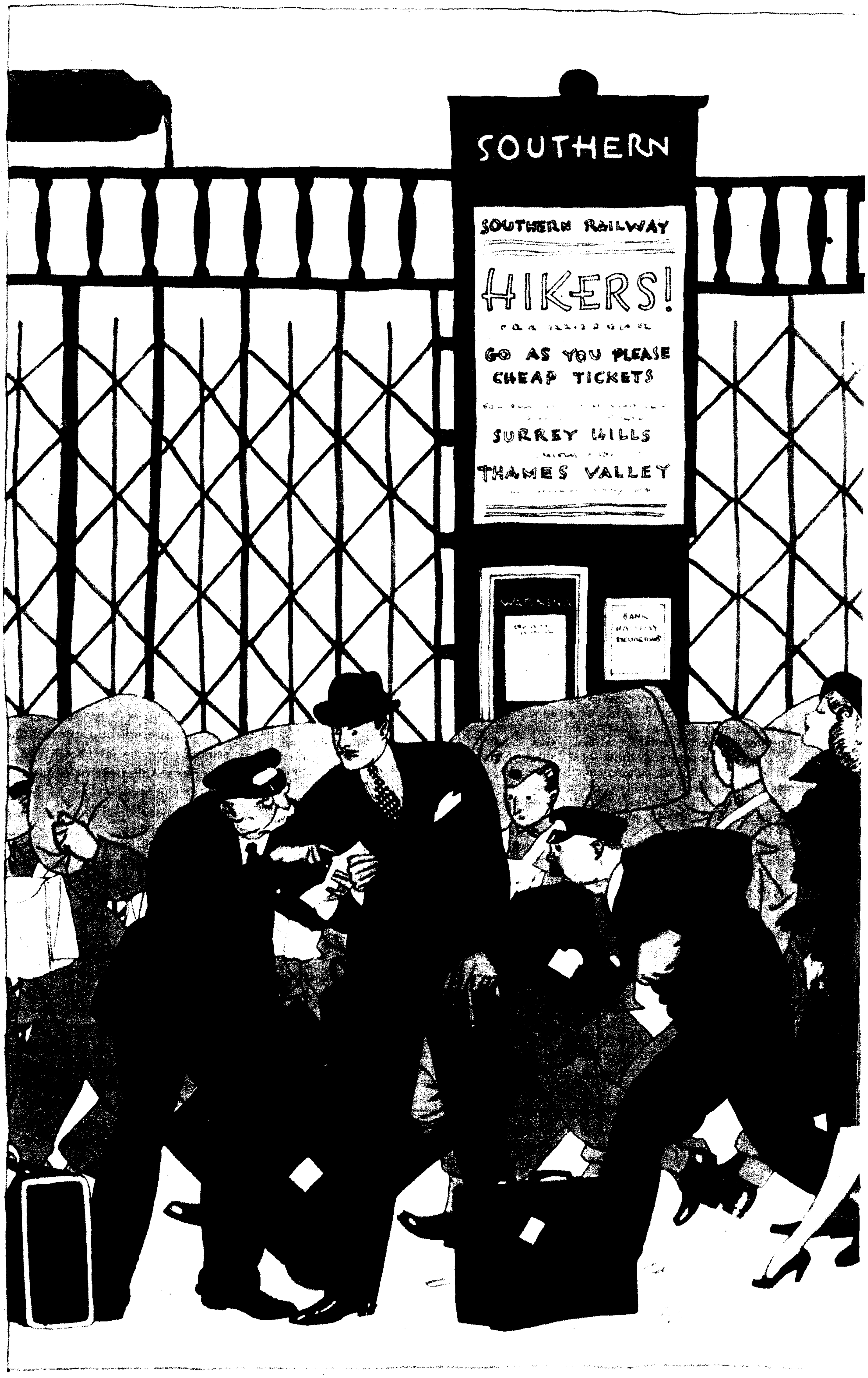
Sports clothing, in England, is a distinct type, halfway between definite town and country clothing. It means a lightweight tweed or flannel suit, worn in town with formal accessories, and worn in the country with informal or country furnishings. For example, in town the gray flannel suit may be worn with suède shoes, a Homburg hat, a colored shirt with a white starched collar, and a silk tie with a neat but not gaudy design. In the country the same suit is worn with brogue or country shoes, a crushable felt hat or sport hat, a soft shirt and wool tie.

Two new colors have appeared in men's suits in London this season; one is Charcoal Gray, the other is Guard's Blue, a lightish navy. Both have a dressed-up look. The double-breasted style is popular, and Englishmen wear such suits with a matching-color sleeveless pull-over sweater instead of a vest. With them are worn a soft colored shirt with white starched collar and a neat-patterned tie. Add to this a black Homburg or derby, brown suède or black shoes, gloves and an umbrella or cane, and a red carnation, and you have a smart Londoner. The carnation costs sixty cents.

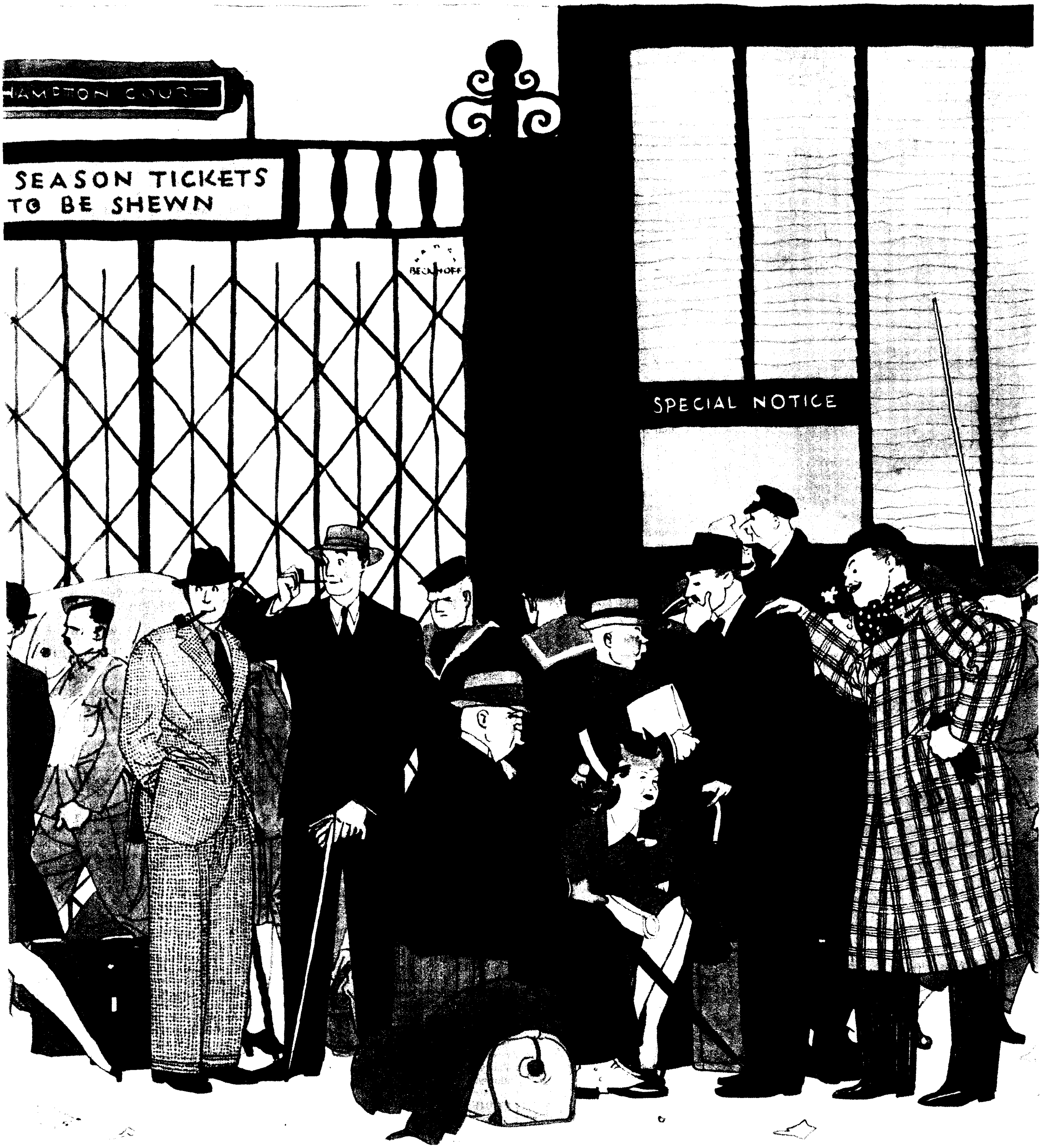
For town wear in London there are two new shirt colors—Georgian Blue and Yeoman Red. Both are definitely vogue.

From the Newmarket race course this year comes a new hat, first spotted on a famous trainer, who is also a lord. Its outstanding feature is that it never looks brand-new and quickly assumes the personality of the wearer, since he can crush it into any shape desired. A neat bit of headgear. Packs well, too. Also from Newmarket comes the Newmarket Check, a new cloth—a clear check in brown and green and white mixtures, worn in odd jackets and in complete suits. Jackets are cut along the lines of riding coats, with full sweep, slanting "Post and Rail" pockets, and long center or side vents.

Englishmen seem to be turning away from the jacket-and-slacks idea. They think it's been overdone. Again from Newmarket we have the "Sudan Boot," an ankle-high shoe which is perfectly correct for country tramping, football games, or the races. The college boys should go for this number. ★★★



Man-about-town, London version, dressed appropriately for any large metropolitan city, in a single-breasted, two-button front suit in Charcoal Gray, a pale gray-and-white striped shirt with starched collar, black-and-white diamond-pattern tie, black shoes and hat and white pocket handkerchief. The carnation (cost: 60 cents) and the rolled umbrella are typical British touches. Londoners always wear gloves in town—in this case, a dressy pair of yellow chamois



A smart country number is the Newmarket Check suit, in black and white, with a three-button, single-breasted front. Note the long side vents and the country hat

A lovat-green tweed suit, tan shirt, green foulard tie, suède zippered vest, brown suède shoes, a mustard-color porkpie hat and an ash cane. Fine for a week end

Double-breasted Guard's Blue flannel suit with low roll lapels and long side vents. It's worn with a cream-color shirt, blue satin tie and ginger-color suède shoes

This large black-and-white plaid serves as a town or country coat. The suit is black with white stripes, the hat and shoes are black, and the scarf a polka dot

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

SMOOTH
SPREADY
DELICIOUS

Some Like It Cold

Keep a piece of Armour Star Liver Sausage in the refrigerator, and you'll be ready to make deliciously good hot or cold meals on a minute's notice. One favorite cold lunch is a liver sausage sandwich. Armour Star Liver Sausage is delicately seasoned . . . slices or spreads for wonderful sandwiches. It's made fresh daily in scores of Armour Sausage Kitchens and rushed to your nearby market so you get it flavor fresh!

Armour Star!

Taste the mild, delicate flavor of this slow-smoked liver sausage!

Some Like It Hot

Fried Armour Star Liver Sausage with bacon curls makes a wonderful quick dinner. To make bacon curls, fry slices of Armour Star Bacon slowly until half cooked but still limp. Insert tip of a fork in end of bacon strip; turn fork over and over, wrapping slice around it. Finish cooking at edge of pan, while frying liver sausage. Dip thick slices of liver sausage in flour. Fry 5 minutes. Serve bacon curl on top of each slice.

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ARMOUR

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over A B C (Blue) Network. See papers for time.

The Assassin

Continued from page 11

Sugarboy would weigh 180 pounds, or perhaps a little less; he would be swift as a ballet dancer; he could cut you like a surgeon in the clinches with just the laces of his gloves, speak sweetly, if he chose, or as profanely as ears could endure; look like a choir boy to woo the hearts of witnesses, yet fight you like two lions in a phone booth—a strangely seasoned Sugarboy, he'd say.

"Then how did he beat you before?"

"I wasn't ready for him," Packy said, and that's all he said, because he believed it was the truth. It fried Packy's pride to recall the fight in New York, two months before, when Sugarboy outroughed, outfought and, saddest of all to concede, outsmarted *him* in a ten-round brawl. He had fought Sugarboy through the first round with a certain paternal regard, but before he realized his misplaced charity, the Central City Beauty had a thumb in Packy's eye that blinded him and was carving him like a steak.

"He's the only one ever beat you, isn't he, Pop?"

"The only one in a long time, Dan."

Won't happen a second time, thought Packy. After all, he'd abandoned more tricks, both legal and otherwise, than Sugarboy in his young career had been able to acquire.

"You mad at him, Pop? You hate the guy?"

"No," Packy said. He thought of Sugarboy with fervor but with no true malice. He was really fond of fighting in a ring because it was there alone that he could express his journeyman's talent. If there was nothing else in the world he could do, at least he knew how to fight. Actually he had not in anger had an impromptu brawl with anyone outside the ropes since his childhood.

"I can't think of her name," said Danny.

"Whose name?"

"The dame's. It begins with an A or maybe a C."

"There's a big difference between them," Packy said. "I'll buy you an armful of movie magazines when we get off the train."

"How far is Central City, Pop?"

"Not far now, Dan. Less'n an hour away."

"You said you were there before. Did you like it?"

"Yes," Packy said. "I liked it very much."

"What was so nice about it?"

"Oh, I just liked it, Dan. It's a good town."

The boy was quiet for a moment, then he said, "Tell me why. You mean because you were there with Mom? Like all those other places you liked when you were with her?"

"Maybe that's it," Packy said. "Maybe it was that way." It always astonished him anew to find how much the child understood. Because it had been exactly that way. It was because he had been there with "Mom" so long ago, when success was new and his bride was new and he had scored the first important victory of his career against a top-flight middleweight named Wicky Sears. He had been so happy with Mary in Central City that ever after the town, though not revisited, had seemed still to be theirs. It had struck him almost as a matter of sacrilege that a Central City boy like Sugarboy should have taken the glow from the long-remembered time and place by giving him such a wretched hiding in New York. He intended now to re-establish the glow by licking the Sugarboy in his own home town. A wacky notion, he supposed, but one that ruled him, nevertheless. This one's for you, Mary, Packy thought, and the train kept rolling along.

THE porter thanked him twice, since Packy was a fast man with a sawbuck. They stepped down to the Central City Station and a photographer snapped a picture of the Duffys, father and son. A local sports reporter in a camel's-hair coat, as fancy as any you'd see on 49th Street, Manhattan, said, "Welcome to Central City," though not so overflowingly that you'd suspect him of selling insurance.

A boy, no more than fourteen, in a lumberjack shirt cast loose from his pants and hanging to his knees, called out, "Ya-stink-ya-bum-ya-dirty-fighter-Sugarboy'll-kill-ya!" in a single breath. And the remark, the tone so unexpected, hung like a dead and wrong thing in the air above the Duffys, father and son.

"We're a partisan town," said the journalist in camel's-hair. The journalist's name was Hafey. "Don't let it get you too bad." A considerable crowd was gathered about, but it did not match in size the milling mob on the platform four Pullman cars below them. "That's Laura Cagle," young Hafey explained. "The actress. Five fan clubs she's got in this town alone."

"Well, it begins with a C," Packy said to his son. "We won't have to buy those magazines."

Young Mr. Hafey looked puzzled but Packy just grinned. He was not comfortable. He wondered why Phil Jordan, the promoter, had not come to meet the train. "Lookit the nose on the bum!" shouted the junior sportsman in the hanging shirt. "Well, you'll look worse'n that!" The junior sportsman had a circle of his own. "Ya won't get away with whatcha done to 'Sugar' in N'Yawk; ya won't foul 'im here, ya bum!"

They got into a cab, and the cab drove away and Danny's expression was stricken. Danny asked, "What did they mean?" Packy looked out the window when the cab had gone half a block and spotted a billboard advertising the epic and impending struggle between Sugarboy Breen and Packy "THE ASSASSIN" Duffy. He did not like the man-high capitals that spelled "The Assassin," nor did he like the vague yet monstrous illustration of himself upon the billboard in such striking contrast to the clean-limbed and smiling portrait of Sugarboy Breen that was offered the passer-by. He noticed now, too, a glossy-papered throwaway that Danny had picked up from the floor of the cab. He took it from the boy and on it could observe his own clearly frightening façade in closer and truer detail than it was possible to splash on any billboard. The unsightliness of the photographed face, he knew, could be traced to the fact that it had been snapped no more than minutes after his last fight with the Sugarboy. But it was himself; it was clearly himself, and he had never felt like a monster before. He felt unequal to looking at Dan.

HE REMEMBERED the Custer House. He had a gift for remembering in joyful or pained detail all the places and things that had ever touched his emotions. The ten-dollar room was vast, with the twin beds seeming no bigger than two cigarettes in a shoe box; the bay window bellied out in a semicircle, affording a view of the town, the river, the city hall, a bridge that had not been part of the view when last he had observed it.

"It's a nice bridge," Danny said.

"Good-lookin'," Packy agreed. This was the seventh floor. He wondered what floor he had been on with Mary when he had stayed here before, when he had stopped Wicky Sears in the third round at the Arena, when they thought this was such a fine town, such a helluva fine town. He had a notion it was the eighth floor they'd been on.

"It's sure a *big* room," Danny said.

"Yeah, we should have brought a basketball."

That was a joke, and they laughed. Then it was quiet again. Packy's tongue was locked with embarrassment, with hurt he was ashamed to express. Danny had not commented on the coolness of the town to them, nor requested to know the significance of the remarks that had been made, the looks that had been exchanged. The awkward silence stood between them like a goblin still to be exorcised. But it was so hard to explain to a boy. Hell, Packy didn't know where to begin. About the ethics of his trade, for instance. About guys sticking their thumbs in your eyes in the first round of a fight and ripping you bloody blind, then acting with such consummate skill and exaggerated sportsmanship thereafter that you came out the "Jack-the-Ripper," the "Man-Who-Eats-Babies" of the whole affair. It was hard to tell your suffering son that you were not a bogeyman when you were so clearly by the mirror's frank evidence nobody's valentine. You were overwhelmed with a newborn sense of ugliness and it shamed and punished you almost more than you could stand.

"Hey, Packy!"

The door had opened. It was Hafey, the sports reporter. And in the corridor, behind him, Hafey's photographer, another young man given to smiling, who held his readied apparatus in the crook of his arm, coyly, like a derby hat. "What happens now?" said Packy.

"This," said Hafey, "is a chance you don't want to miss." And with the photographer's aid, Hafey flanked him, moved him down the hall. "Laura Cagle's suite," said Hafey, "is just around the turn here."

"I could live till tomorrow if I didn't see her," Packy said, but observing Danny in stride behind them, remembering Danny's interest in Miss Cagle, he added only, "More pictures? You mind if I comb my hair?"

"Well, Packy, we prefer you rugged."

He got a glimpse of Laura Cagle. She was smiling and young and so freshly beautiful as to appear, at first, unreal. He was aware that she held out her hand to greet him. He tried to reach out with his own, but Hafey had already taken him by both arms and was maneuvering him into the desired position. "Cut it out; don't try to comb your hair," the photographer said, while Hafey, with no concessions to Packy's personal feelings, placed his fingers in Packy's semislicked coiffure and fluffed it up.

"What the hell *is* this?" Packy yelled.

The photographer snapped his shutter while Packy's mouth was open wide. The flash bulb flared and it was somehow like the first effect of a dreadful punch. Sportswriter Hafey yowled, "That's *perfect*, George!" And with small originality but terrifying meaning added, "The beauty and the beast—you *get* it?"

ANGER and illness combined to form the wave that passed over Packy. He could see the hurt and bewildered look on Danny's face. He walked toward George, the photographer and said, "Gimme that plate!"

"It was a gag, that's all," said George, but George, by no means certain of a happy ending, backed away. He backed into a wall of Laura Cagle's suite, while Packy kept coming at him with his open hands ready to move, to smash, to do as he willed them. The young man turned extremely pale and it brought to Packy a satisfaction he had never known before. He lifted the camera from hands that half resisted. He removed the plate and returned the camera. Then he smashed the plate into many pieces, and when the plate was smashed he turned around and tossed the fragments at Hafey's feet. He walked toward Hafey, who stood transfixed in his camel's-hair coat, the smile stuck on his face like a ten-cent Halloween mask. It looked as though Packy might kill Hafey, and someone, a woman, screamed, "Stop!" Packy kept walking, out of the room and down the corridor. "Danny!" he called. "Danny, come on!" *Merciful God!* he prayed. *Why did the boy have to see me like that?*

Danny bawled, though briefly, in the hotel room, and with sound effects no greater than that of his breath caught in his throat. Packy said, "I never hurt anyone, Dan; don't get the idea I ever did; don't let them tell you your old man's a gorilla escaped from a zoo." Packy sat with his hands clenched and it was much too much for him. He dug into a pocket and he said, "Look, Dan, here's two bucks. Go to the movies; get it out of your system; I'll talk to you later, chum."

He tried to take a nap, with small success. He played three kinds of solitaire, maybe thirty games, and won four of them. The room was too big to be alone in. He was lonesome and he wished that Billy Weeks, the man who would handle him against Sugarboy Breen, had already arrived. But Billy was handling some other stiff tonight and would not arrive till tomorrow. He was hungry, so he called room service, and asked for a chicken sandwich and a pot of coffee. He laid out the cards again. He told himself he was a fool for not having quit the fight game last year, when his nose still looked like a nose. He blamed himself for having taken Danny on this trip. He thought of his wife and what she would think. Oh, Mary, darling, he thought, the way I've flubbed it, kicked things around. He wanted to weep but he did not.

"Yes?" he said. He got up and walked to the door. It was not the coffee and chicken sandwich. "Mr. Duffy?" a voice said. "This is Laura Cagle."

He opened the door. She stood, hands folded together, and asked, "May I come in?"

"No photographers?" he asked. He had been staring at her, thinking that, in a way, she looked as Mary had looked.

She glanced at him oddly and he was sorry he'd made the remark. "No photographers," she said, "unless you want to call them. I came to tell you I was sorry about this afternoon and that it was not my idea. I didn't come to Central City to be photographed; I came to meet my husband."

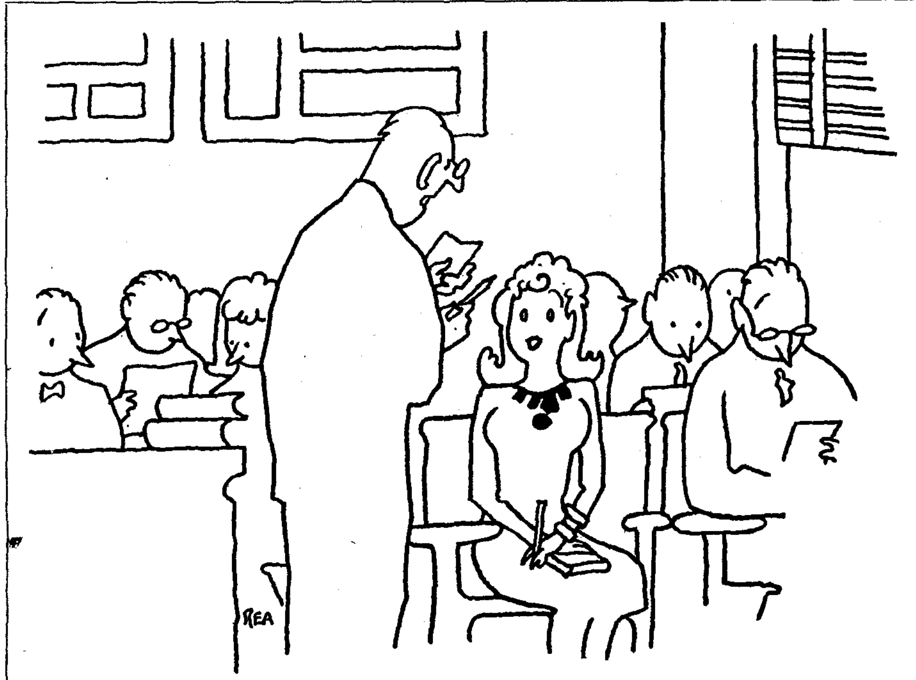
He had not known she had one. She seemed very young, hardly more than twenty. She was very nice, too, he felt instinctively—a gentlewoman, poised and bright, and expecting more of him, somehow, than his semisurliness had thus far shown.

"I'm sorry," he said. He offered her a chair near the window. "I'm kind of upset. I didn't like that stuff this afternoon in front of my boy. Your husband's from Central City?"

"No," Laura Cagle said, "he's from Hollywood. He's one of their young brain-bombs, a producer. But he's also a fight fan, and that's why we're meeting here instead of in New York—so that we can go to the fight. It will be my first experience, but my husband has followed you for years. He really *has.*"

Is she kidding me? he thought. But it made things better. He smiled and she smiled, too. "Why are you staring at me like that?" asked Laura Cagle.

"What's that?" He felt confused. "Well,



COLLIER'S "I'm marking you 'present,' Miss Erskin. Is that correct?" GARDNER REA

"Son, there's a great future in aviation"

"YES, DAD. But it seems more like just another dream now. I gave up thinking about flying when the war was over."

"I don't know why.... This article says that there's a big career ahead for young fellows like you in one of the biggest fields of the future . . . Aviation. It's all about the post-war Army Air Forces, and the opportunities they offer young men. Pretty interesting."

"What kind of opportunities, Dad?"

"Well, they need more technicians in the new peacetime Regular Army Air Forces than ever before. I certainly wish that I'd had half this chance when I was your age."

"What chance? How do you mean?"

"Sixty-five per cent of the men in the new Air Forces are going to be non-coms with the rank of corporal or better. That's because the new fields of aviation like jet propulsion, radar, television and radio are so complicated that you need skilled technicians to handle them. Getting to be a specialist in one of those fields would prepare a man for a big future in civilian life. Since you've been wondering what you were going to do when you graduate from high school, I'd say that the Army Air Forces is just what you want."

"You mean enlist when I graduate and then go to college when my enlistment runs out?"

"Certainly. You can enlist for 1½, 2 or 3 year periods. The 3-year enlistment allows you to choose your branch of service. You could then go to any one of the many Army Air Forces technical schools. They're just about the best aviation schools in the world, you know! You'll learn a good trade, put it to practical use and prepare yourself for the future. When you get out, the Government will send you to college. That's part of your GI Bill of Rights."

"Gee, Dad, is that right—college free?"

"You bet! You can choose any college or university, business or trade school. After a 3-year enlistment you can have 48 months of education—a full college course—with your tuition paid up to $500 for each ordinary school year, and $65 a month living allowance—$90 if you're married."

"Guess my dreaming is going to pay off. Think I'll go down to the recruiting station in the morning!"

SEE THE JOB THROUGH
U. S. Army
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HIGH LIFE

you won't believe it," he said, "but you remind me of my wife—the way she looked when we were married."

"Your wife," Laura Cagle said, "didn't make this trip?"

"I'm a widower," Packy said. "No. Don't say you're sorry, please," he assured her. "Mary and I made lots of trips together. We made this trip once. Hell, we were pretty good in Central City twelve years ago; we even won the fight."

"You'll win this one, too," Laura said. "At least that's what Larry thinks. That's my husband's name—Larry Ames. He won't get here until just before the fight, but he said in his letter you couldn't lose. He said something about the last time in New York—that you were *robbed?* Or however they say it; I've never seen a fight."

"I'll remember your husband in my prayers," Packy said. "Maybe even in my will I'll remember him."

THINGS were brighter, warmer now. The coffee and the chicken sandwich arrived. He took the tray from the woman at the door. He returned to Laura. "I didn't expect company when I ordered this," he explained, "but it's a big sandwich."

"No, thank you, please; I simply couldn't."

But she had coffee from the solitary cup while Packy drank his from the bathroom glass, and with some persuasion—mostly, he was sure, to please him—she accepted a small piece of his sandwich. They got along fine, and this girl, who was, at least to movie-going people, an important and a celebrated person, seemed very dear and good to him, as she redeemed from her lap a small piece of lettuce, and from her fingers licked a smattering of mayonnaise. He felt good inside himself when she said, "I'm glad I came."

He told her about Danny. She was a person to whom you could talk about your boy and of what you hoped he would become. He told the story well because the story of Danny was as much a part of himself as was his inability to breathe through his nose. "You can stand more of this?" he asked. "It's not boring you? Well, I've got pictures. Here." He opened his wallet and carefully withdrew the pictures. "This is Danny's mother—you get what I mean you remind me of her in a way? I don't say you're not prettier, more glam—"

"I never was," said Laura Cagle, looking at the photograph. "If I were born twice again and grease-painted by the angels, I'd not look half as nice."

What got him was that she meant it. He stood up and looked out the window. "But what hurts me," he confessed, "is how she'd feel about the way things are today. I'm all of a sudden two things. I'm Danny's old man and a public monster. I feel somehow like I've got to prove to him I'm not sub-human—not just a meatball people avoid. That's why I won't let him see the fight—for fear of what he'd see, the things he'd hear."

"Is a fight such a terrible thing?" Laura asked him.

"Not the fight so much, but a crowd is a hot potato. The crowd pays the freight and they can call you nine kinds of bum. Hell, that's all right. In New York they love me; in Central City they hate me. I wouldn't like Danny to hear the crowd. Besides, I cut easy."

"Cut? You mean that you bleed? How easily?"

"Well, with Sugarboy, it's apt to be a little messy. He's that kind of a puncher—sharp an' cutting—and I've got this old scar tissue around my eyes. Just from too many fights. Doesn't mean anything, really; it just makes me look like a guy that's been heaved through a window—you understand?"

Laura had paled. She said, "I would never enjoy it." She thought about it. "I would never even endure it. Were you looking for someone to stay with Danny tomorrow night?"

"Now, listen; I hadn't meant that," Packy protested. "You and your husband have plans."

"Yes, I know, Packy. But as of this moment, they are separate plans. He goes to the fight and I mind Danny—all right?"

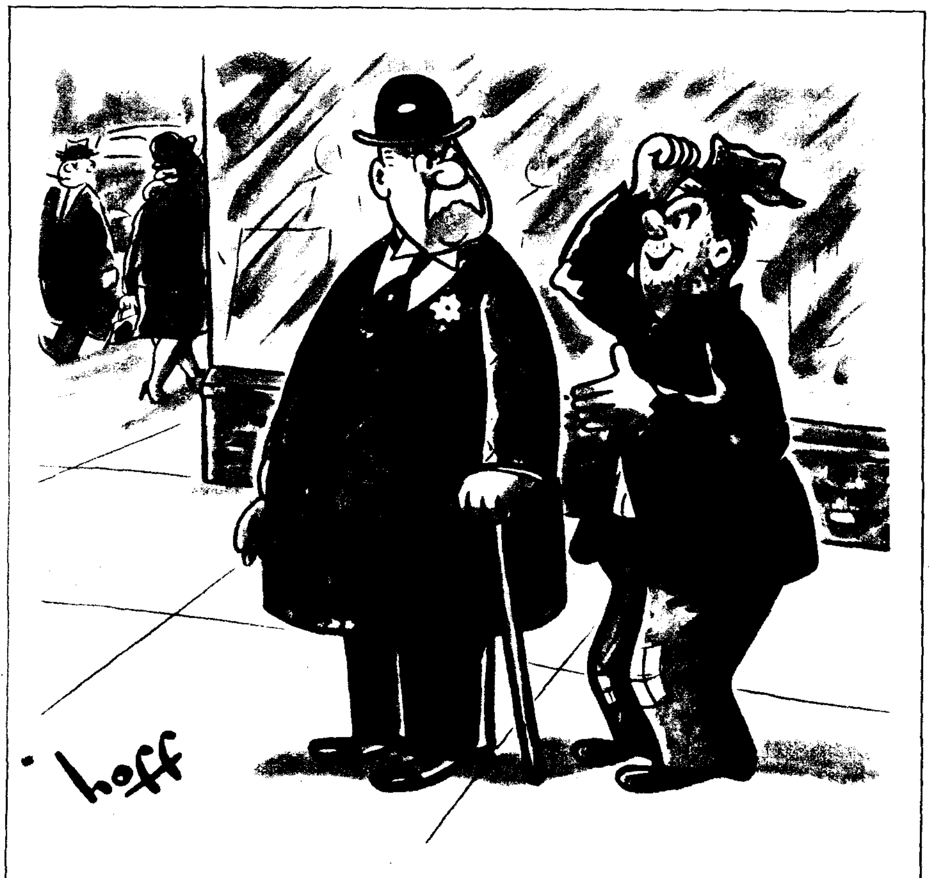
The telephone rang. Packy answered it. "Hello," he said. "What? . . . Oh, *you're* the manager. . . . Yes? . . . My son did *what?* . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Listen, you call a cop an' I'll make you eat your carnation! . . . Is the boy all right? . . . He is? . . . Then send him up here." He put down the phone. He looked more than a little ill.

Laura Cagle said, "What is it, please!"

"Danny," he said. "He socked two local mugs in the lobby, caused a riot or something. I've got to get down there right away. Nice father *I* am."

"I'm strictly for you," said Laura Cagle, "and for Danny. I'll go with you and we'll improve the riot.". . .

Packy sat bandaging his own hands in the dressing room at the Arena. Billy Weeks, a stout and placid handler of fighters, sat in front of him on a wooden box, like a man



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selling shoes. Packy liked to wrap his own hands because hands are so very important. He pulled the bandages just so, letting Billy apply the tape. "You do a nice job," Billy said.

"Well, I should by now. How much time's left?"

"We got fifteen, twenny minutes," Billy said.

Packy moved around to warm up. He was sound and ready to fight. He figured on his condition and craftsmanship, to beat Sugarboy, if he stayed smart, if he didn't bleed too much. Billy Weeks, in a slight contravention of the rules, rubbed more grease into his brows than the referee would be able to wipe off with a towel. Packy paced around, restless, wishing he had some friends upstairs. The Arena was old and drafty. "Keep movin'," Billy cautioned him, "so's you don't catch cold."

The Arena, Packy supposed—at least the downstairs part of it—had not been painted since his visit here with Mary a dozen years before. He used to be able to phone her before his fights, before he went up to the ring. "Good luck," she would say, "and God bless you." It made a difference every time.

He could hear the crowd roaring over his head. The semifinal must be good. "They'll be calling us any minute now," said Billy.

Yes, and calling me a bum! The referee would watch him like a man with several bombs. The fiction of his having fouled their Sugarboy would be kept alive by local prejudice.

"Give 'im back what the bum gives you," Billy said.

"They'll disqualify me then. There'll be a stink in the papers for the kid to read. I'm gonna fight 'im as clean as a dance around a Maypole, Billy."

"Then you're crazy, do you hear?"

"Crazy and stuck with it," said Packy.

THEY left the dressing room. They walked down a long wide corridor. Packy halted by the public phone against one wall and Billy said, "What's the matter?"

Packy raised a bandaged hand and moved a finger along the wall. You could see on the wall such inked and penciled mementos as "Willy 'Saginaw' Biskoff, '29" and "Hello, Central City. Goodby" and "Mickey 'Midget' Dolan, '32," plus indecent limericks, telephone numbers and other marks left by the generation of transients who had used this telephone.

"This is me—here," said Packy and pointed to the penciled drawing of a heart, within which was inscribed the telephone number, Central City 6500.

"That's *you?*"

"Well, it's me and Mary," Packy said. "You remember?"

"I remember; yes. You always called 'er before you went in the ring, didn'tcha? It's too bad, chum, you hadda give up the habit."

"Give me a nickel," Packy said.

"You're serious? Well, all right; here," said Billy and he handed Packy the nickel.

Packy dropped it in the slot and said, "Central City six-five-hundred," and after a while a girl said, "Custer House," and Packy said, "Let me have Mr. Duffy's room."

Laura Cagle said, "Hello."

"This is Packy," he said. "I'm goin' upstairs now. How's Danny?"

"He's in good hands," Laura said.

"I know he is," Packy said, "and thanks. I—well, it's a funny thing, Laura, but would you pinch-hit just once more? Would you wish me luck? My wife used to do it for me. Would you do it now? I hope I didn't disturb you."

"Good luck," Laura said. "Good luck to you, Packy! God bless you!"

He put down the phone, a bit uncertainly. The words were still in his ear, still sounding there. "Billy," he said, "she used the exact same words that Mary used to use. I wonder how she knew."

Upstairs the ring gleamed under the lights and the crowd could see him coming. Let them howl, he thought; let them howl and howl and howl themselves blue; there's Sugarboy now in the ring.

LAURA CAGLE enjoyed the privacy of Packy's room. The Laura Cagle Fan Clubs didn't call there. Miss Dorothy Franks, her companion-secretary, a relaxed young lady who had gone to high school with her present employer, enjoyed it, too. "It's cozy," Dorothy said, "and it was sweet of them to have sandwiches for us. I loved the little boy, but what is *he* like? I mean the father."

"Packy?" Laura didn't answer right away. "Why, he's sort of a saint with brass knuckles. Or maybe an angel with a broken nose. He's the kind of a father I hope Larry will become. Well, don't look so smart and suspicious, Dorothy."

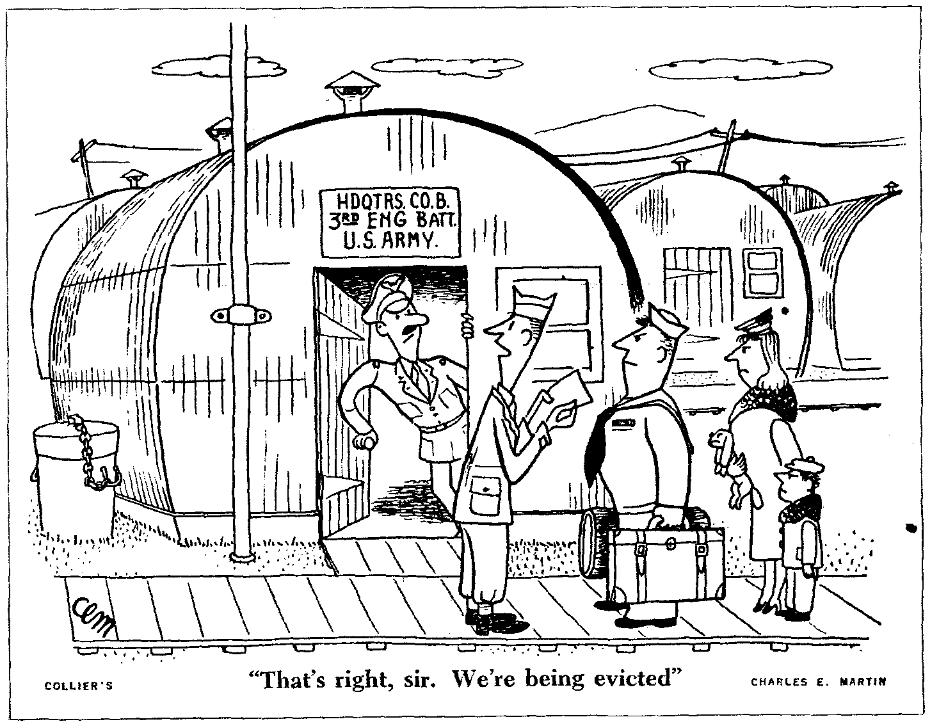
"Have I a right to be suspicious?"

Laura smiled slowly. "You and Sunrise Pictures," she said, "may each choose a number, but if I do have a little boy, I'd like him to be like Danny."

"Laura!"

"And I hope we did the right thing with Danny tonight." . . .

Packy could breathe pretty well now. He could grip the mouthpiece with his jaws and breathe the smoke-filled air through his nose. Billy Weeks, at his insistence, had shot the battered proboscis rather thoroughly with an ephedrine solution to shrink the thick and scrambled cartilage. Sugarboy stabbed him neatly with a left hand. Packy kept advancing. His brows were pocked with cotton pellets that stuck in the collodion, but due to Billy's care and to the artful dodging of his head, he did not bleed; he felt pretty good. It was the tenth and last round of the fight, and though Sugarboy was graceful still, and crammed with spite as bobcats in a bag, the Sugarboy was beaten, weighted with full fatigue, and looking to his corner now and then for some suggestion to relieve his plight. And now a voice called from the crowd,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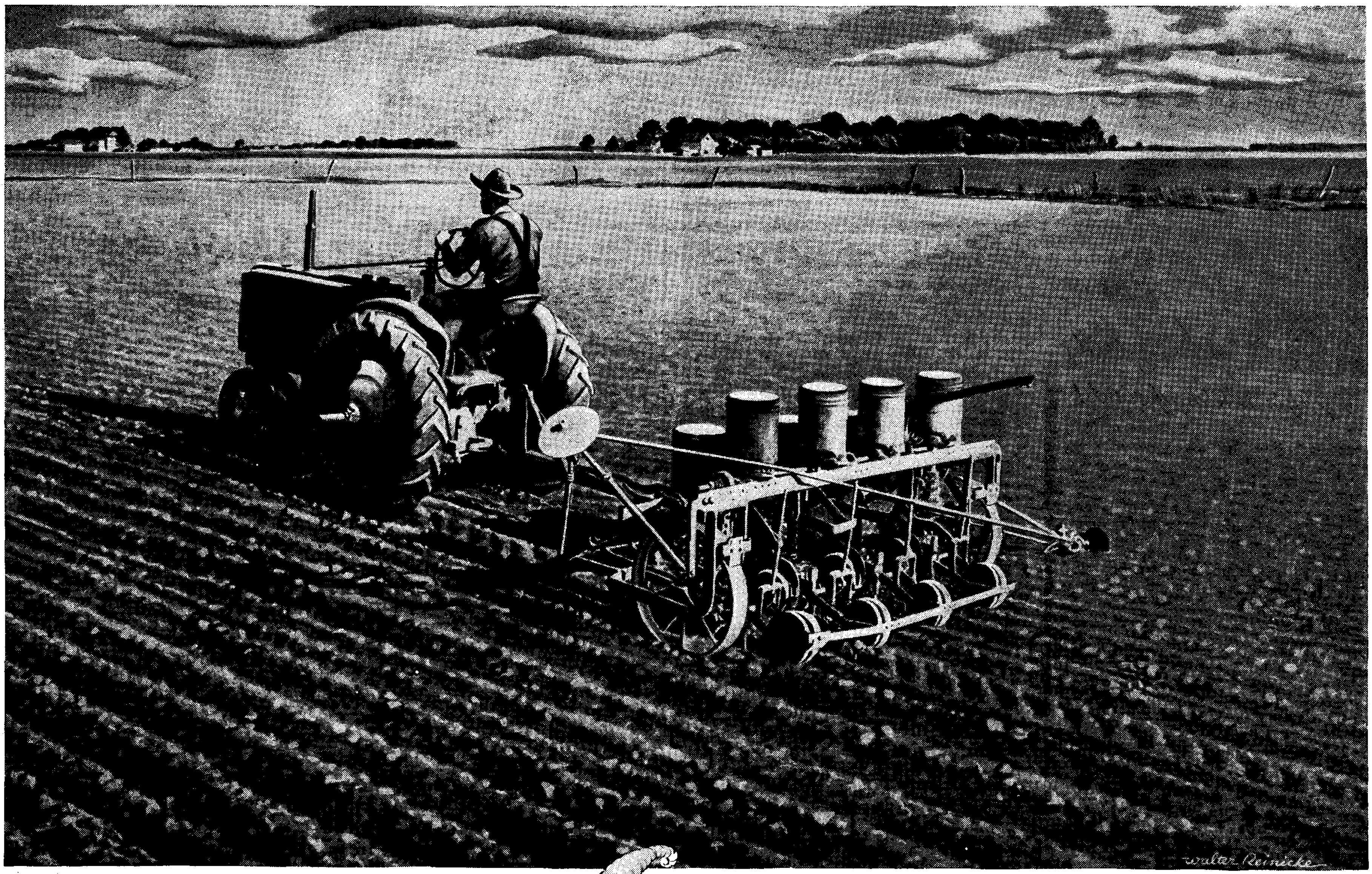

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"Why don'tcha fight, ya bum!"... to Sugarboy!

Packy closed in and hooked a short left to the body. *The fight belongs to me!* he knew. The late rounds had decided it and, as a professional, he was not surprised. He knew his trade and had prepared for the task. But it had been hard through early rounds to take the hiding and the lancing the Sugarboy dealt out. It had been hard, with his full knowledge of the nicer illegalities, to refrain from them for six rounds, while the Sugarboy was massaging him with everything but his feet. Now again somebody shouted, "Packy, boy! Go get 'im, Packy. Cut 'im down!" The Central City crowd was not as cheap or fickle with its love as other crowds he'd known. He'd purchased their affection with all the beautiful lumps on his head.

"Murder 'im, Packy! Knock 'im out!"

It goes to show you, doesn't it? But I can't knock him out, he knew; *I haven't that much left. But I've got enough to win, and tomorrow, in the coffee shop, when I have breakfast with my son, though my face may frighten her, the waitress will be polite.*

He trapped Sugarboy in a corner with a fine right hand. Sugarboy held on in desperation. Sugarboy was game enough but just not smart enough. *Well, it's a good thing,* Packy thought, *for him to learn.*

He supposed, too, if he chose, that he could spoil the prettiness of Sugarboy with an accidental butt from the top of his head as they were breaking from the clinch; or even legally, with a good shot on the nose. It pleased him that he had no stomach for the job. Sugarboy sagged in the clinch. Packy looked up at the clock, then whispered to the Sugarboy, "Stay on your feet; keep waltzin' around; there's only ten seconds left."

HE WAS tired as he walked along the corridor on the Custer House's fat, plush carpeting. He thought it might be nice to lie right down in the hall. Billy Weeks pushed open the door. Packy didn't recognize Miss Dorothy Franks, or the young man with the big smile and the blue suit and the gray hat crumpled on the back of his head. "I'm Larry Ames," the young man said. "Laura's husband. Hell, it was a great fight, Packy—the best I ever saw."

Packy said, "Thanks," and was glad about the fight. Yet he couldn't forget that his face must be a few degrees less beautiful than Charles Boyer's. He said "Thanks," to Laura and "Thanks," to Dorothy Franks, who had introduced herself with generous remarks. Nice people, all these people. Then he looked again at Danny, who sat fully clothed on one of the beds, grinning and cracking his knuckles. "Listen, don't crack your knuckles," Packy said, "it isn't nice." He walked over to the boy. "You should be in your pajamas, chum; what's wrong?"

Laura Cagle sat next to the boy. Danny's eyes were full of her and his old man, too. "He had no chance to get into his pajamas," Laura said. "He went to the fight. On my ticket, and I don't intend to apologize. You can beat up my husband. Go ahead."

"Some other time," said Larry Ames, "when I'm surrounded with cops." Danny seemed to think that was a great big joke. "Well, why shouldn't he have seen the fight?" Larry asked. "It was my idea that he should see his old man's last and best performance. If you painted a beautiful picture, you'd want him to see it, wouldn't you? Well, fights don't keep. There were no movies. He had to see it tonight."

Danny said nothing, but his eyes were moist, his face was shining, and Packy realized that Larry Ames had guessed right. "You mean I wasn't so bad tonight, huh?"

He stood uncertain, hardly daring to believe the truth—that he was a hero to his son. He thought of the insults, the indignities of yesterday and this morning, the things that the boy had heard. But he remembered, too, how Danny, in the lobby of the elegant Custer House, had fought for him. Laura Cagle must have thought of these things now, because she stood up, and deliberately, in all her widely noted "A"-picture loveliness, kissed him squarely on the mouth. Larry Ames seemed not to mind, and surely Danny, beholding the scene, couldn't think of his old man as a goblin.

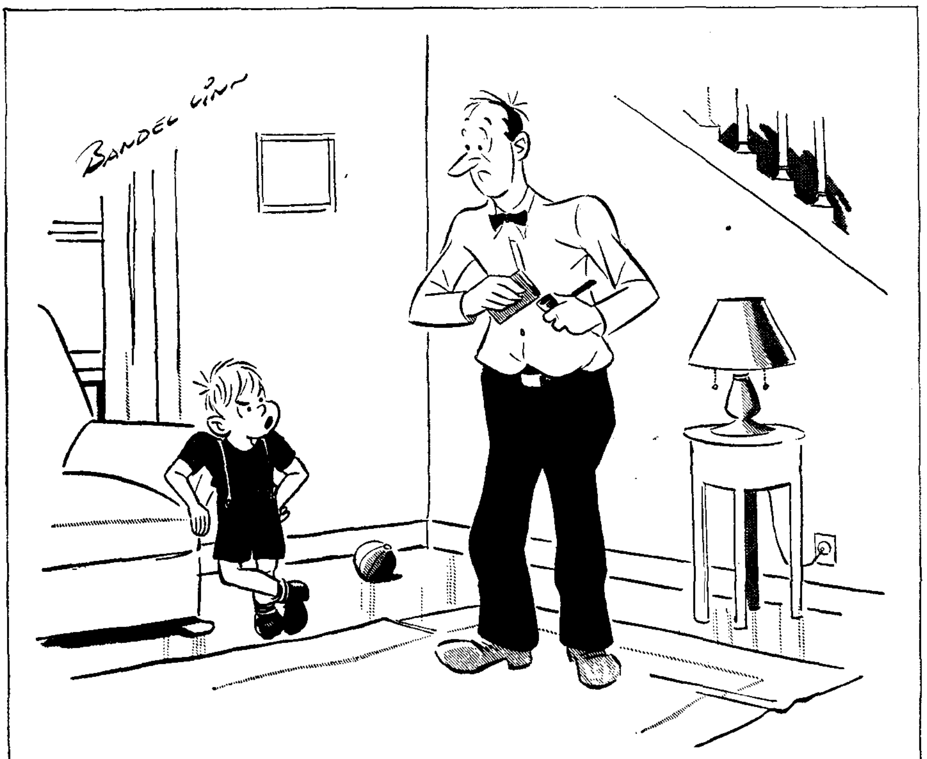
Later they drank some beer in a saloon, while Dorothy Franks stayed with Danny. It was a happy place that Billy Weeks knew, in downtown Central City. Somebody played the piano, and Laura sang a song in a throaty, not very good voice that seemed, somehow, to please the people.

"A nose by any other name," said Packy, with what he proudly hoped was a literary touch, "should look better'n mine, work better'n mine. You understand, Larry?"

Larry said to the bartender, "Fill 'em up again. A nose," he said to Packy, "is a nose is a nose. So forget the damned thing, will you? Listen, when you come to see us in Hollywood, where noses have cash value, I know a guy who will build you a prettier one than Dempsey had made for himself. You think I'm kidding?"

Packy knew he was not kidding. Packy looked around at all the people who liked him. Laura winked at him and, with all the corn she could summon, she sang Dear Old Dad. Packy didn't laugh. He raised his beer solemnly in a silent toast. He said to himself, "Mary, darling—here's to you and Central City, and our boy."

THE END



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Photographer Vern is unruffled by young models, toys and beaming mothers

The Week's Work

IN THE city room of the New Orleans Item-Tribune, Harnett T. Kane is known as Killer Kane. His newspaper colleagues estowed the title on him in recognition of e killing working pace he set. For a good any years there, he turned out extraordiary quantities of newspaper copy, magazine rticles and books, all at the same time, not eglecting meanwhile his avocations of eatg and drinking.

His article, Shrimp Town, p. 16, derives m his passionate fondness for eating rimp cooked in the right and proper New rleans style. In fact he is devoted to all ood food, and, if he hadn't started writing bout Louisiana history some time back, he ight now be an editor of cookbooks, a ood-eating occupation he would enjoy.

Kane, whose newspaper career began while e was still a student at Tulane University, as awarded a Rosenwald Fellowship in 942 for his work on Louisiana history. He the author of four highly successful books n his native state: Louisiana Hayride, which as the story of the Huey Long regime; the ayous of Louisiana; Deep Delta Country, nd, most recently, Plantation Parade, the ory of the sugar and cotton mansions along e Mississippi and of the Creole planters ho built them.

Kane covered Baton Rouge during the ong regime and knew Huey well. He says e was on good, "or cussing," terms with him, though Huey tried to get him fired for pubshing the fact that the late dictator wore lk pajamas whereas he had told the people e slept in a cotton nightshirt.

Throughout the war, the Army called on ane frequently to instruct soldiers in the ysteries of the state in which they were enmped. As a result, he got to be such a od speaker that he is in great demand as lecturer, especially throughout the South.

O THAT you won't take the toy pictures on page too much for granted, we ow above a photograph of e photographer, Ike Vern, work. You gather together half-dozen children, plus eir mammas, scramble em up with toys, try to ep them quiet, get your ghts in the right places and oot pictures all at once, nd you have the makings of n exhausting day.

The scene of the havoc as the home of Staffer Gury Williams (whose young urney was one of the models), and the gentleman taking it easy in the foreground, with his back to us, is Photographic Editor Ulrich Calvosa.

Harnett T. Kane

JUDGING by the evidence, one way to become a writer is to have an accident or an illness which requires a long convalescence.

So it was with a dozen writers from whom Collier's regularly buys material, including Tom Hanlin, author of The Wink, p. 18. Hanlin, who was born in Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland, worked in coal mines from the time he was fifteen years old. In 1942, he enrolled in a school of journalism in Glasgow, and commuted the 50 miles to and from school daily, still putting in full time in the mines. Then he fell in the pit, smashed his knee, and during a long, enjoyable convalescence, he wrote five short stories, all published in England. He was further encouraged when in 1944 he won a University of Sheffield prize for the best essay by a miner. But he didn't take off his miner's overalls for good until one day he came home, black from the mine, to find a telegram telling him he had won a £500 prize for his novel, Once in a Lifetime.

Another book, Yesterday Will Return, will be published here in the fall.

Hanlin still lives in Armadale with his mother and father, sister and two brothers.

WILLIAM R. SEARS, the back-at-school veteran who told his story in the article, G.I. Family at Yale, sends us an announcement. The baby he and his wife were expecting as of last week's issue has arrived: Richard, seven and one half pounds. The father didn't miss a class.

This week's cover: The seed-catalogue picture on the cover of this issue of Collier's caustically portrays the Westport, Connecticut, experience of Artist Garrett Price, who with the other residents of that chilly area starts yearning for spring about now. Spring, but not, in the case of Price, a Victory garden. Last year the Prices gardened so well they raised too many tomatoes. They couldn't dispose of the surplus after they had filled up all their jars. This summer Price expects to loaf out the warm weather on rocky, wind-swept Mystic, where growing tomatoes—or any other kind of garden produce—is entirely out of the question.

A. P.

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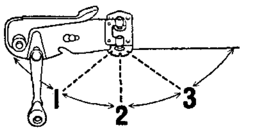

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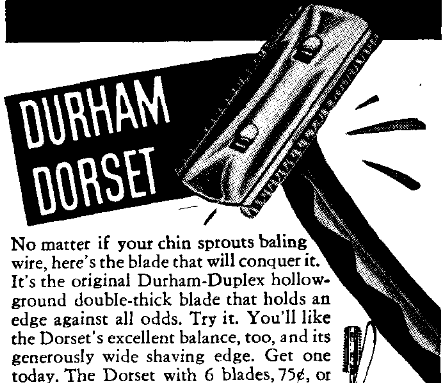

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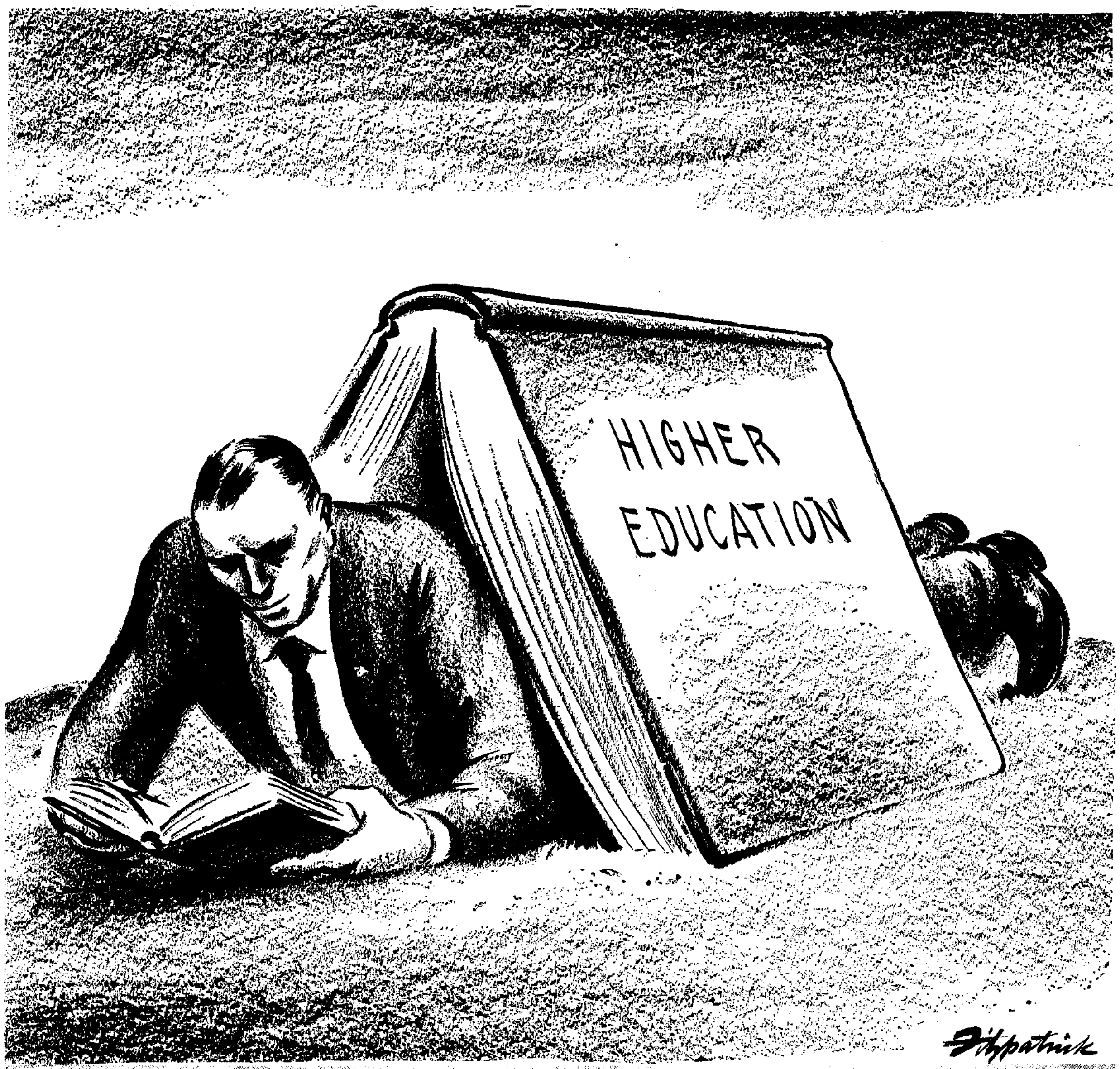

THE COLLEGES and the VETERANS

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, we had some 1,300,000 students enrolled in U.S. colleges and universities. Now, veterans are swamping many of these institutions with applications for admission, and the normal increment of boys and girls recently turned seventeen or eighteen is adding to the flood. College after college reports its faculty too small, its equipment inadequate, and—worst of all these troubles—near-by housing insufficient.

The problem is one which calls for the most strenuous efforts by the colleges themselves, by people in college communities, by military and naval men directing disposal of surplus war materials, by building contractors and workers. All these efforts should be aimed at easing as many students as possible into the colleges.

Classroom use can be greatly increased in many cases by running afternoon and evening sessions—tough on professors, admittedly, and not too pleasant for some of the students, but a very slight hardship compared with what many of these same students and professors were recently enduring in North Africa, Italy, western Europe, and the Pacific.

Quonset huts, trailers, etc., can be siphoned to the colleges out of Army and Navy surplus—and we should think the colleges might well be given pretty close to top priority on these aids. Homeowners in college towns can be propagandized to perform a patriotic service, and incidentally turn an honest penny, by opening up spare rooms at reasonable rates to students. Contractors and building-trades unions can earn some public gratitude by energetic co-operation in putting up additional housing in college neighborhoods.

All this is not just a nice thing for Americans to do. It is a most necessary and urgent thing. The war took a big bite of time out of millions of young Americans' lives, and this educational gap has to be filled up if we are to go on having enough technicians, engineers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, etc., in this country. For one illustration, we are already suffering from a shortage of 17,000 technically trained men because of our policy of refusing draft deferments to young men of marked scientific or technical abilities.

In this connection, it is a pleasure to applaud the Navy Department for already arranging with 300 leading colleges to finance and foster scientific research by graduate students in electronics, nuclear physics, biophysics, radio, chemistry, flight, medicine, etc.

Let's pull together in every way we can to haul American higher education back to its prewar availability, quality and cheapness, and then some. It is one of the less spectacular of our big reconversion jobs, but it is very possibly the most important of all of them.

"LOST WEEKEND" AND PROHIBITION

THE drys, whom we have always with us, are trying to make capital out of the current horrendous and well-directed movie, The Lost Weekend, which has to do with an alcoholic's champion bender. As usual, the drys argue from the particular to the general—meaning they reason that, because Ray Milland in this picture shows what happens to a typical alcoholic when deep in his cups, such horrors are sure to overtake anyone who ever drinks at all, and that therefore we should bring back federal prohibition.

It's a fallacious argument from all angles.

For one thing, we found in 13 years' painful, violent, farcical, tragic experimenting that prohibition does not prohibit. Hence, even if Lost Weekend jimjams overtook everyone whose lips ever touch liquor every time his lips did so, prohibition would not be the cure.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

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But an even more important fact in this matter is that alcoholics—chronic ones, to whom alcohol is a true poison, and who therefore should never use it as a beverage, just as a person allergic to eggs should leave eggs strictly alone—form a very small percentage of our population.

Several years ago, two Yale professors of high standing went into this whole subject. They stated their findings in the now standard work, Alcohol Explored, by Howard W. Haggard and E. M. Jellinek (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York, 1942, 297 pages, $2.75; third in the American Association for the Advancement of Science series).

Haggard and Jellinek, analyzing all available statistics, found that there are no more than 600,000 chronic alcoholics in the United States. There are also an estimated 1,400,000 to 1,800,000 Americans who drink more than is good for them, but are not chronic alcoholics. Only about 40,000,000 Americans ever take an alcoholic drink at all. So it works out that not more than 6 per cent of all U.S. drinkers use alcohol to excess, while at least 94 per cent of them use it with sensible moderation, as a nerve-loosener and cheerer-upper, and no more inherently dangerous than tobacco, candy, coffee, reading, or checkers.

All of which should cut the props out from under all hysterical conclusions sought to be drawn by the drys from The Lost Weekend. It's a good movie, but it's no argument for prohibition, or against the use of beverage alcohol by anybody but a chronic alcoholic.

WISE TWO-WAY CONTRACT

IN THE recent alarms and excursions of the meat, steel, General Motors, etc., strikes and strike threats, a labor news item from St. Louis, Missouri, got a good deal less public notice than it deserved.

The item concerned a contract entered into by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union in St. Louis, whereby wages can go up in prosperous times, but can also go down when times slack off. True, the cost of living under this contract also has to slack off by at least 5 per cent before the employer can ask for wage reductions. But when these two things occur—business off, cost of living off—the employer under this contract can call negotiations for a wage cut. When business picks up again, the union can call wage increase negotiations.

In this contract, we have some intelligent union recognition of the fact that management and labor in any industry have at least one thing in common: namely, a vital interest in the continued existence of the business which yields the salaries, dividends and wages of all those concerned. You can talk all the ideology and politics you please, but if some union or management policy kills off the firm, such talk loses its point.

Up-and-down escalator clauses of this type in all management-union contracts would not, of course, cure all our labor troubles. But they ought to help matters in many industries or individual companies; and it looks as if both labor and management would do well to explore all the implications of this St. Louis garment worker contract.

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